Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
DECEMBER 1989

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

BIG HOLIDAY ISSUE!

PET OF THE YEAR:
CAST YOUR VOTE

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

Taste the original

Marlboro 20's

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning*
*Packaging warning required by Government Regulation

LBV 3742 PML APB 10789 C

The authentic imported American blend.

Also available in red and lights flip top box.

Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 12/December 1989 Black Label Edition

Cover by Nick Brokensha

REGULARS

FEEDBACK		4
FORUM		7
SINS		19
BODYGUARD	David de Vries & Glenn Lumsden	111
SOUND	Edited by Jeremy Cook	122
FILM	Edited by C.J. Mackay	124
MODERN MALE DILEMMAS	Dr Bob Montgomery	130
LOOSE ENDS	Edited by C.J. Mackay & Amanda Nash	152

FEATURES

NO ALOHAS	Bill Stewart	34
CLASH OF THE TEUTONS	Motoring by Geoff Hall	54
BLIND NIGHT	Fiction by Paul Hayden	60
THAT BLOODY KEV'S BACK!	Profile by Greg Hunter	66
THE HIT MAN	Grantlee Kieza	82

PICTORIALS

WILD SIDE/VERONICA	Suze Randall	33A
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF		41
SHE CAME TO DANCE/KAREN	Nick Brokensha	71
CYCLONE MICHELLE	Stephen Hicks	88
GOLDEN OLDIES		104
ROOM SERVICE/KELLY AND BRAD	Suze Randall	116
APPETITE FOR ADVENTURE/TIFFANY	Paul Murphy	116
SENSE OF STYLE/DANIELLE	Simon Masters	129A
RAIN DANCE/LYNN	Earl Miller	132
CHAMELEON/SONJA	Mark White	144

Blind Night

Pet Of The Month

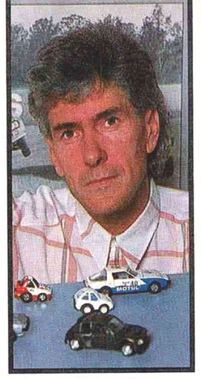
That Bloody Kev's Back!

The Hit Man

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA27833. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

GREG HUNTER

GRAHAM MONRO


PETER McKAY

GRANTLEE KIEZA

ALEX WATSON

HOUSECALL

PET OF THE YEAR POLL
Who will be the tenth *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year? This year's line-up of nine finalists is just about the hottest array of contenders we've ever put together, and as usual they're all in the running for a dazzling assortment of prizes which constitute the richest glamor award in the Southern Hemisphere. It's now your pleasant task to sift through the talent, select your favorite and tick the appropriate box on page 52. To make the assignment even more pleasant, one voter will win a Sanyo CP 888 Compact Disc Player. The Pet Of The Year line-up starts on page 41.

NO ALOHAS
If the word "aloha" ever meant anything to local Hawaiian surfers, it doesn't any more. The meanest of them have formed the closest thing surfing has to a bikie gang — The Blackshorts — and although they're not the best surfers, they sure as hell rule the waves. Bill Stewart documents some ugly encounters between The Blackshorts and visiting Australian surfers who've been silly enough to get in their way. The photos on page 34 were contributed by Dennis Savage.

CLASH OF THE TEUTONS
The Germans don't make the fastest two and four-wheeled vehicles on Earth, but discerning revheads agree that when it comes to combining speed, power and refinement, the BMW K100RS motorbike and the Porsche 928S sports car are unsurpassed. So what happens when you compare the two machines on the open road for acceleration, cornering, out-and-out fanging and crash stops from ridiculous speeds? The answers, supplied by an adrenalin-crazed Geoff Hall, are on page 54.

BLIND NIGHT
It was a Friday night, very late, when things went bad for author Paul Hayden's taxi driver. In this month's riveting Australian short story, illustrated by Amanda Upton, Hayden's protagonist dramatically illuminates the cabbie's woes. Turn to page 60 to find out what went wrong on Blind Night.

THAT BLOODY KEV'S BACK
If you think Kevin Bloody Wilson's records and stage shows are funny, wait till you read what the man is like in real life. Senior Editor Greg Hunter tracked The Little Bloke all around Yobboland on his latest promotional tour, until he got sick and tired of laughing. His hilarious profile of Australia's rudest entertainer starts on page 66 with accompanying photos by Graham Monro.

THE HIT MAN
Jeff "Hit Man" Harding went to Atlantic City a virtual unknown. Now, as a white fighter whose every bout is a head-slamming slugfest, he could soon become one of the richest men in boxing. Grantlee Kieza was there when Harding produced one of the gutsiest performances ever seen outside a *Rocky* film. More than just a profile of the champ, Kieza's story is a powerful insight into the heartless backdrop that is the bullshit and boxing capital of the world, Atlantic City. The photos were shot by Alex Watson. Turn to page 82.

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Mark Thacker; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Staff writer:* Amanda Nash; *Assistant Art Directors:* Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; *Production Controller:* Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Photographic Director:* Susan Daub; *Typesetting:* Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Sarah Bowing; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ),

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman);* David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions).*

EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Robert Sabat; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino.

ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Skin deep

Your article about tattoos in the August issue was most interesting and informative. I have several tattoos and plan to get more. Like most other tattooed people, I'm sick of being pigeonholed and I'm sick of the label always put on the tattoo industry. I am proud to have my skin penetrated by an artist's needle. Tattooing is an art — I am just one of its canvases.

As the joke goes: *Q.* What's the difference between people with tattoos and people without them? *A.* The people with tattoos don't give a shit about the people without them. — *Clint, WA*

Women's rags

Your article on women's magazines (August '89) echoed my sentiments exactly. The effect of these mind-numbing samples of printed sedative is to lull women away from any sense of realism. Surely this is a far worse consequence than the odd tight feeling in the undies that can result from perusing the pages of your fine magazine.

Just when the mindless inanities of women's magazines had seemingly plunged as low as possible (eg "Fergie's Hip And Thigh Diet"), I see that, to my horror and disgust, the latest *No Idea* has plummeted to the depths of: "Kylie Minogue Reveals Her PMT Agony."

Karl Marx once said that religion is the opiate of the masses. Is it now true that this crap has become the opiate of our womenfolk? — *Luke Robertson, Fairfield, Qld*

Won over

Congratulations on the superb quality of your magazine. I am seldom this sycophantic or indeed interested enough to pen letters to magazines, but such was my surprise when I purchased a copy of *Australian Penthouse* recently that I thought a letter was in order.

I am by no means a regular buyer of "men's magazines", unless the likes of the *Bulletin* and *Business Review Weekly* fall under that category. Over the years I have flicked through the occasional copy of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* when mates have had them lying around but I have never felt moved to buy them myself. However, in August I had a week's holiday and, with nothing to do but sit around a beach house unable to swim because the water was still brass monkey temperature, I stocked up on a pile of magazines, yours among them.

Nikki Williams . . . a class of her own

I have to admit that I was quite astonished by the calibre of your content — both pictorial and editorial. And my reference to your pictorial doesn't refer to photos of girls, although these were of a pretty high order. Your use of photographs with stories, particularly those with the piece entitled L.A. War (September '89), was what really grabbed me. The quality of your paper, combined with a real boldness of design, were further indications that you are putting out a sophisticated product. My girlfriend, along with me for the week's rest, agreed wholeheartedly, though she seemed most interested in reading the fantasy letters of your slightly ridiculous though undoubtedly titillating Forum section.

In short, we got a great deal of enjoyment from your magazine. And yes, we did read a copy of your competition as well that week. Our verdict was that there was no competition. Cheers. — *R.P. Stevenson, Potts Point, NSW*

A class of her own

I am a regular reader of *Australian Penthouse* and something of a self-appointed connoisseur of your Pets. On a scale of one to ten your September centrefold Nikki Williams doesn't rate. I couldn't be so crass as to compare this perfect bud of femininity with other mere mortal females. Ms Williams is in a class of her own. — *C. Silverson, Townsville, Qld*

Who's that girl?

I would like to thank you for the great pictorial entitled Rain Lover in your August issue. However, the young lady in question wasn't named in the lines that accompanied the photos. She wouldn't be Narell Nixon from the Cairns district, by any chance? — *B. Lane, Taupo, NZ*

Thanks for your letter. In answer to your question: No, it wasn't. — Ed

New Rage

Jean Norman's hilarious story on the so-called "New Age" movement (October '89) was perfectly on the button. I laughed myself silly throughout the story. It seems the naivety of people in these troubled times knows no bounds. The real clincher was the non-appearance of Ms Norman's "spirit guides" when they were summoned by her "aura reader." Did that charlatan really expect people to swallow the excuse that the spirit guides were having a day off and would thus be unavailable for comment? Jesus, it's enough to make you want to blow the whole lot of them away with a series of strategically placed crystal scatter bombs. Or maybe they should be sentenced to a lifetime with their heads stuck up their bums, exploring their inner selves and greatly benefiting the rest of mankind.

I expressed these thoughts to an acquaintance of mine who's been into this New Age crap for a few years now, and got him to read the *Penthouse* article. He agreed that everything in it was true. It seemed reasonable, then, to ask him why he wasted half his life in idiotic encounter groups letting it all hang out with ever-widening circles of raving neurotic women. "When was the last time you pulled a fuck down at the pub?" was his reply. I think I'm beginning to understand. — *P.J. Simpson, Neutral Bay, NSW*

VUARNET FRANCE
WGG V136
Vuarnet Pilot Nylons
Discover why some things should never change.....
THE VUARNET CLASSICS
Available at Sunglass World, OPSM, Optometrists and selected retailers.

NICK SPARR IS A HARD MAN TO PLEASE.

Successful restauranteur Nick Sparr knows how hard it is to earn a reputation for excellence. Everything must be first class. In today's world, second best just isn't good enough.

That's why he drives a Porsche . . .
And rides a Yamaha FZR1000.

YAMAHA

Yamaha FZR1000 with EXUP exhaust control—proven on the race track for ultimate street performance. Seat cowl fitted as optional extra.

McCann S.A. 0238

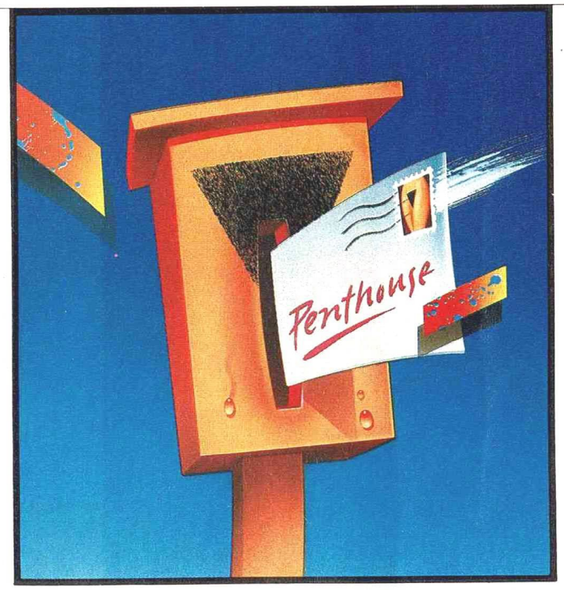
PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The roar of the crowd

I work in a small theatre just out of Melbourne. We stage four or five plays a year, and in between performances we rent the place out to community and private groups that can afford our fees.

One Saturday night we were supporting a kids' talent quest and anything that could go wrong did. It was the kind of night that happens only in nightmares, but it had a fantasy ending. I opened the facility and watched the backstage crew help the mothers bring in the contestants. As I watched, I was struck by the presence of one woman in particular. She was about 184cm tall and had the nerve to wear high heels. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her and she had the best arse I'd ever seen on a woman who wasn't in a Degas painting. Her almond-shaped eyes were set wide above her aquiline nose. Her lips were full and soft and seemed to extend an invitation.



I watched her as if she were about to steal the building and she watched me watching her. She beckoned me over and, with a slight accent, asked me if I worked in the theatre. I told her that I managed the place and asked how I could help her. She asked me to direct her to the ladies' room. She was standing right in front of it. I leaned forward to push the door open and she stepped toward me. Her tits were like two sacks of quicksand swallowing up my pecs and wrapping around them. Her scent assailed my nostrils and I knew immediately that it was the unmistakable smell of hungry cunt. I responded immediately with a dick as hard as trigonometry on an abacus.

At 182cm and heavyset with it, I feel capable of almost anything, but I had never had to look up into a woman's eyes before. Her eyes talked to mine, telling me that she was a woman ready to fuck a man to within an inch of his life and that man was me. She slid out of my arms and offered her gratitude as she closed the door behind her.

The talent quest started and, there having been no dress rehearsal, all kinds of things went wrong. There were faulty mike cables, blown lamps, wireless headsets: a working technician's nightmare. The puking kids were the icing on the cake. It seemed like days before it was over and the crew was on their way out. I was in the process of a last-minute check around the building when I heard water running in the ladies' room.

Everyone was gone, but I knocked anyway. I knew that the contralto voice on the other side of the door had to be hers. She came out smiling and asked if we were alone. I told her that I was just making my last-minute rounds. She followed me while I locked doors and windows. She walked beside me, her big arse swinging like a meaty pendulum. She told me that she was newly divorced — some fool didn't know what he had. She'd come to the quest to watch her niece. By the time we got to the backstage area I knew all about her. She said she had been coming to the theatre for months and had observed me. She said that she had always fantasised about doing a love scene onstage in front of a crowd. I told her that she'd missed her chance; the crowd was gone. She said that half a fantasy was better than none. I didn't have time to ponder the profundity of that statement, the gist of it hit me hard.

I dashed to the control room and found an album with crowd noises. I made a five-minute tape on an endless loop cassette and the beginning of a beautiful friendship was born. Back onstage, she was teeming with appreciation for my effort. I arrived just in time to see her slip out of her black skintight dress. She wore no bra and her nipples thrust forward like midget MX missiles. She wore no panties either, and the jungle of her bush stretched across from hip to hip and down from her navel to the juncture between her thighs. I couldn't wait to lose myself in that dark cloud. Already there were pealike drops of moisture clinging to the tips of her furry fissure. The raw smell of pussy charged up my nostrils with alacrity, making my prick hot as hell in my 501s.

She left her shoes on, just the way I like it, but how could she have known? She lifted my shirt over my head and locked her lips on one of my nipples. She licked my pecs and left a trail of hot saliva as she descended to my navel.

Lips, teeth and tongue worked on my skin until I was certain I had fallen afoul of a cannibal. When she got to my dick, she licked up one side and down the other while gently rolling my balls in her fingers.

I felt a blast of torrid air as she opened her mouth and slipped it over my tool. She attacked my rod like a diabetic on a suicide mission with her last Mars Bar. Just as I was on the verge of coming, she withdrew her mouth and squeezed my glans between her thumb and forefinger. She'll never know how close I was. The tape had reached a point of applause and catcalls to which she stood and took a deep bow.

While she was accepting the adulation of our pretend audience, I knelt behind her. I couldn't resist running my tongue over her cheeks. She shivered and sighed and spread her legs wide. I crept beneath her to bury my tongue in her vagina. Her muscles drew me in, squeezing and releasing my lingual digit. A sharp intake of breath signalled her climax, so I dropped my tongue down to her clit.

I have never before or since met a

woman with such a large thick clit. It was like a small dick. Tongue alone wasn't enough, so I slipped it in my mouth and sucked feverishly. She trembled and moaned aloud, and her knees began to give way. She knelt down and stuck her arse in the air while resting her forehead on the stage floor. She looked as though she were praying. I mounted her and lunged forward, sinking my tool to the hilt. I thought for sure I heard two sighs: one from her lips and one from her ravenous snatch. The audience went wild.

With each downstroke I touched her billowy butt and ricocheted off against it, as though I were on a vertical trampoline. She pulled away and instructed me to lie down on my back. She stood up then, and I had to look way up to see her. She squatted down, guiding my slime-coated joystick into the maw of her mons. Slowly she lowered herself on to me, hissing like a mad snake. Her hands kneaded my pecs, fingernails caressing my flesh as her thumbs tweaked my nipples. Damn, she was good!

I reached up and grabbed her heavy pendulous mamms and, as I squeezed, the spongy flesh seeped through my fingers. Her flinty nipples touched into my palms like concrete drill bits. In an increased rhythm, she pumped her ample hips up and down, her sheath lining clinging to my ever-swelling rod. On the downstroke I was rewarded with a womanly grunt and the squeeze of the ring of her cervix on the head of my dick.

With one last powerful lunge, she made a guttural sound deep in her throat, locked her fingers into my chest and vigorously ground her amazing aperture against my staff as her spasming vaginal muscles pulled my organ right along. Sperm broke loose of my testicles and rushed for the sanctity of her womb. A sticky rivulet of our mixed juices ran down my perineum and pooled on the stage floor.

She leaned forward and planted kisses all over my face, then covered my lips with her own, slipping her serpentine tongue into my mouth. Rising, she pulled me to my feet and expressed her appreciation. I suggested that we adjourn to the dressing room to sponge off. She looked down at my root, gently trapping it between two fingers. She sank to her knees and captured my swipe with her mouth. She cleaned my slime-coated instrument of any residue and finished with a sticky smack of her lips. She smiled up at me and gently pumped my organ. On cue, the recorded audience roared its approval. She bounded to her feet and spun around to bow to the audience. I felt like applauding myself.

So, every third Saturday we have a private show. No matter what the occasion, the house belongs to us after closing. The sound effects turned us on so much that we are now considering costumes. I love the theatre. — *Name and address withheld*

"Hello, I'm a member of the President's Task Force on Women's Vaginas. May I come in?"

Ice is nice

I would like to relate a fabulous sexual experience that I had recently. My lover and I were spending the night in a motel. I had been under a considerable amount of stress at work and was finding it a little hard to respond to him sexually. He was very understanding.

When he got out of bed and started getting dressed I was worried that he had run out of patience. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was going out for a bucket of ice. I figured he wanted to make a drink.

He came back with a huge bucket overflowing with ice. He got back into bed and held an ice cube over me, letting the cold drops splash on to my skin.

He ran the ice over my breasts, stomach and inner thighs. The cold ice felt wonderful against my warm skin.

It made by nipples go hard. My lover put some ice in his mouth and crunched it with his teeth. His lips and tongue were numb with cold when he started kissing me all over. His cold mouth felt wonderful and tingly against my skin.

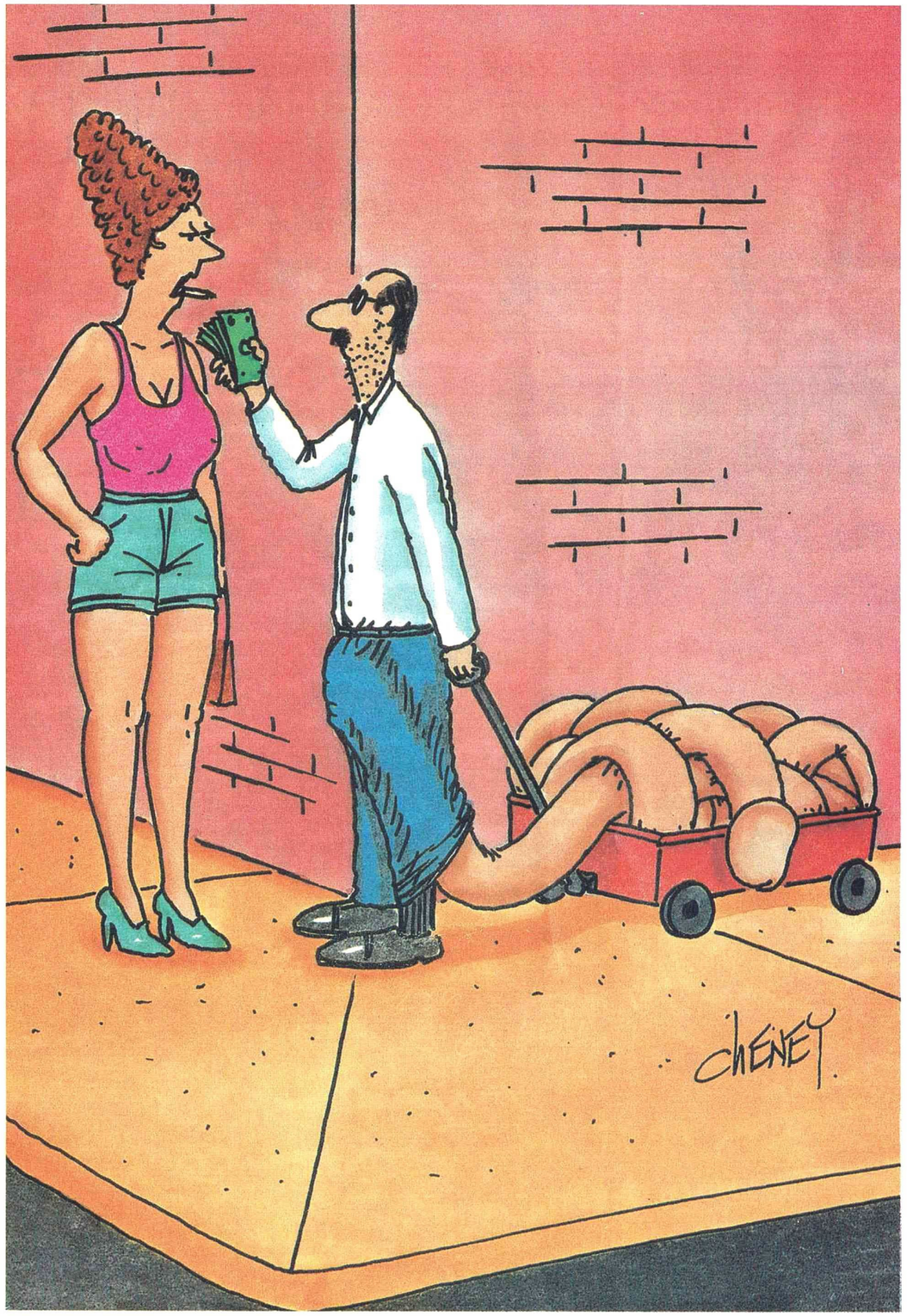
I was getting wet as he worked his way down my body. He put another cube in his mouth and began kissing my vulva. His cold tongue licked my vaginal lips. Then he started sucking my clitoris. I loved it.

He put a cube of ice in my mouth and I got the message. I began kissing him all over, working my way down to his erect penis. I put the ice between my lips and ran it up and down his shaft while he dug his fingers into my shoulders and moaned. Then I crunched the ice in my mouth to make my mouth really cold before taking his penis all the way in. I sucked and licked and kissed him with my icy mouth. When he reached between my legs he found me so wet that the juices were running down my legs. I wanted him. I pulled him on top of me and he entered me quickly, pumping just a few times before we both came.

Whenever my lover and I have to be apart I have an icy drink and think of him. The crunch of the ice is enough to turn me on. — *Name and address withheld*

Photo session

As a freelance photographer I have had many erotic and stimulating experiences, but nothing that compares with the one I am about to relate. I live and work in a coastal town and have always been amazed at the number of beautiful girls, eager and willing to model for me, who reside in my community. About a month ago an exceptionally beautiful and



"Just what did you have in mind for $3000?"

Whatever you're having...

Next time you gingerly step up to the bar, why not splash out on a little taste adventure . . . and order a swoosh of Stone's in whatever you're having?

It's magic as a mixer; you can even be brave with your beer with a Stonecold. Just add a measure of Stone's.

What's more, the barman will love you forever if you push him to give birth to a new cocktail using Stone's Green Ginger Wine!

Whatever you're having, be different with Stone's, and give it some ginger. It's spicy and subtle.

To get a head start on everyone else, write for a free (adventure-packed) drinks recipe leaflet to "Angove's Bar,' 1320 North East Road, Tea Tree Gully, South Australia 5091.

In the meantime, your Stone's adventure tour can start right here, with these 'party-starters'.

WHISKY MAC
½ Stone's Green Ginger Wine
½ Scotch Whisky
Ice and water if you wish.
Och!

BISHOP'S COCKTAIL
½ Gin
⅔ Stone's Green Ginger Wine
3 or 4 dashes of Angostura Bitters
Rumble with ice.

COBBLESTONE
A measure of Stone's
Top up with dry alcoholic cider.

GINGER MICK
½ Stone's Green Ginger Wine
½ St. Agnes Brandy
Add ice and sizzle with soda.

STONE'S TODDY
A hearty measure of
Stone's Green Ginger Wine
Juice of a lemon
2 sugar cubes
Add hot water and stir.

STONE'S SODA CUP
½ Stone's Green Ginger Wine
½ soda water, or dry ginger ale
Slices of cucumber, or spray of mint
Freshen with any ripe fruit
Sugar and lemon to taste.

WEST INDIAN GINGER SWIZZLE
In a tall glass, a bed of crushed ice
A few dashes of Angostura Bitters,
or lemon juice
Equal parts of Stone's Green Ginger Wine,
and white rum.

CORNERSTONE
Stone's on the rocks . . .
The foundation of a great evening!

BRANDY CRUSH
½ Stone's Green Ginger Wine
½ St. Agnes Brandy, crushed ice
and a slice of lemon

ROLLING STONE
Simply Stone's topped with soda.

DEVILLED KING PRAWNS
500g King Prawns
1 tomato (sliced)
2 stalks spring onions (diced)
2 red chillies (sliced)
½ cup Stone's Green Ginger Wine
2 tablespoons cooking oil
pepper, salt, to taste
5 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 dessertspoon chilli sauce
1 dessertspoon cornflour
Heat 'wok' with cooking oil. Add in chopped garlic if desired. Add in prawns, fry and then add in the rest of the ingredients. Stir well. Garnish and serve.

CHINESE BEEF STEAK
6 pieces of round steak (about 600g)
1 teaspoon meat tenderiser
½ teaspoon soda bicarbonate
1 tablespoon cornflour
1 teaspoon sesame oil
4 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon sugar
4 tablespoons Stone's Green Ginger Wine
Cooking oil and salt
Use meat mallet to 'hammer' the steak gently on both sides. Then marinate in the meat tenderiser, soda bicarbonate, salt, ½ teaspoon sesame oil, pepper, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons Stone's Ginger Wine, ½ tablespoon cornflour. Marinate 1 hour. Heat 'wok' with 3 tablespoons oil. When hot, fry the steaks until brown. Add in the following: 2 tablespoons Stone's Ginger Wine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons water, ½ tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce.
Mix well. Bring to the boil. Dish out on platter. Garnish and serve with rice.

give it some ginger!

ANGOVE'S PTY. LTD., RENMARK, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

APB 9537-A

sexy young girl of 21 answered a newspaper ad that I had placed. She sent me the full-length color photo that I requested, as well as a phone number where she could be reached. I immediately contacted her and set up a time for the first photo session.

I don't have a studio in my home, but I prefer to shoot indoors, so I rented a room at one of the better local hotels and arrived about an hour earlier than she to set up my equipment and lay out her costume. Vickie's knock was right on time. I opened the door and my cock started to swell.

She was close to 180cm tall and athletically built. Her breasts were big, but her waist was small with a nice high arch. She smelled of an expensive, musky perfume. My cock arched up to a full erection as I handed Vickie her costume and showed her the bathroom. The costume was a leather getup. I was surprised when Vickie didn't walk to the bathroom but began changing in front of me. Most of the girls I hire have had no previous modelling experience and are fairly shy. She removed her street clothes and began putting on the costume.

I tried to be cool and act nonchalant, but the sight of her pulling on sheer black stockings and mean patent leather high-heels had me shaking. She parted her legs as she rolled the stockings up, and I could see that she was a natural blonde. She attached the leather garter around her hips and hooked the leather half-cup bra behind her back, then she turned to a mirror and slid a hand inside one of the cups, then the other, to adjust her cleavage. I was trembling visibly. I saw her glance over my reflection in the mirror and knew that she couldn't miss the outline of my cock, now straining against the inside of the tight jeans that I was wearing.

As I pay by the hour, I was eager to begin the shoot. I paid Vickie her money upfront in cash, a real mistake. No-sooner had I asked her to assume a certain pose when, to my utter astonishment, she said, "Why you dirty chauvinist worm. I had heard how you take advantage of women who want to break into the modelling world, but I had to see for myself."

She advanced upon me, whip in hand. In the heels she was much taller than I was. She looked like a blonde Amazon. She told me that if I didn't do exactly as she told me to, she would make me regret it, and I believed her. I immediately agreed to do anything she told me.

She told me to strip naked and lie back on the bed, legs spread apart. While I took off my clothes there was a knock on the door. I watched as Vickie went to answer it, hoping that now was my chance to escape. Another woman stepped into the room and Vickie handed her the camera. I stood there in just my Jockey shorts, my arms folded in front of me. Vickie commanded me to take off the underwear. While I did, the two women watched me.

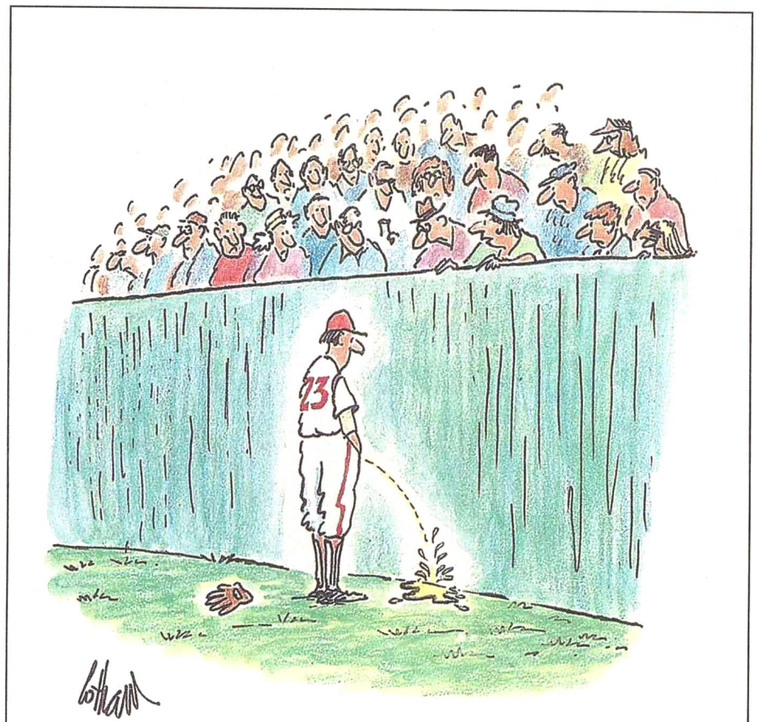
I stood up, naked, and they surveyed my body. The newcomer took a few shots. Vickie commanded me to lick her patent leather shoes and suck on the spike heels. I obediently sat on the floor in front of where she sat on the bed, took one of her feet in my hand and licked my tongue up and down the spike heel. She then extended her other lovely nylon-clad leg, and I alternately licked and sucked each shoe. After a while my jaws were aching and my cock was raging hard, bobbing up and down between my legs.

She caught sight of my bobbing cock and commanded me to rub it up and down her leg, but I was not to come or I would be punished severely. It was excruciatingly difficult because of my high state of arousal. I slid my glans up and down her leg, wanting to come but not letting myself. I left a trail of pre-seminal fluid on her hose, which aroused me even more. All the while, Vickie's friend was clicking the button of my camera, making my actions even more humiliating, but also extremely erotic.

After some time, I was told that it was time to pay homage to her arse by licking around and inserting my tongue as far as possible into her rectum. I nearly vomited at the thought of the taste of faecal matter. She curled her body into a ball on the bed, knees to chest, while I slid the tip of my tongue about an inch inside her rectum. She moaned and cooed softly while I tongue-fucked her arse.

Suddenly she rolled over on to her back, with her hips off the edge of the bed so that I could perform similar service to her pussy and clitoris. She clamped her powerful thighs together, forcing my face into her crotch with her hands, while bucking her hips up and down. She smeared my face with her pussy juices, nearly suffocating me. My mouth and nose were pressed tightly against her crotch. Before long she groaned and experienced a powerful orgasm, further covering my face and filling both my mouth and nose with her come. She commanded me to swallow and lick her clean.

I was nearly begging her to allow me to come. She said that she had no sympathy for my condition. She commanded me to get down on my hands and knees and stick my arse high in the air. I looked over my shoulders and saw that Vickie had strapped on a huge latex dildo and was lubricating it liberally. I shook my head and knew that there was no way she could get that huge thing inside me, but as I felt the tip against my tight anus,



"It has been a long innings."

Even dogs look good in black.

SUNSKI®
BLACK
LABEL
SUNGLASSES

Trade Enquiries (02) 540 2233

CMS 1332

I knew she was going to try.

She didn't mess around but shoved the dildo with a powerful thrust that drove it halfway in. I nearly passed out from the pain and had it gone on, I surely would have, but the pain didn't last long. I ducked my head between my legs and watched her fuck my arse with long in-and-out strokes. To my amazement, I still had a tremedous hard-on, and my prostate was screaming to release its load. Vickie reached around my waist and gripped the base of my cock. With one hand, she started to masturbate me.

"Come now, slave!" she commanded.

I immediately shot wad after wad of thick milky come, most of which she caught in her hand. I felt the huge dildo slide out of me with a snap and was told to lie on my back, whereupon Vickie allowed her handful of sperm to fall on my face. She rubbed it into my cheeks and lips, then commanded me to lick her hand clean. I was so exhausted from such prolonged stimulation and the pain and intensity of my own orgasm, that I just lay there on the carpet, unable to move to my feet.

Vickie bent over then and spat in my face, then she and her photographer friend promptly left, taking all my clothes. I was in physical pain and was panicking as well. I had to wait several hours until it was dark outside, at which time I wrapped a large bathtowel around my waist and made a dash for my car, fortunately parked near the door. I managed to drive home without being noticed. I slipped into my house and fell on the bed. I was asleep before my head even hit the pillow. — *Name and address withheld*

Losing the plot

I must tell someone about an extraordinary encounter I had recently. It began on a train. He was sitting facing me with the aisle between us. Every time I looked up from my book he had his gorgeous brown eyes locked on my pussy. I was wearing a very short black leather skirt which didn't leave much to the imagination. He was young and well-dressed in smart casual gear.

I knew I shouldn't have done it, but just to give him a thrill I opened my knees a bit and went back to reading my book. Five minutes later I took another peep and noticed that he had a huge hard-on. His eyes were boring into mine and I could feel myself getting wet. I was beginning to feel conspicuous and nervously looked around. There was no-one watching. Phew! Enough of this, I thought, I am a married woman on my way to the movies in town. I crossed my legs and went back to my book, dismissing my brown-eyed admirer.

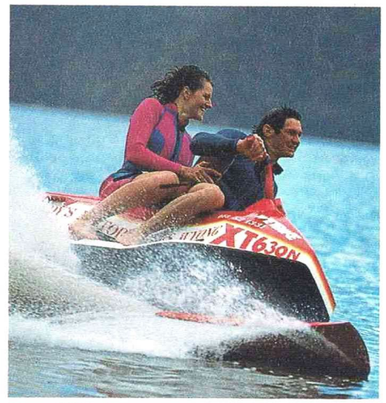
In the city, I window-shopped for about 20 minutes before heading to the cinema. Imagine my surprise when, just as the lights went down, the man from the train sat down beside me. Uh-oh. What was I going to do if this hunk made a pass? I had never been unfaithful and wasn't planning to start now. But I never really had time to think about it as his leg and thigh started pressing into me.

Pretty soon his hand started on my knee and began working its way up toward my panties. I started to feel hot and bothered. As his fingers worked toward my clit, I could feel it swelling and burning as if on fire. To hell with it! I spread my thighs and he dived into my hot cunt, brushing my clit with feather-like strokes that began driving me crazy with desire.

I was moaning quietly and writhing when he lifted my hand and guided it toward his crotch. It felt huge and I couldn't wait to get his zip down. Seconds later his hot pulsating cock jumped into my waiting hand. It felt superb and I wanted to have it inside me, but how?

There weren't any people behind us or in our row, which was just as well, considering what happened next. My hunk went down on his knees, removed my panties and buried his head between my thighs. When his tongue flicked against my clit I nearly shot out of my seat in ecstasy. He flicked and licked and sucked my cunt

WET'N'WILD



AN ADVENTURE EVERY TIME YOU HIT THE WATER...

If you thrive on high performance riding, testing the limits of your ability or just relaxing with the family and friends – then the Wetbike is for you.
With power, speed and handling to jump waves and carve deep turns, Wetbike is built for one or two people to ride in total comfort for hours.

IT'S WET, IT'S WILD, IT'S WETBIKE.

For the full Wetbike story and your FREE TEST RIDE:

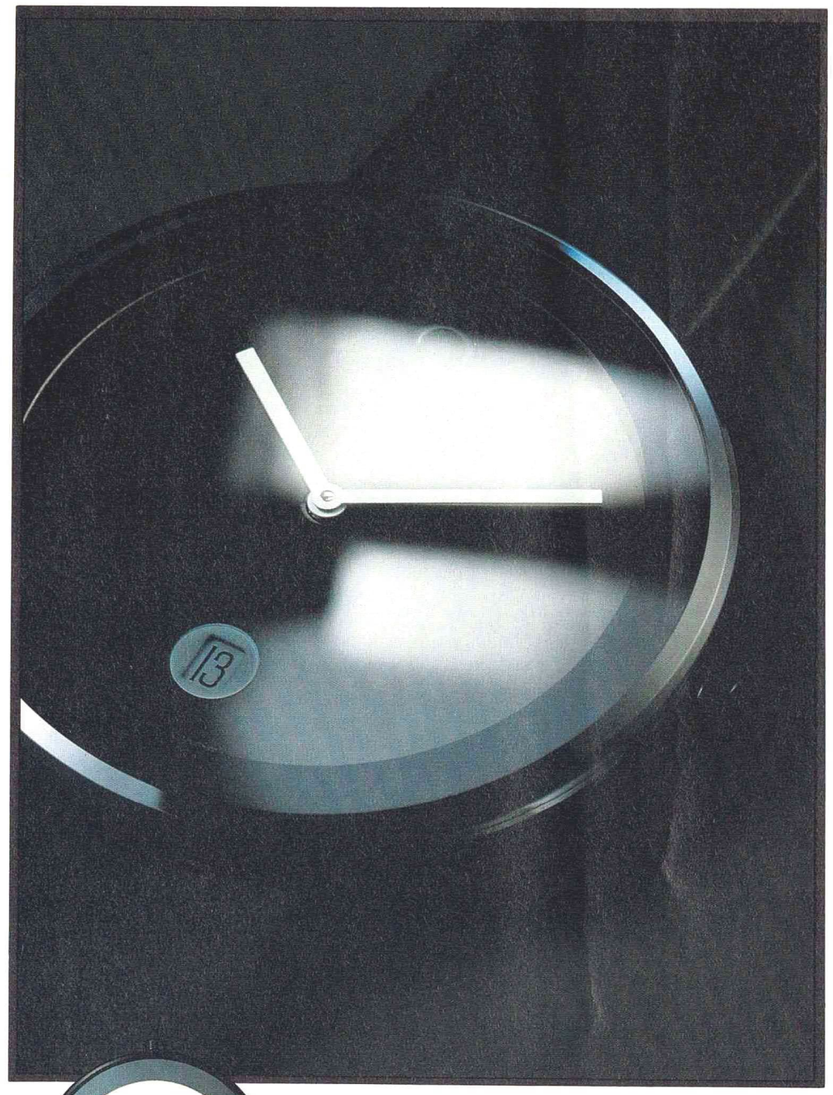
N.S.W.		
GUS LIU MOTORCYCLES	SUTHERLAND	02 521 7711
SPIT BOATS	MOSMAN	02 960 4044
FAMILY BOATS BIRKENHEAD	DRUMMOYNE	02 719 8055
WOODY'S MOTORCYCLES	WYONG	043 531 697
BROKEN HILL SUZUKI	BROKEN HILL	080 786 8
TAS.		
CYCLEWORLD	LAUNCESTON	003 262 729
INDEPENDENT MOTORCYCLES	MOONAH	002 286 626
VIC.		
MICK HONE MOTORCYCLES	BOX HILL	03 890 0304
PRATT & OSBORNE	GEELONG	052 214 034
SUNRAYSIA MOTORS	MILDURA	050 231 088
QLD.		
PETER GARDINER MOTORCYCLES	CAPALABA	07 245 4422
SA.		
KESSNER SUZUKI	HAMSTEAD GARDENS	08 261 9305

WETBIKE

POWERED BY SUZUKI

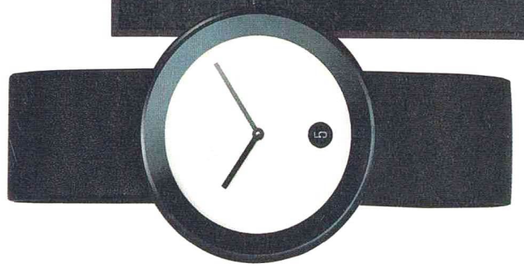
OR SUZUKI AUSTRALIA (P.O. BOX 387, PARRAMATTA. 2124. N.S.W. PH: 02 638 7711 FAX: 02 638 6215).

OMEGA ART



Omega Art is unique. The harmonious union of pure forms and contemporary art: on the back of every Omega Art watch is a famous artist's design. Signed and numbered. Produced in limited series. These designs – created especially for Omega by Max Bill, Richard Paul Lohse and Paul Talman – express their vision of Time.

Richard Paul Lohse



Striking simplicity of lines, sharp black/white contrasts. Inalterable high-tech sapphire alloy or 18k gold. With scratch-resistant sapphire crystal and fine calfskin strap.

Significant Moments

Ω OMEGA

until I thought I was going to die.

By now I was crazy for his cock. He held me off for a few minutes and then, unable to take it any more, I got down on the floor with him. I pulled down his jeans and guided him into my sopping cunt. Ahh, it felt good as he started to slide in and out of me. It was just too much. I began to buck out of control in a series of ever more intense orgasms. He pounded and pounded me and just as I thought I wasn't going to last the distance, he shot his hot come inside me.

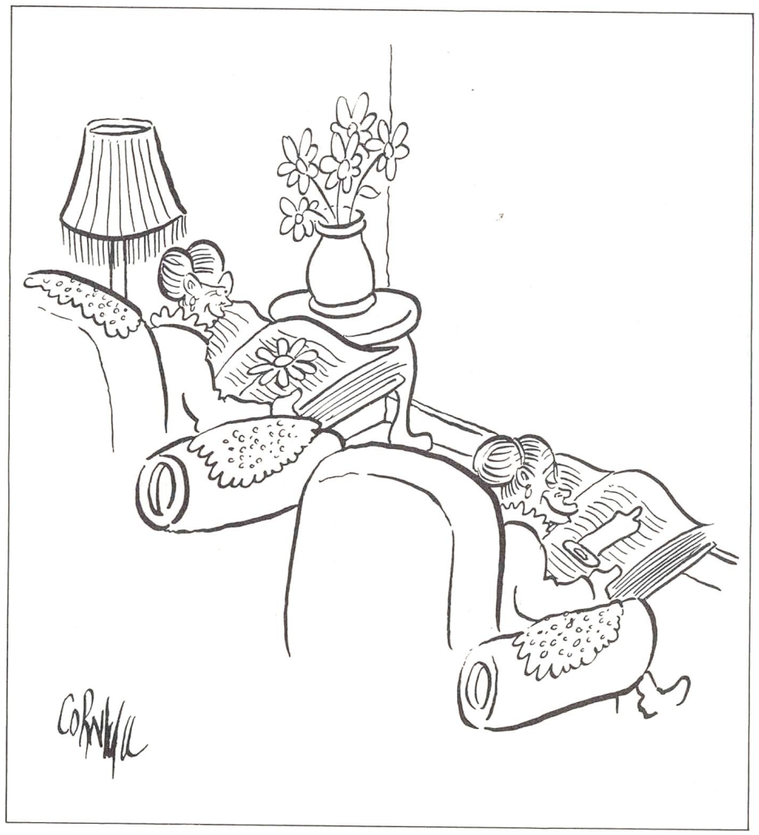
We scrambled into our clothes and sat back in our seats. We watched the main movie together, but, to tell the truth, I don't remember much about the plot. — *Name and address withheld*

Bachelor party

I'm 24 years old, and although I'm not beautiful, I have a good body and work hard to keep in shape. I have been living with the same man for six years. My boyfriend, Mark, is a foreman for a building company. He's extremely good-looking, the kind of guy who always attracts other women, and well liked among his friends.

Before I met Mark I was a quiet student who fantasised about exotic sex and exhibiting my body. Mark changed all that, and now my sex life is incredible. I always do what he wants, in bed and out, and he enjoys pleasing me, too. Mark especially likes it when I wear very sexy and revealing clothes when we go out. I remember once going to a movie wearing a pair of tight jeans and a skimpy bathing-suit top. At first I was nervous, because I was showing lots of skin, but Mark just held me close and told me that it was a real turn-on for him to see me looking so seductive. Realising that we were quite anonymous here, my apprehension disappeared. I was even pleased with the heated stares of the other guys and their jealous companions. Mark and I sat in a dark dress circle, and as we watched the movie, he unzipped my jeans and fingered me to orgasm. There have been other times when we played this game — but the following story is a classic.

It began when Mark called me at my job and told me about a bachelor party being thrown for a "friend of a friend." The party was being held at an airport hotel, and he gave me the address and asked me to join him there. He also told me to wear my skimpiest outfit. Despite my fears, I followed Mark's directions, wearing only a sheer knit dress, push-up bra, garter belt, stockings, and three-inch heels. My nipples were erect during my entire drive to the hotel and could clearly be seen through the material of my dress. I wore my best perfume and makeup — I knew Mark would like what he saw. The cut of my dress revealed the soft, rounded tops of my breasts.



I called Mark from the lobby as he had instructed. He met me there, alone, and explained the situation to me. The party was for a younger brother of a guy on Mark's crew. He told me that he had been elected to find two adult entertainers for the evening, and that I — his "friend" Carmen — would be one of them. He asked if the thought offended me. I replied by applying more lip gloss, licking my lips, and smiling.

As Mark and I went over this matter, another woman came into the lobby. When Mark overheard her calling the same room number he just gave me, he introduced himself. She said that her name was Betsy and that she had been sent by the agency. Betsy had long brown hair and was extremely tall. Her halter top and tight jeans enhanced a perfect, well-rounded, athletic body. She smiled at me while talking to Mark.

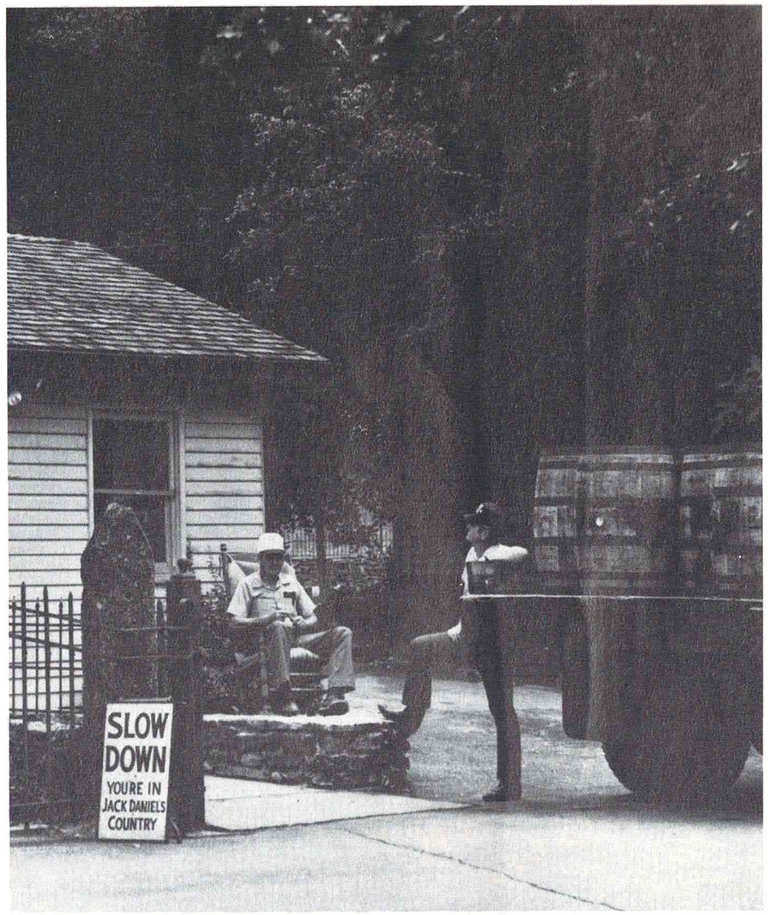
As Betsy and I walked into the suite, we were met by the men's stares. A few whistled and catcalled at us, the rest just smiled. I didn't recognise any of them, and none appeared to be over 25.

The party started slowly, with a few of the bolder and better-looking boys offering us drinks. One of them danced close with Betsy, and it wasn't too long before one of these hunks took a turn with me. The drinks were making me pleasantly high, and the close dancing was loosening me up, creating a wetness between my legs. For about a half hour the men took turns dancing with us. Each one moved his hands confidently over my back and bum, pulling me tightly to him. Several reached under my dress and stroked my soft, naked buttocks, boldly pressing their throbbing tools against me. During my first dance with the groom-to-be, he boldly trailed wet kisses on my neck and shoulders. The other men, including Mark, watched.

One of the guys had a video camera. I noticed the camera was following us as the groom started to slowly undress me while we danced. He was just 21, and giggly. I found myself warming to this body's touch — I was so high and horny, I lost all perception of time and space. I returned several of the groom's kisses as his best man unfastened my dress from behind, letting it drop to the cool marble floor. I could hear the whir of the camcorder as I stood there, reduced to my bra, garter belt, stockings, and heels. Soon I found myself being led to the master bedroom.

The lights in the bedroom were dim, but bright enough to see what had been going on. Two of the walls were fully mirrored and music pounded through the air. Betsy was dancing nude on the super king-size bed as a number of men sat

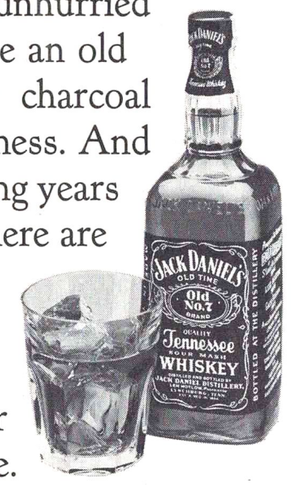
Continued on page 138



We hope you'll find time to visit our distillery someday. We're right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

YOU CAN TELL a lot about Jack Daniel's Whiskey from the sign on our front gate.

Visitors to the Hollow always comment on this sign and especially our quiet, unhurried way of life. You see, we make an old time whiskey here, slowly charcoal mellowed to sippin' smoothness. And we age it slowly, too, over long years and changing seasons. Yes, there are faster ways to make whiskey. Many distillers employ them. But once you compare Jack Daniel's, you'll understand our reluctance to pick up the pace.

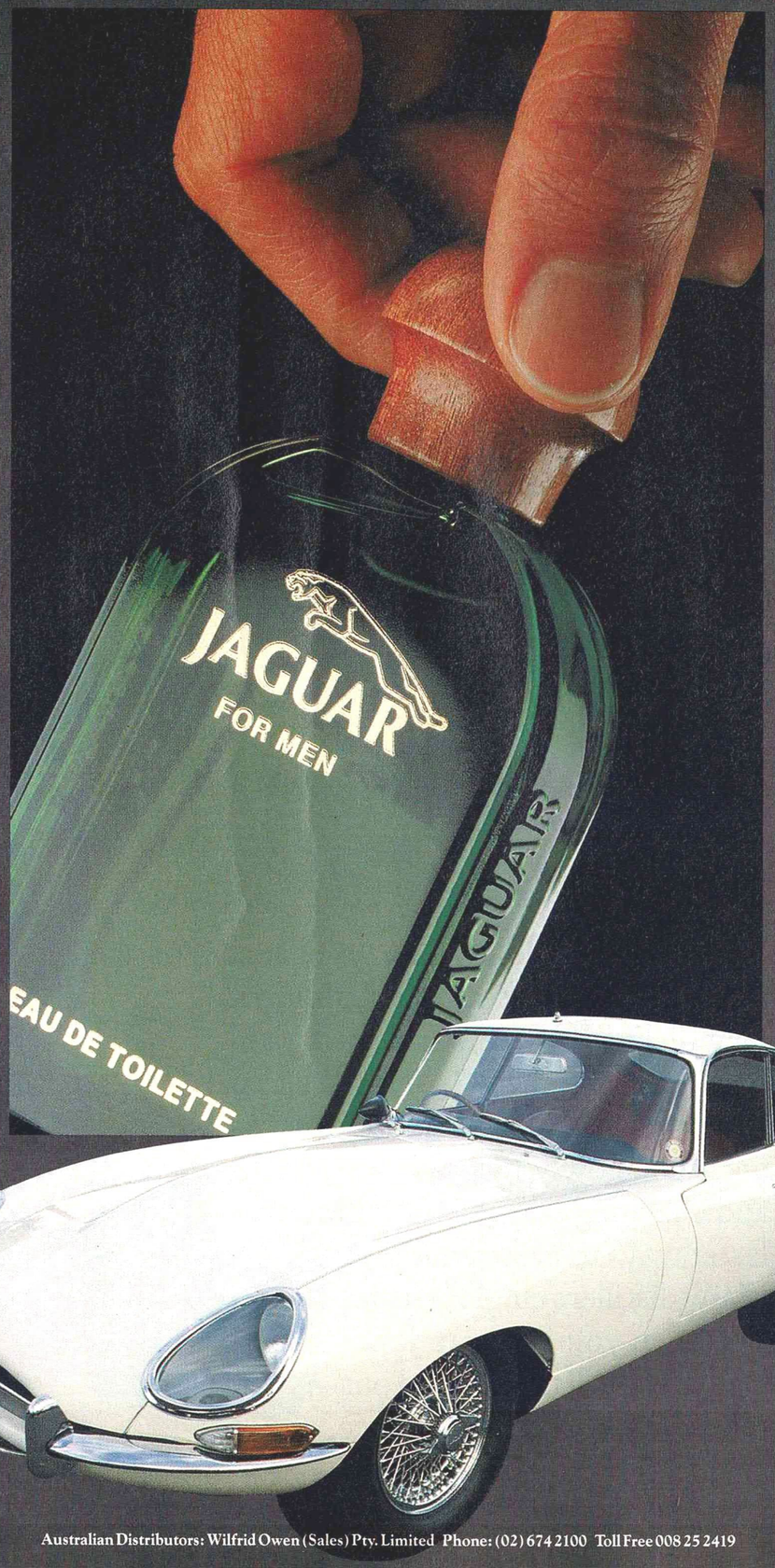


JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 10642-A

SJD 6914R

The marque of success.



Australian Distributors: Wilfrid Owen (Sales) Pty. Limited Phone: (02) 674 2100 Toll Free 008 25 2419

HAWKINS WO23

Sins

REVIEWS & OPINIONS

ANGER

THE JOYS OF ENEMIES

Hate is a many splendored thing

"Friends," said a Saint Jerome of the 16th Century, are "long sought, hardly found and with difficulty kept." God, is it really worth all the fuss? Enemies are far more convenient. You don't even have to look for them because they find *you* and they stick with you till death doth thou part. Although it is fair to acknowledge that an enemy will possibly try to hasten the parting.

Obviously, you can't meander around life being "everybody's sweetheart" and you'll notice that anybody who's anyone accumulates enemies as they advance themselves. To say of someone that they "haven't an enemy in the world" is to imply that their progress through life has been ineffectual. It's an insult.

Lust, admiration, and even love are easy, soft emotions to arouse in others. Hostility is a challenge. When someone exhibits it to you they're really telling you that you're somehow a threat to them. *That's* reassuring. So why is there all this nauseating drivel trumpeting the joy of friendship? What about the very real joy of enemies? People seem to be hypocritical about the need for enmity in their lives.

If we believed the writers of greeting card prose (and there are whole books of the turgid sentiment), we'd think people daydreamed about the bliss of springing little gifts upon their friends.

But they don't. Fantasies for most of us revolve around humiliation of an enemy. Somebody with a faraway look in their hooded eyes is far more likely to be designing somebody's mausoleum than bathing in the glow of friendship. And that expression of envy and loathing on the face of your defeated enemy is far more deliciously satisfying than a look of fond admiration from someone who likes you.

"There's nothing like the sight of an old enemy down on his luck," said the Roman scholar Euripides. That, along with the thrilling surge of power as one recognises a potential foe, is what motivates people.

Enemies are loyal. Long after friends have moved on, your enemy will be looking for your name in the newspaper. They like to keep up with what you're doing. Casually, their beady little eyes flicker up and down the death columns every day, over the court pages and across the bankruptcy lists.

Enemies like to think there's a whole heap of skeletons rattling round in their foe's closet — and they like to rattle till they come tumbling out. Preferably before an audience. If there are no skeletons, they'll skilfully create them.

The best biographies and personality profiles are the ones written by enemies. They're pure vitriol and so much more interesting than the fawning, saccharine accounts from friends and admirers.

Enemies can come from all walks of life. Even from within one's own family. Screen queen-bitch goddess Joan Crawford was apparently not the world's most maternal soul. She suffered from a touch of PMT and, it seems, tortured her children. Her daughter grew up and flogged a hostile biography of her mother to the highest bidding publisher. *Mommie Dearest* was a best-seller because it contained so much hate.

Many people collect their first enemies at school. It's where we realise that others may hate our guts for no reason other than that they don't like the way our hair curls. We learn the means our enemies use to frighten us, and in turn discover their weakest points — and exploit this knowledge. School is where we discover the pleasures of slander and intrigue.

Later in life an office enemy can be almost as much fun as an office affair. The scope for amusement is endless . . . snide

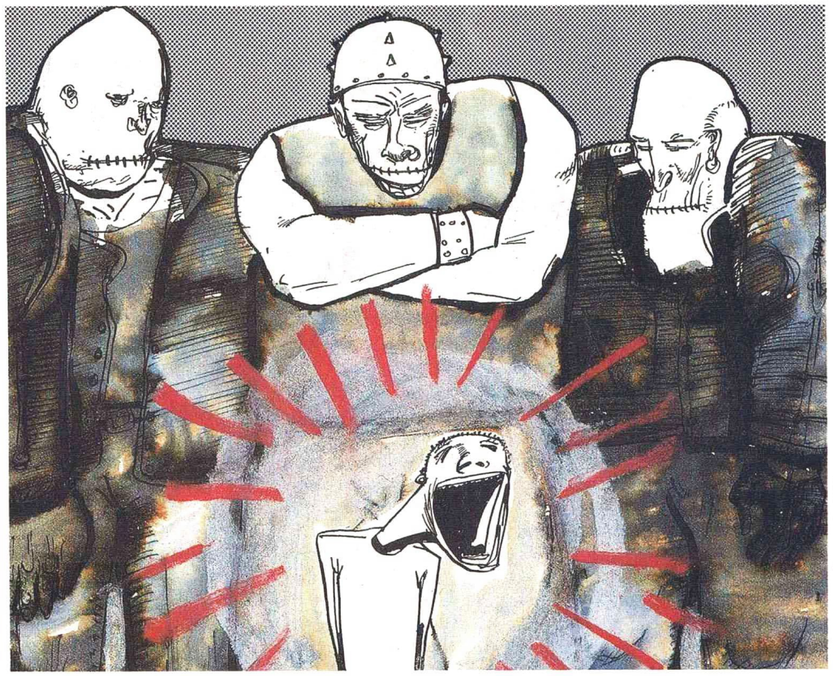


Illustration by Pierre Arriat

Illustration by Pierre Arriat

asides, rolling of the eyes as your enemy puts forward ideas, and curtness when you take his or her phone calls. "Yet another of your creditors rang for you before," you can announce to your enemy in front of the entire office, or you can shaft them to your boss with a skilful: "Hasn't so-and-so been acting strange lately . . ."

But ex-lovers make the most potent enemies of all. Especially if you dumped them. Girls excel in this. We get embarrassed meeting some men because their ex-girlfriends have already told us about his slimy armpits, sexual deviancy, athlete's foot, weird childhood traumas and tacky taste in bed linen.

Men often settle for simply pronouncing the words "she" and "her" with frightening venom. As in: "SHE took the stereo," or: "It was HER fault." "An enemy hath done this" is one of the Bible's more prosaic quotes.

Enmity is in the eye of the beholder. Mention to some people that they're looking slightly haggard and that's it — you're sworn enemies. Others don't bite until you start actively plotting their downfall.

Enemies may be open or undeclared but they will always show their hand eventually. It's best to flush them all out when you're at your zenith. Saddest of all is unrequited hate.

A friend of mine had an enemy who'd been trying to declare himself for years and my friend hadn't even noticed. The enemy had been slagging him off all over town, methodically seducing all his ex-girlfriends and female family members and telling people that he was faking his RSI. Finally he resorted to spraying the word "Fuckhead" across my friend's front lawn with weedkiller. In letters six foot high. Even when the grass grew back three months later it was a different hue to the rest of the lawn. Finally the local council took court action to make him level the lawn.

My friend returned the enmity with a display ad in the local paper. It said that the enemy had a vintage Harley Davidson for sale for $500, and that interested parties should call in on Sunday any time after 7am. Bikies camped outside overnight. At dawn they began peering into the garage and thumping on the front door. They weren't thrilled at the nonexistence of the bike and the police were called in.

Enemies provide great growth opportunities. They're not blinded by sentiment and mutual need, so they're unafraid to point out that you've been telling the same boring anecdote for two years now or that you're lousy at golf. Even in matters of personal hygiene they can be helpful. "Even your best friend won't tell you," says the advertisement. Perhaps the friend won't — but the enemy will tell you and everybody else. — *Jean Norman*

LUST

THE SMELL OF SEX

The science of sticking your nose into other people's business

Men have always employed a wide range of accessories in their attempts to make themselves more attractive to women. The devices have ranged from genital mutilation and decoration in primitive times right on up to artificial chest hair and phallic-shaped modes of transport. But today we stand at the dawn of a new epoch, because for the first time in history we're being offered a female attractant with a money-back guarantee. That's right. You get the fucks or you don't pay the bucks.

This in itself is quite extraordinary. Even more extraordinary is the fact that the accessory in question is distilled from the sweat of pigs and smells like a mixture of foot odor and dog's piss, with perhaps a touch of musk for added body.

If you hadn't guessed, I'm talking about pheromones. You've seen the ads: "Aeolus 7 Female Attractant — Win Women The Easy Way." The active ingredient is a pheromone called androstenone which, as in the case of pigs, is produced in the human testes and secreted through the sweat glands. The manufacturers reckon that the answer to one of life's great mysteries — why do some apparently ugly men get all the girls? — lies in their capacity to produce large amounts of androstenone. One Aeolus 7 promotion even includes a gift pack of condoms, just in case things get totally out of hand. Very socially responsible.

Of course, the ads are supported by reference to an independent survey of users ("Nine in ten surveyed consider Aeolus 7 increased their attractiveness to women"), a scientific study by researchers at the University of Birmingham, and a few anonymous testimonials. Pretty hard stuff to swallow, and on the face of it it seems fair to conclude that if pigs can provide the solution to man's most difficult problem they just might fly as well.

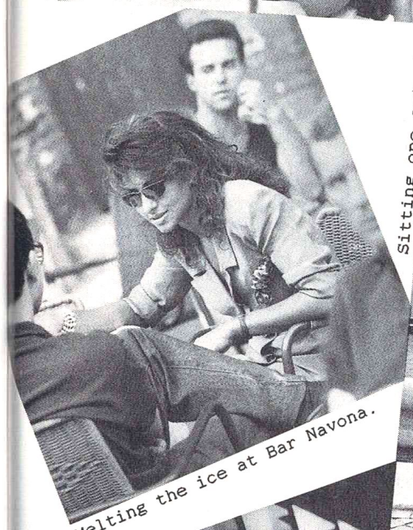
But hang on a minute. There is more — far more — to this pheromone business than you'd expect. If there's one man qualified to speak with great authority on the subject, it's Max Lake — former surgeon and now a "flavor professional" whose knowledge, gleaned from lifelong study, of the science of scent, taste, sensuality and sexual excitation is faithfully documented in the latest of his many books, *Scents And Sensuality — The Essence Of Excitement* (John Murray, $39.95).

Lake's book is a fascinating compendium of esoteric facts about the entire range of pleasurable experiences a person can hope to find — in the bottle, at table, or in bed. On the sub-

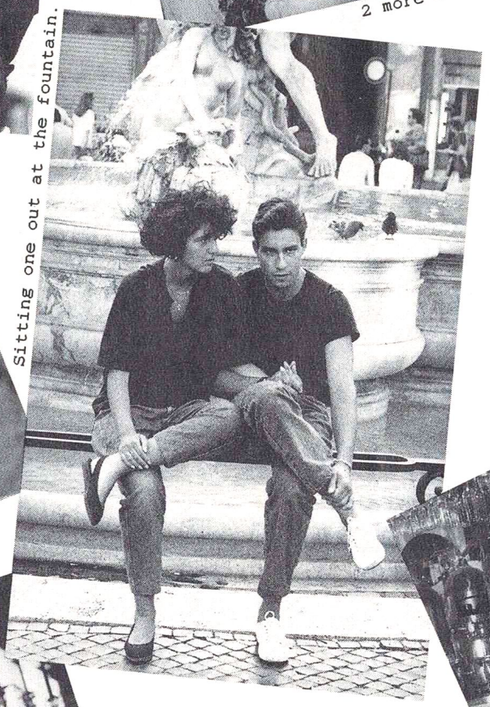
Piazza Navona. 6pm.

Liquore frappe - with eyes.

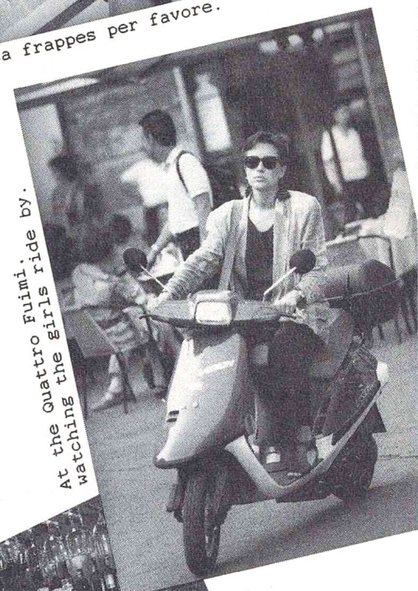
2 more Sambuca frappes per favore.



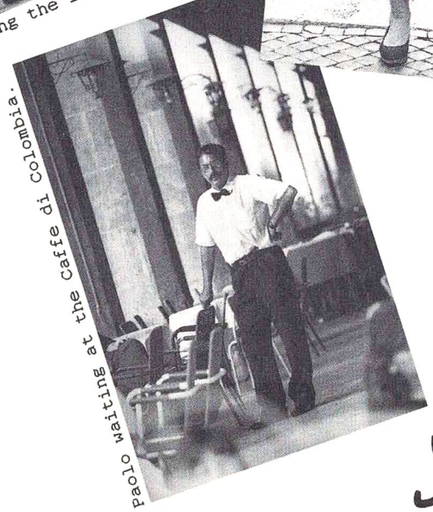
Melting the ice at Bar Navona.



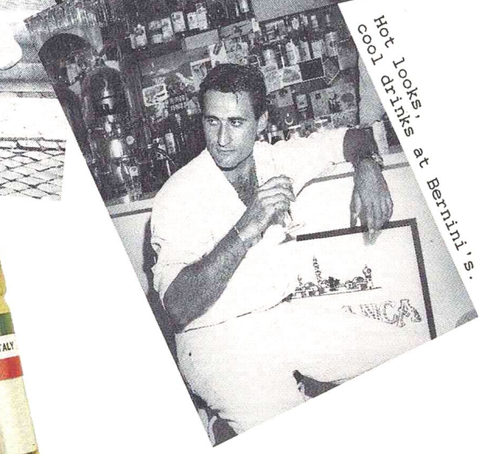
Sitting one out at the fountain.



At the Quattro Fuimi. watching the girls ride by.



Paolo waiting at the Caffe di Colombia.

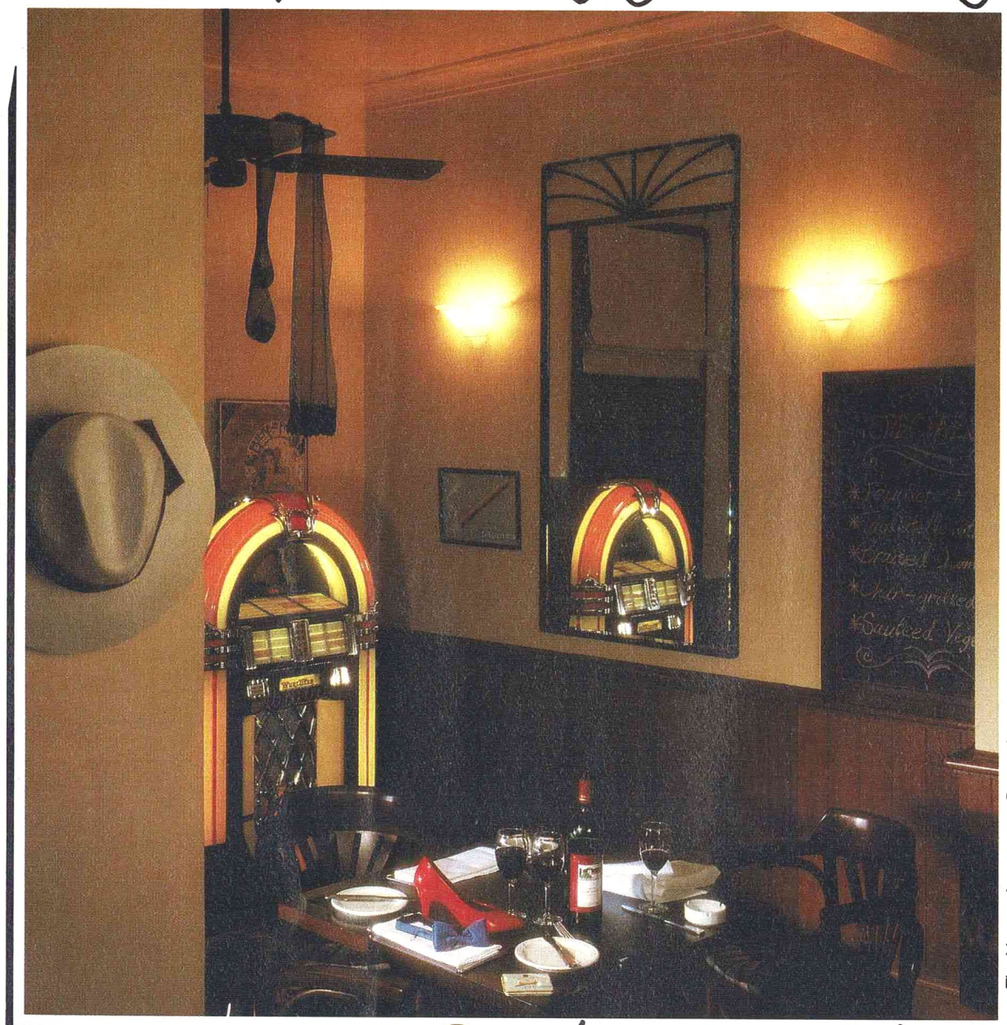


Hot looks, cool drinks at Bernini's.

Very Galliano

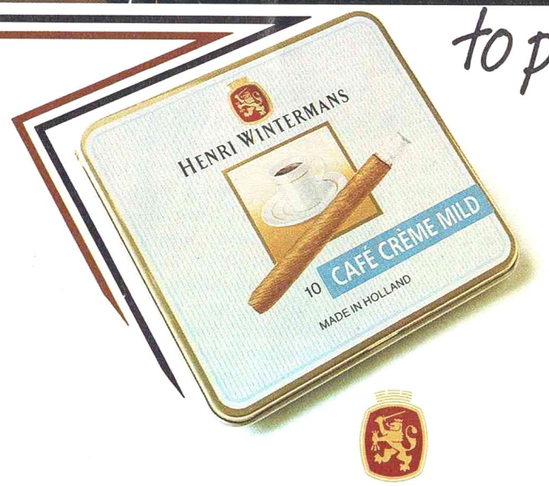
APB10672-A-89 Maynard Advertising.

"It was quite an enjoyable evening



The Venue: Armstrongs Brasserie

to put it mildly."



NEW
CAFE CREME MILD
CIGARS

HENRI WINTERMANS

NEXUS 07/535

Sins

ject of pheromones, Lake leaves no doubt that androstenone is indeed the raw fuel of the libido of both sexes and provides a complex explanation of how the primitive "smell brain", long neglected by most humans, assimilates subtle directions from bodily secretions and acts accordingly. From the moment of birth, our lives are overseen consciously or unconsciously by the sense of smell.

On androstenone: "It is the male 'essential oil', in the perfume sense. Males secrete a lot of it, but a substantial proportion of them cannot pick it up themselves. In a recent survey . . . 70.5 percent of women and 62.8 percent of men were able to smell it . . . It is found naturally in sweat, tears, urine, beards and hair, and particularly in genital hair. Females also secrete this impressive pheromone, most of them in small or minute quantities. It adds an extra dimension to their attraction."

Other pheromone facts:

- Half the human male population and about one in ten females are high secretors. The high secreting male group has the biggest divorce rate and fathers the most children.
- Production reaches a peak in the male in his thirties and slowly declines until death.
- Men who've been castrated produce no androstenone.
- Excessive presence of androstenone can provoke uncontrolled aggression in males.
- Applications of vaginal secretions (containing traces of androstenone) to the woman's chest increase the frequency of sex between couples.
- The USA, that most artificial of societies, has by far the highest percentage of people who can't detect androstenone. Africa has the lowest, followed by Latin America. Australians, particularly females, are pretty good sniffers.

You might want to take all this with a grain of salt. That was certainly my view when, after bathing myself in copious amounts of Aeolus 7 and launching myself on a barful of bimbos, I found myself standing around (quite literally) like a stale bottle of piss all evening, eliciting nothing more than a puzzled sneer from the few women who came anywhere near me. Perhaps, though, the explanation for this embarrassing lack of success is found in Max Lake's observation: "Big flavors and perfumes may make an instant appeal at one time or another, but they produce rapid fatigue, sometimes in seconds, to be followed by indifference, then aversion, then either a headache or nausea and disgust, and finally, if intense enough, even vomiting. The principal perfume bases have this potential, as do the pheromones of both sexes." Maybe I didn't do so badly after all. At least I got out of the place without being chundered upon. — *Peter McDonald*

Illustration by Andrew Tate

AVARICE

THE TECHNOLOGY TRAP

The loneliness of the conscientious computer objector

A much-expanded computerised version of the famous *Whole Earth Catalogue* is now available, I read in the newspaper, for a mere $239.95.

The price itself is a pretty hefty one, considering the "book" is (a) largely irrelevant to non-US readers; (b) purportedly designed for environmentally concerned and impecunious do-it-yourselfers; and (c) not much more than an illustrated guide for daydreamers. That it is so dear is, I suppose, simply a sign of the times. That is not important. The fact that the "book" comes as a CD-Rom is important.

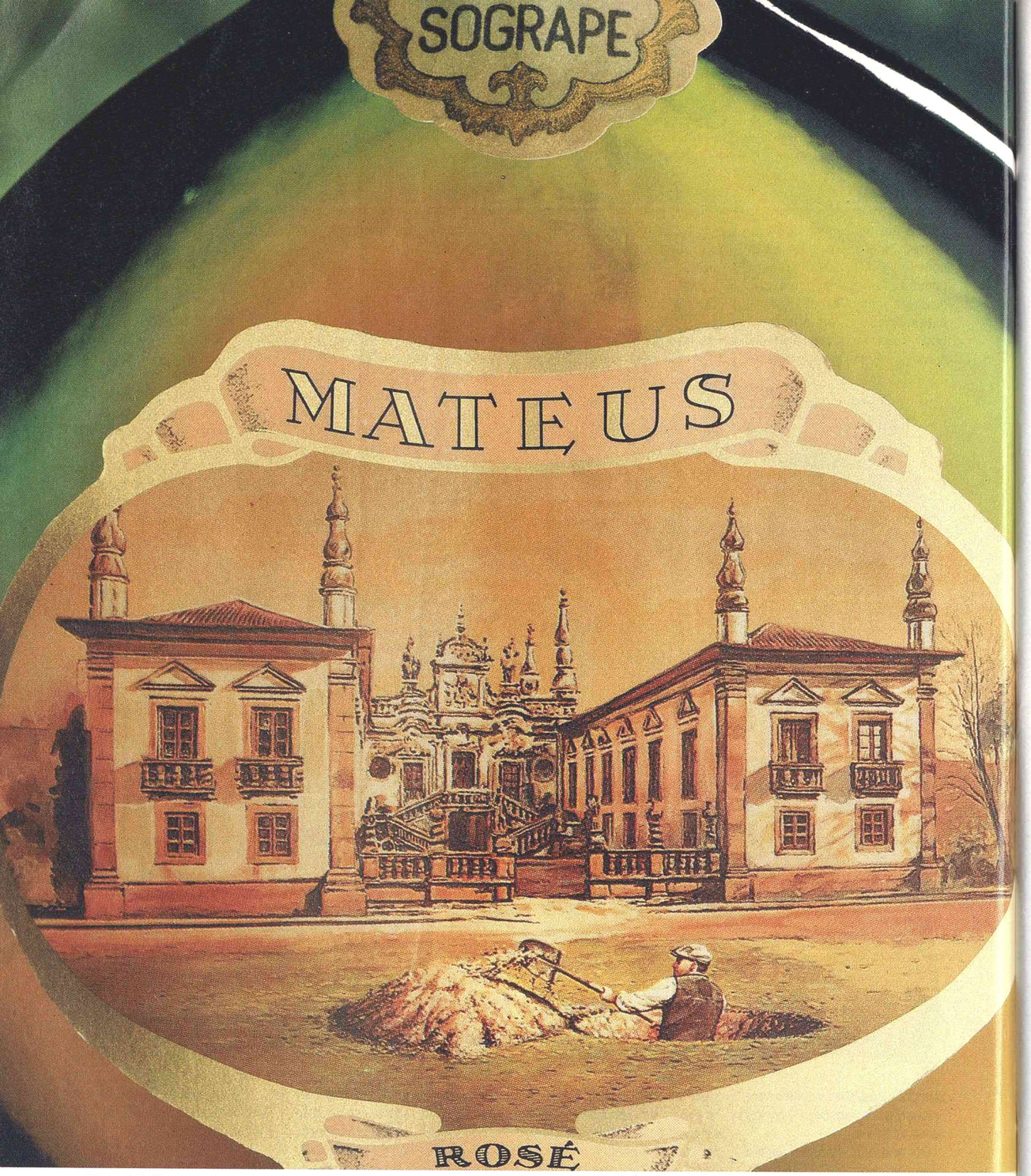
You not only need a computer to read the bloody thing but you need a CD-Rom drive as well. This last-mentioned item costs about $2350, or about ten times the cost of the "book." Can you believe it? I can.

Once it was sufficient to have your health — given freely, courtesy of Nature — to be able to turn the pages, and literacy — available very cheaply at a public school near you — in order to read.

In the "modern day and age", it seems, we need computers attached to compact disc players simply to leaf through the hippy version of *Coles Funny Picture Book*.

This, of course, is what lies at the bottom of much of the modern economy.

In order to get around I must have a car. What does it matter if I live by the beach within a half-hour walk of my main employer? I still must tie up $20,000-$30,000 in capital (my own) and whatever percentage the State must provide by way of roads and traffic lights so that I may get around to the occasional place not serviced by public transport.



You'd be surprised where you can find $30,000 worth of gold.

Enter the Mateus Treasures of Portugal competition and you could win one of five specially minted Mateus Gold Coin Sets worth $6000 each.

There are also four Gold Chain Sets worth $900 each, four luxurious Mateus Bath Robe Sets worth $300 each and three Mateus weekends for two staying at the Hilton Hotel to be won. Details of how to enter are on bottles of Mateus White and Rose.

But if you want your chance you'll have to move quickly. After all, this is a gold rush.

Distributed nationally by Calbeck Wines and Spirits. NSW Permit No. TC89/1555 issued under the NSW Lotteries and Arts Union Act. Victorian Raffles and Bingo Permits Board Permit No.89/946 issued on 29/05/89. ACT Permit No. 576/89 issued under the Lotteries Ordinance 1964. NT Permit No. 0934/89. APB 10836-A.

Sins

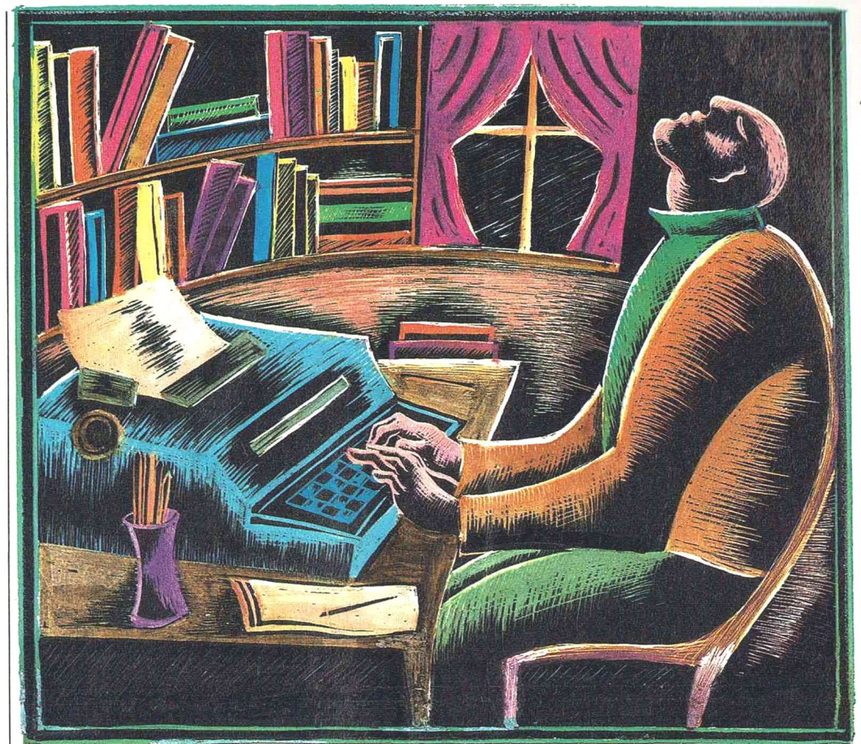


Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

Yes, I know it is almost impossible to win the heart of a young lady using public transport (beyond the age of 18, anyway) but if you consider that winning her heart is in fact costing you $20,000 for the car plus the $200 or so a week in maintenance and depreciation, you bet you're entitled to seek something from her for your money.

We've come a long way from the "club 'er and she's yours" approach and that is good. But I sometimes think we've gone a little further than we should have.

It is the same with computerisation. True, after the introductory problems are solved, computers *can* reduce labor costs. But at what cost? Great cost to the community.

In any decent-sized operation, computerisation will cost in the order of millions of dollars, much of it in hardware — mostly of the imported variety. And you wonder why we have a balance of payments problem?

We are replacing indigenous product — you and I, or, in economist's jargon, labor — with imported machinery. The technology is then supposed to free us for other things.

The newspaper game is nearly all computerised. There is nothing as disheartening as seeing a skilled linotypist or Ludlow hand fiddling around with paper, glue and cardboard and calling it a trade; or worse: some newspapers turned their tradesmen into canteen servants or telephone answerers. The savings to proprietors have been at economic cost to the nation and spiritual cost to their workers.

And it's not as though the process of computerisation is a once-only cost. John Fairfax Pty Ltd is now on its third system. News Ltd has had at least two. The Department of Defence in Canberra is now installing a new one at a cost of $500 million. For just as it often took a lifetime to perfect a craftsman, machinery too is ever capable of improvement, although there comes a point when all the add-ons just won't do and a completely new machine is needed.

The cost accountants still consider the machines are worth it. They compare the apparent labor costs saved with the cost of the machines and amortise the difference. If the machines then work one more year beyond the date at which all costs are fully depreciated then the company is ahead. They can then go out and buy a brand new lot of machines, replacing even more workers, and start the whole business over again.

Now, there are many of us who will say: Good, let the bosses depreciate machinery, not human labor. But too many critics seem to think boilermaking or wood-turning is too much like working for a living and we'd be better off serving sake and boutique beers to foreign tourists. And perhaps we would, economically. And I'm sure I could pump a few more quid out of my wife if I got her to turn a few tricks during the day when I'm not using her. That's economic rationalism.

But, when a book costs you $240 and you need a fancy machine costing ten times that to read it, I look around my "antique" office, full of books, paper and pencils, and pat my little Bluebird typewriter and wonder whether, if I am so right after all, the editor will accept my next column if I write it out in longhand. — *David Quicksilver*

GLUTTONY

CHEF'S CHOICE

Just how special is the daily special?

The Eighties will slot into pop history as the decade that tried too hard, especially in restaurant design and menu pretention. We had sleek, modern restaurants all in white. We had palaces of pink and peach and mirrored glass fronting Federation facades. We had "period" recreations, mostly of Art Deco. Hardly anyone half trendy looked at the menu anymore — only the unadventurous bothered to select from a rundown of dishes that "only got into print" because their names and list of ingredients were so simple. To appear even a tad sophisticated, one had to select from the golden circle of "daily specials" — a concept as far removed from a menu as a simple res-

IT EVEN BRAKES LIKE A $216,000 CAR.

The BMW 750iL is considered by international motor critics as "the best car in the world".

Similarly, the BMW K100 LT is considered the world's best touring motorcycle. One that lets you ride further and faster in total comfort.

And they are both restrained by the world's foremost computerised Anti-lock Braking System (ABS).

Electro-magnetic sensors measure the rotational speed of the wheels, and adjust the brake pressure in a fraction of a second as either wheel is about to lock.

So you can brake with absolute confidence and control.

Like the 750iL, the K100 LT has the definitive look of a modern classic. While its ergonomic layout gives you the most comfortable riding position.

Because it's a specialist tourer, it offers appointments such as full aerodynamic fairing, integrated panniers, automatic suspension levelling and automatic radio search with handlebar mounted controls.

The K100 LT combines the prestige of owning the very best the world has to offer, with the reassurance of investing in a modern classic.

But there is one big difference between the world's best car and the world's best touring motorcycle.

Around $200,000.

THE BMW K100 LT.
THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE.

The Ball WCRS BMM 2019

Sins

taurant is from the Las Vegas Forum Of The Twelve Caesars.

It all began innocently enough. About ten years ago, the menu at your favorite eatery had the same old standbys — pepper steak, flounder veronique, creme caramel — dependable but uninspiring. But before that well-worn look of boredom swept over your face, the waiter started to launch into a well-rehearsed recitation of the chef's specials for the evening. In those days, the suggestions numbered only two or four, and even someone recovering from a frontal lobotomy could remember the choices.

These days, the specials are pushed almost to the exclusion of the printed menu. A smart-arse serving person, always a decade your junior no matter how young you are, starts to list 12 daily specials at least, each described in loving and mouth-watering detail. (The only detail passed over is the price). You forgot you were ever handed a menu and opt for the lobster ravioli with fresh herbs served in a beurre blanc with golden caviar. Who could resist? Anyway, who can remember any of the other 11 specials that were recited? It's only when the bill arrives and you see the surprisingly high price that you discover this delectable creation was as much of a "special" for the restaurant as it was for you!

Illustration by Amanda Upton

Daily specials will continue to play an important role in restaurant operations — in most cases, to the benefit of you, the dining public. Most of them depend on fresh, seasonal ingredients and, more importantly, ingredients at their absolute peak of flavor and texture. They also encourage the chef not to become lazy and/or sloppy — cooking the same thing for months or weeks on end can take the edge off the keenest enthusiast. Daily specials keep cooks at the top of their creative skills.

I have never given a cent's worth of credence to any restaurateur who maintains that he or she makes less profit on specials, instead using them to set themselves apart from their competitors. For the most part, restaurants take full advantage of the flexibility of pricing daily specials, and almost never in your favor.

A restaurant's program of specials can follow two paths — the carefully planned and the inspirational. Some head chefs spend a few hours of every afternoon planning and testing specials for the following week, which in many cases turn out to be the restaurant's most successful and imaginative dishes. Others trot off to the market and see items at their peak or which are readily available and take it from there. Both methods produce the same results. But the higher percentage of sales a restaurant gets from specials, the more time and energy goes into their planning.

Restaurateurs claim that the omission of price when daily specials are announced verbally to customers is more a matter of tact than deception. "What would you have us say?" asks one Sydney restaurateur who declined to be named. 'Tonight's special contains 125g of Western Australian marron, for which we paid such and such, and we're offering it to you for X.' I think telling prices is tacky. It doesn't fit in with the style we are trying to create in this restaurant."

Few customers, however, feel comfortable about asking prices, especially when they are in the company of someone they want to impress. But many are surprised and annoyed when the bill arrives and they find the special was $7 to $10 more than the highest menu item — even if that was a luxury item such as lobster.

The trick, and not a difficult one, is to find a discreet way to inform customers of price. In Ritz-Carlton hotels in the US specials are announced verbally, but each table also has a porcelain menu plaque on which daily specials are handwritten. Or if restaurants can't stretch the budget to porcelain, why not type the specials on a pre-printed menu form, and the needed number can be photocopied each morning and inserted in menu covers. If the restaurant only sports 15 tables, get the staff member with the finest copperplate hand-writing to add the personal touch.

Everyone with whom I've ever brought up the subject claims that they appreciate seeing the specials written not only to note the prices but to help them remember the choices. "I resent when I have to start taking dictation to remember all the specials," comments a well-known restaurant critic of my acquaintance.

But the litany will never go away, commonsense notwithstanding. Verbal presentation has a great deal more merchandising potential than a simple listing.

I was given an object lesson recently in New Orleans. The waiter had one of those Southern voices that could talk you into skiing down Mount Kosciusko in the buff with a bunch of African violets stuck up your bum. He offered me only one special of "angel hair pasta, smothered with crawfish etouffee, spiked with chillies and brandy, Miz Lisbeth." I had to have some of course. The food, I mean. — *Elisabeth King*

You can't argue with an eight year old.

Making the finest
bourbon whiskey is not something you
can do in a hurry.
Because, for bourbon to
fully mature in character and flavour,
it has to mellow in charred oak barrels for
8 years. And not a moment less.
There is only one
8 year old, 101 proof straight
Kentucky bourbon.
Wild Turkey.
End of argument.

Wild Turkey Bourbon.
America's finest. No argument.

APB 10008/A Maynard Advertising

THE ORIGINAL

Tabac Original.

Invigorating.

Fresh.

Original.

DEODORANT SPRAY
SPRAY DEODORANT

TABAC ORIGINAL

EAU DE COLOGNE

200 ml e

DEODORANT STICK
STICK DEODORANT

63g 75ml e

TABAC ORIGINAL

THE INDIVIDUAL FRAGRANCE

HAWKINS W025

Australian Distributors: Wilfrid Owen (Sales) Pty. Limited. Phone: (02) 6742100. Toll Free 008 252419.

SLOTH

THE EMERALD COUNTIES

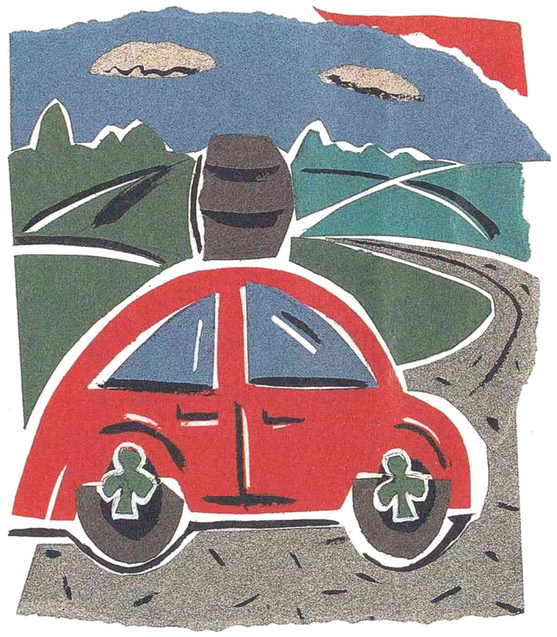
Ireland's west casts a seductive spell

The west of Ireland, from Donegal to Shannon, is a magical country. Its scenery is breathtaking, its silence and timelessness extraordinary. There is nowhere else in the world where you can experience such a total absence of man-made noise. Where else can you go into a church, packed on a Thursday afternoon, and find the Holy Water in that other sacred Irish symbol — a beer keg? Or listen to a Gaelic lament exquisitely rendered by a drunk at 3am, and watch in surprise as tavern drinkers fall to the floor whenever the Garda (police) go past?

Mind you, there can be major snags. Atlantic weather is notoriously unreliable. When it is fine, it is dazzling. The sea glitters, the sky is brilliant, grass truly is as green as emerald and the hedgerows burn with buttercups and fuchsia blossoms. But just as suddenly, huge shadows rush across the purple mountains, mist rolls in like an iced blanket, gales cut you in two and rain arrives in sheets only.

Donegal, in the extreme north-west, has long been known as "the forgotten county." Dubliners had warned us that it was "pretty desolate." It's only a few miles from the Northern Irish border, but none of the neighboring "Troubles" is in evidence. Still, it is hardly a wilderness. Rathmullan House on the shores of Lough Swilly has a coveted Relais et Chateaux award and the place is packed with French people in search of their travel brochure's promise of a "place of wild beauty and comfort." A nearby beach is ruggedly deserted, surrounded by standard-issue rugged mountains.

Rathmullen, a huge Victorian country house furnished with period antiques and in need of open fires even in summer, rightly scored Ireland's Best Breakfast Award a couple of years ago. Five-course dinners are the rule here, the main course arriving with three types of potato — baked, chipped and casseroled. The barman, Francis, is your archetypal little Irish leprechaun who will suck you dry of every joke you can remember. If you're feeling flash, ask for one of the suites with a four-poster bed.



If Donegal Bay were in a country with a warmer climate, you couldn't pay enough to lie on the beach there. On a sparkling day in May this enormous crescent of completely unpolluted sand is deserted. The Sand House hotel, right in the centre of this three and a half-kilometre long "heavenly cove", has a short season that runs from June to August. During these months, the "Bay" is a sporting paradise of surfing, canoeing, fishing and board sailing. At night, you can hoe into the hotel's Donegal Bay salmon, sea trout, scallops, crab, oysters and mussels gathered from the Sand House's own beds.

Horse-riding holidays are big in Ireland, catering largely to an enormous German clientele who descend on the country each summer looking for "solitude." They're the spiritual descendants of Empress Elisabeth Of Austria, who loved riding in Ireland more than anything else on Earth and was so proud of her figure that she had herself sewn into her riding habit every day. The Horse Holiday Farm at Grange in County Sligo is run by German-born Tilman Anhold, who has been so thoroughly Gaelicised that he has no trace of a German accent left. You can ride the nearby wild beaches for an hour or two to indulge your Gallipoli fantasies, or book riding holidays that see the day end at specially selected pubs.

Lough Corrib stands on the road to Galway. Currently the centre of a fishing dispute — the government wants all fishermen to buy a 15 pound annual licence and the locals think it's their God-given right to fish there — this must be one of the most beautiful stretches of water in Europe. More than can be said for a developed Galway Bay, where Bing Crosby would now have to include white bungalows in his lyrics. Thankfully, Galway town still retains its raffish magic.

The Cliffs of Moher are among the great wonders of the Western world. A nine-kilometre ribbon of sheer precipices, many of them overhanging a void and very unstable, they rise from a bed of limestone and shale through hundreds of metres of stratified layers to a wide ledge of yellow sandstone and a thick slab of black shale. Not the highest cliffs in Ireland, but the most awesome.

At the highest point stands O'Brien's Tower. "Ah, he was a man who used to bring his lady friends here," the guide told us. Not according to local legend. "Ould Corny", as he was known to his tenants, was fond of taking rides through his estate to dispossess or deflower the peasantry according to their sex. One story still told in the area had him dismounting from his horse by the roadside to go for another form of ride. The young woman who had taken his fancy was told by her mother: "Lift up yer arse now, Mary, that's a good girl, or the gentleman will have his balls in the mud."

Qantas flies to London and links up with Aer Lingus to Dublin. Aer Lingus flies to Sligo, the gateway to a journey to the west coast. For further information, contact: The Irish Tourist Board, MLC Centre, Martin Place, Sydney. Tel (02) 232 7460. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Skye Rogers

A quick Quiz for senior managers:

What are the two most important requirements when choosing a networking system?

CONNECTIVITY INDUSTRY STANDARDS

Now, guess who's got the answers?

3Com®

We network more types of systems to more types of systems.™

PROUDLY DISTRIBUTED BY IMAGINEERING™

For more information ring the 3Com Team on one of the following numbers Sydney 697 8666, Melbourne 693 1222, Brisbane 352 5011, Adelaide 223 7461, Canberra 39 1988, Perth 221 2823.

FAX THIS COUPON!

Fax to (02) 697 8593 or post to Imagineering, Freepost No. 10, 77 Dunning Avenue, Rosebery NSW 2018 - no postage stamp required.

I'm interested in finding out more about the 3Com Networking Range. (Please place a tick in the appropriate box.)

❑ I'd like more information sent to me

❑ I'd like an Authorised 3Com Dealer to get in contact with me

Name_____ Position_____

Company Name_____ Company Address_____

AP

Veronica, 20, loves a walk on the wild side. "My last boyfriend was a racing car driver, I used to love being driven by him. I enjoy the adrenalin of living close to the edge. It puts everything in a new perspective. Maybe my next boyfriend will be a skydiver or a jet pilot — as long as he's a thrill-seeker, I don't mind."

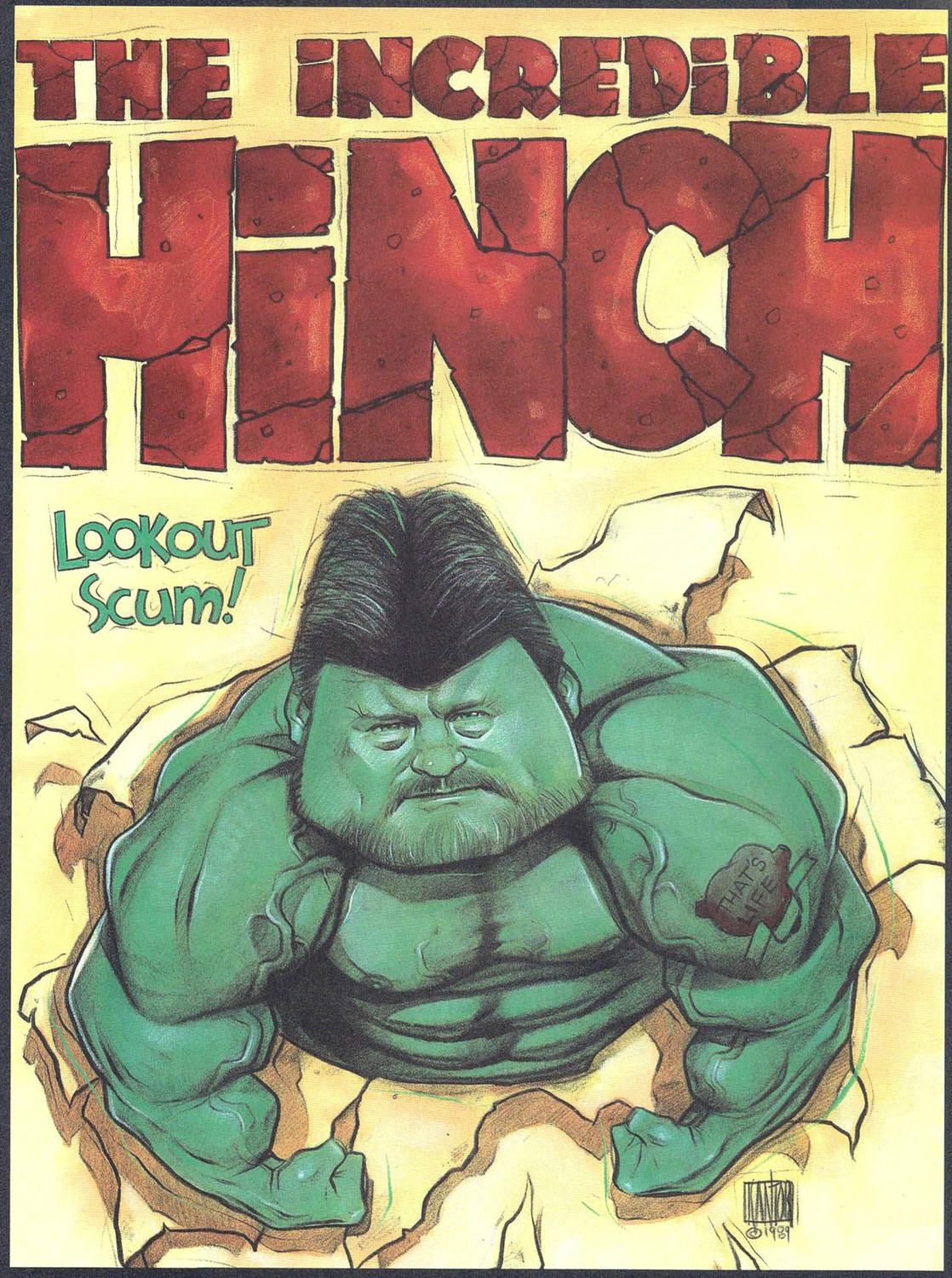
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

WILD SIDE

There's a quieter side to her, however, Veronica admits. "Besides excitement, I love being romanced . . . Dining by candlelight, cards, telegrams, love letters . . . I like being made to feel special by the man in my life."

At the moment there is no sweet-talking skydiver around so Veronica is concentrating on her modelling career. Her long mane of wild hair recently saw her advertising a new brand of shampoo. "Modelling's not as glamorous as people think, the best thing about it, though, is it's always different."

THE INCREDIBLE HINCH



KANTOR'S GALLERY

No Alohas

BY BILL STEWART

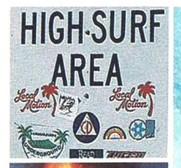
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENNIS SAVAGE

Imagine this: You are a professional athlete training hard for an international tournament when a man who lives near your training grounds comes up and demands that you leave immediately. You refuse. He punches the shit out of you. Next day, someone lets you know before you get to the training ground that "they're coming after you with guns and knives."

For the next ten nights you lie in your hotel room half-awake with a baseball bat next to you on the bed, waiting for the wrong noise outside your door.

You have to wait like this, having to sneak in quick practice sessions until another of the locals decides to pour oil on the troubled waters. At no time do you even consider calling the cops. That might be one of the worst moves you could make.

So where's this happening? The Philippines: the Mindanao World Athletics Championships, maybe? Beirut? No. This is the tropical paradise of



Hawaii may be renowned for its life-threatening waves, but visiting Australian surfers have more to fear on land than in the surf

No Alohas

Oahu, Hawaii. You are a professional surfer, and what is happening to you is scarier than any wave you will ride at the dreaded Waimea Bay. You are on the wrong side of Da Boys.

That's pretty much what happened to Ian Cairns, formerly one of Australia's greatest surfers and now a director of international surf competition. Cairns was walking out of the water at Ehukai Beach Park, near the Banzai Pipeline, when from nowhere a huge man — bigger than Cairns, who stands six three — appeared and started punching into him. The Australian covered up and tried to escape, but the big Hawaiian pursued him across a carpark and on to the road, swinging all the time and yelling, "I'm doing this for what you're doing to the Hawaiian people." The beating continued until, according to Cairns, another man sitting on the beach called the big bloke off. "Eh Calvin," he said, much amused, "he's had enough."

The Hui 'O He'e Nalu. The Blackshorts. Da Boys. They may not be the best surfers, but they sure as hell rule the Hawaiian waves.

Hawaii is a tourist wonderland, at least in the world of the resorts that front the golden sands of Waikiki, Maui and Kauai. Here Japanese and rich Americans while away honeymoons, play golf and drink mai tais in a tropical dream that has been created just for them.

For surfers, giant, perfect surf makes Hawaii, especially the North Shore of Oahu, another kind of wonderland.

But behind the glittering facade is another Hawaii — one of military bases, drugs and working class dreams gone wrong. It is a Hawaii of poverty, crime and sometimes extreme violence. It is the Hawaii of the local people who've been ground by the colonial heel, and who kick back in the only places they know: the bars, the back streets, the home. And the surf.

The Hui 'O He'e Nalu (translation from Hawaiian — "Wave Riding Club") might be described as the surfing world's version of a motorbike gang. Most people in surfing are too scared to talk about them publicly. What happened to Ian Cairns on the beach at Ehukai that afternoon was just one example of what has happened to dozens, perhaps hundreds of boardriders who've ventured to Oahu to ride the famous winter waves. Every year surf magazines report the incidents: punchouts, cuts, broken surfboards, verbal intimidation.

The Hui are called the Blackshorts by some, after their dark club colors. Most North Shore residents just call them Da Boys. Apart from the sheer size of the surf, Da Boys are an excellent collective reason why so few non-Hawaiian surfers have come to dominate Hawaiian waves.

"We are gathered here to bid farewell to a legend . . ."

The scene: A beach on the North Shore. It is the middle of the winter season and while the waves aren't big, they look beautiful. A lot of surfers are in the ocean — Hawaiians, Californians, Australians, Peruvians — enjoying the sunshine and clean water.

Then several big surfers come down to the edge of the water and paddle out, shouting aggressively. Suddenly the mood changes from pleasant to tense. Some of the surfers who had been out there come in, looking worried.

Da Boys have arrived.

Soon things start to happen. One surfer is ordered from the water. Then another, a highly ranked young pro, is paddling out when one of Da Boys runs him over. The kid dives off his board and comes to the surface with a bad cut over the kidneys.

"Don't get in my way," says Da Boy, and punches the young surfer square in the face. Later the kid's kidney cut requires 12 stitches.

Hawaii was not always a violent place for surfers. The Hui 'O He'e Nalu bears little resemblance to the Hui Nalu ("Surf Club") formed by the surf legend Duke Paoa Kahanamoku in the early 1900s. Through the early part of the century young adventurers from California visited the shores of Waikiki unimpugned by violence — welcomed, in fact, to the growing sport of surfboarding.

Things started to change in Hawaii during and after World War II. Before the war many Hawaiians had already been automatically converted to working-class citizens in their own land by the barons of the pineapple-canning and sugarcane industries. Afterwards, as bigger and bigger aircraft brought in the next wave of invaders — tourists — Hawaiian people found themselves on the receiving end of an increasingly raw deal.

The natural exuberance and energy of the locals began to sour and turn inward. Crimes of violence and passion were often the result. According to recent figures, native Hawaiians have the highest rate of death by violence of any of Hawaii's many ethnic groupings. Their fierce pride and aggression had few outlets. One was the ancient sport of kings, revived by Kahanamoku and others: surfboard riding.

Then came the surf explosion of the Sixties. Boardriders from everywhere poured toward the Hawaiian Islands to live in tents, shacks and old Quonset huts, most on the North Shore of Oahu. The scene was thus set for an eruption of another sort.

A well-known big wave surfer tells of the days when he first moved to Oahu 15 years ago. "It was real Wild West stuff back then," he says. "Everyone had a

Taking it easy.
35
Stradbroke
Extra Mild
SMOKING DAMAGES YOUR LUNGS
Health Authority Warning
Stradbroke
Ultra Mild
SMOKING CAUSES LUNG CANCER
Health Authority Warning
Stradbroke
35s
WD 487/89 APB 10662-C
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS *
Health Authority Warning
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

No Alohas

gun in their house. Every now and then a bunch of the wild local boys from Waianae (on Oahu's West Shore) would come over on the full moon to smash things up a little, come into your house, take your money, your beer, your girl. If you didn't have a gun you probably couldn't stop them. If you did have a gun you had to be ready to use it or have it taken off you."

He says Hawaiian surfers, after some years of *aloha*, became increasingly angry with travelling surfers who they believed were "hogging" the waves and "showing no respect" for the locals. "They got tough and I don't blame them," he says. "They're proud people. I can identify with how they feel, even if I think it's silly."

Violent incidents have occurred around the surf in Hawaii for many years. Clashes occur everywhere in the surf world between greedy surfers, but in Hawaii they take on a more menacing character. Last year it was reported that a surfer was forced to hand his board over under threat to a local after a minor argument near a surf location. In Hawaiian surf, a "screw you, dude" will almost guarantee you a fistfight.

The scene: A warm morning at a surf break near Sunset Beach. There are many surfers riding waves, including one who's locally famous among Da Boys. This surfer is not very large. He gets into an argument with a bigger surfer who obviously does not want to fight. The smaller surfer goes in to the beach and waits.

Eventually the other surfer comes in. The little guy runs down to continue the argument. The bigger guy has had enough and decides he might fight anyway, when out of nowhere appear a couple of Da Boys. They grab the guy around the arms and begin wrestling him down. As they pin him the smaller surfer picks up his board and swings it viciously, sharp end first, straight into the guy's face.

Peter (not his real name) is a young surfer, originally from California, who rides big waves in Hawaii like he was born to it. Now he lives on the North Shore and has been tacitly asked to join the Hui. Peter stresses that not all Da Boys are violent and that not all the violence is committed by Da Boys. "They're all just sick of the overcrowding in the water," he says.

But so far he has avoided membership. He does not want his real name used. "I think they like me," he says quietly. "I want to keep it that way." He doesn't want to join the Hui because he thinks it will force him to choose sides every time he paddles into the surf: between surfers from California who are his friends, and his other friends, who want no other surfers in the water. He is also worried that it might get him involved with activities outside the law.

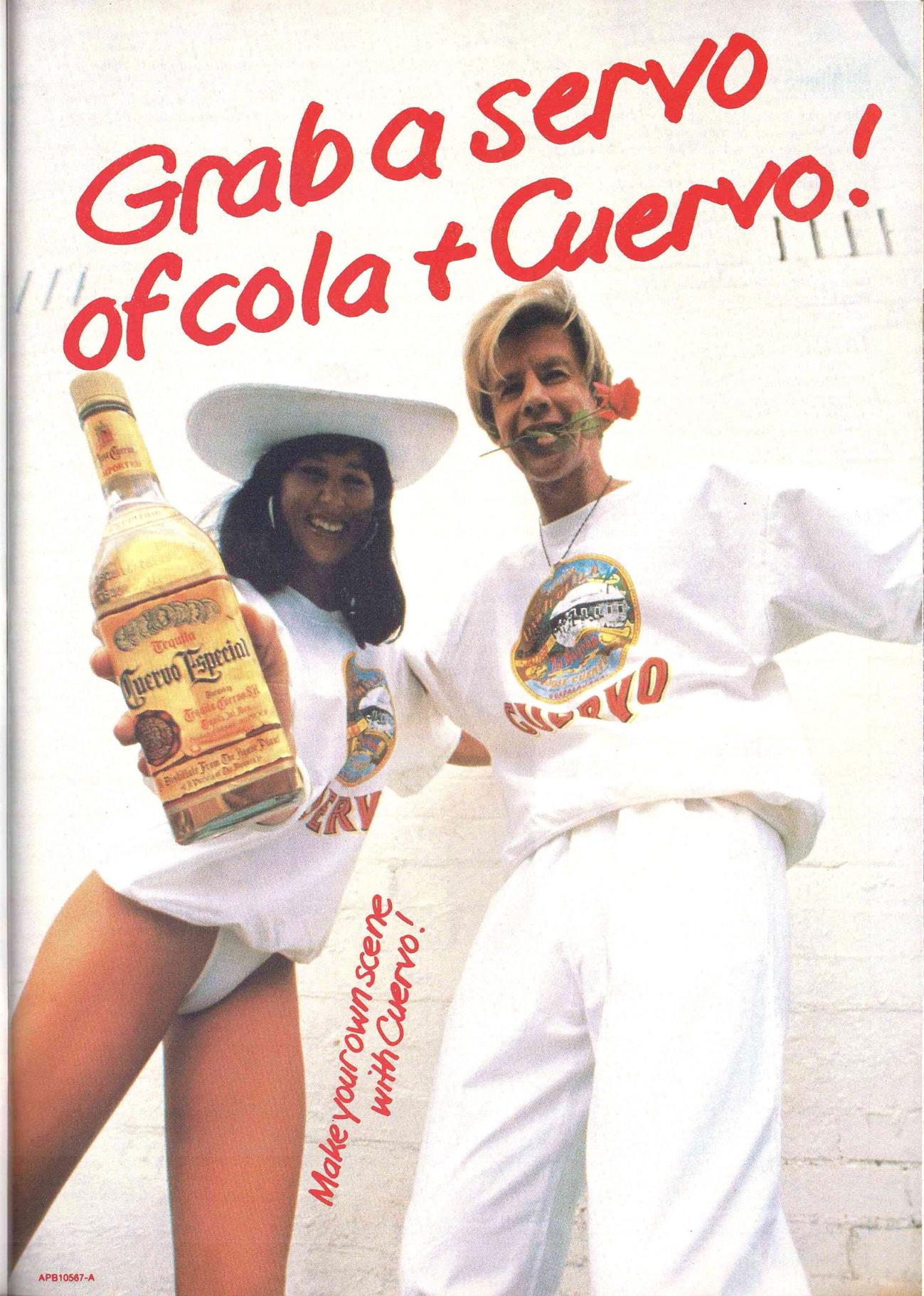
Woven inextricably into the recent history of the Hui is the legend of Edward Martin "Fast Eddie" Rothman. Rothman, 40, of Oahu, was recently arrested on charges of cocaine distribution and firearm possession along with Anthony "Squiddy" Sanchez, 37, also of Oahu. Rothman's apprehension swung the spotlight on one of surfing's greatest ever bogeymen and brought to a head all that had ever been whispered about the Hui.

Rumors had abounded about Fast Eddie Rothman, turning him into "a mythical person, similar to Popeye, Superman or the Devil", as a witness testified at his trial.

Some people describe Rothman as a "kind of uncrowned king" of the North Shore surfing community. Others regard him as a thug. Undoubtedly he was the Boss among at least some of the Hui members. Police reports describe a short man of immense physical strength who appears obsessed with martial arts and weaponry. Rothman had a prior drug arrest in San Diego in 1972 when he was convicted of attempting to smuggle 39 kilos of marijuana to Hawaii.

Originally Californian, Rothman moved to Hawaii as a youngster. The big surf scene, with all its overtones of machismo, fascinated him. Throughout his career he

"Hey! Did I say you could stop?"



No Alohas

has shown a strange concern for his image in the eyes of some North Shore residents. "He likes to think of himself as a bit of a Robin Hood," says Peter. "He does things for families who don't have any money. A lot of people would support him against the police in a court case, because people on the North Shore don't trust the police."

But not everybody shares this opinion. "I really don't like the guy because he makes people scared and we really don't need that in the community," says Sunset Beach resident Mildred Keawe.

In December 1986 a group of Brazilian surfers stayed at her house. "They were pretty reckless," says Peter. "They went surfing everywhere together and just took breaks over. Some of them got in a fight with one of Da Boys. After that you could tell what was going to happen."

The morning after the fight Keawe's front lawn was covered by Hui members, Rothman in front, looking for Brazilian hides. "They had to go to their consulate and get the hell out of there," says Peter. According to him and other locals, within three days no Brazilians were left on the island.

Later, in court, Keawe testified that Rothman had once hidden a case he said contained a gun in her car as they drove back from a city council meeting.

Fast Eddie, Ian Cairns says, was the man who called off the assailant that afternoon at Ehukai. "This type of violence and intimidation has cemented Rothman's and Sanchez's reputation on the North Shore," said Honolulu Deputy Prosecutor Gary Modafferi, during the preliminary hearings on Rothman's drug charges.

Modafferi contended that Rothman and Sanchez had run a million-dollar cocaine ring out of their Sunset Beach residence, as well as a "collection" business.

Modafferi said that he had inside information from a carpenter once employed by Rothman, who refused to testify for fear of reprisals. He said that when the carpenter had refused to carry out a drug-related mission for his employer, Sanchez had pistol-whipped him and shot him in the mouth, blowing a hole through his cheek.

Many of Da Boys, said Modafferi, had been used by the pair as "strong-arm men or collectors" during their business enterprise. Others were charged after the arrest of Rothman and Sanchez, including surfer Alec Cooke and his wife Amanda Rucker and another member of the Hui, Perry Rauch.

Leading members of the Hui 'O He'e Nalu came strongly to its defence during the court proceedings, saying the club was being unfairly characterised. "Every time something happens the Hui gets blamed for it," Sol "Pops" Aikau, chairman of the club board, told the *Honolulu Advertiser*. "We're not doing things like that."

Even Modafferi said he wanted to apologise if he had given the inference that all Da Boys were bad people, or "people engaged in criminal activities."

But then there was the water patrol.

The scene: The Banzai Pipeline. It is the final of the Pipeline Masters event, the most enthralling surf contest in the world, where the best come to crack the most frightening surf on Earth.

Six competitors are in the water at a time, but some other surfers are out there too. They are the Hui water patrol. Brilliant South African surfer Shaun Tomson catches a huge ride and doesn't quite make it. Behind him, one of the water patrol takes off and rides straight over the top of Tomson's favorite board, carving a chunk out of it that nearly cuts the board in half.

Tomson, in a position to win the event, protests to the water patrol. The patrolman immediately threatens him with violence. Tomson, sensibly, shuts up. He knows there is nothing else he can do.

Since the start of professional surfing in Hawaii, very few people have made much money out of it: the promoters, maybe some of the more cunning sponsors, maybe a few of the more consistent surfers.

In the mid-Seventies, some of Da Boys decided they should also be getting some kind of cut. After all, were these contests taking place on their territory or not? Hui members felt it was an insult if Hawaiian surfers didn't make it to the finals or win the events at their home breaks.

One of the unique features of Hawaiian surf contests is the need for on-the-spot lifeguards in case competitors get into trouble in the huge stormy surf. This is where the Hui came in. The club — formed into a company by 1978 — "offered" their services as water patrolmen to surf competition organisers, including budding politician and former world amateur champ Fred Hemmings.

The Hui's services cost the events — three in total — between $750 and $1000 per day for water security. Hemmings said that lifeguards employed by the city could work for less, but they would not because of fear of Da Boys.

It was common for water patrolmen to freely ride waves during the competition, whether or not this interfered with competitors. Many Hui members are good enough to compete in Hawaiian events, especially when the surf is big, giving them a local advantage. Some surfers have said they were afraid to compete

Continued on page 129

Who is the fairest in the land? Here are the contenders

for the 1990 Pet Of The Year. It's not going to be easy choosing between this year's stunning crop of contestants — the competition is more dazzling than ever before. Who will walk away with the illustrious Pet Of The Year title and the tens of thousands of dollars worth of luxury prizes? You can help us decide which of the finalists will become the 1990 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. In this special pictorial we review the stunning attributes of the ten finalists. And, when you cast your vote, you'll be in the running for a prize of your own — a Sanyo CD player. Just turn to page 52, tick your choice and send the coupon to *Australian Penthouse*. Each entry counts in the final draw, so don't leave the girls in suspense. This may be one of the most difficult decisions you'll ever be called on to make, but we guarantee it will also be one of the most exciting.

JANUARY 1989

Serena Starr

Serena revealed herself in January to be a girl with star qualities. Her thespian talents are manifold: she sings, dances, acts and models — and certainly her body is nothing short of heavenly. Despite the fact that she's a rising star, Serena is not starry-eyed. She described herself as "very down to Earth", she enjoys simple pleasures and values personality in a man over looks.

MARCH 1989

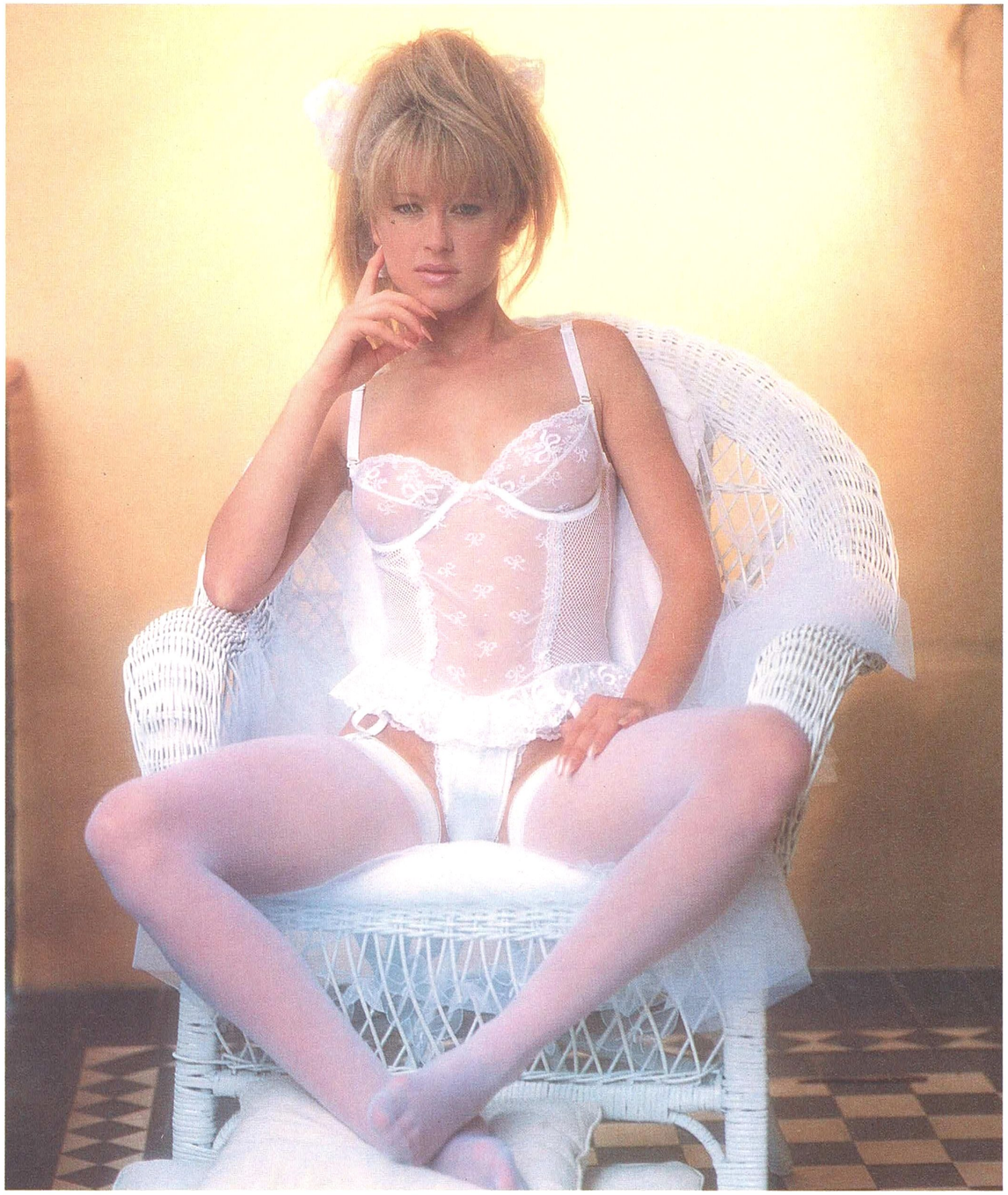
Jacqueline Brisk

Jacqueline takes a shine to luxury but she also knows how to rough it. "Call me adaptable," she said in her March appearance. This brave beauty has camped out in Kakadu, cooked barramundi over hot coals in the Top End and caravanned around the coast of the country, twice. Any man who wants to keep up with this intrepid traveller, she revealed, must be "understanding, strong-minded and ambitious."

MAY 1989

Angie Burton

Angie may at first give the impression of shyness, but in her May modelling debut in the pages of *Penthouse*, she revealed herself as a girl who knows where she's going — "Straight to Hollywood to win fame and fortune." Few would argue that, with looks as fetching as hers, these dreams are far-fetched. This determined dazzler also knows what she wants in affairs of the heart. Angie confided she likes a man who looks after her and enjoys excitement more than romance.



JUNE 1989

Vanessa Walton

Vanessa's rose-like beauty captivated everyone when she appeared in June. With her soft, romantic look and peaches-and-cream complexion, she was already in demand as a top Sydney model when she decided to bare all for *Penthouse.* This flower-child grew up in a Nimbin commune, an upbringing which may explain her refreshing lack of pretense and her open views. Vanessa's unconventionality carries over to her taste in men. She likes men who are "tall with lots of confidence, who don't mind being different."

JULY 1989

Tiffany Chase

Brisbane's Tiffany Chase provided the ultimate proof that the thrill is in the chase when she posed in July *Penthouse*. Tiffany's act is electric on the dancefloor, and offstage she showed she's just as sizzling. She has a black belt in karate to help fend off unwanted admirers — though she says being a master in the martial arts mainly serves to bring her inner peace. Her attraction, though, is fatal.

AUGUST 1989

Jamie Vanden Hooven

Jamie Vanden Hooven set pulses racing when she bared all in August. Jamie, a dancer with the aptly named Fever group, confessed a passion for nightlife and adrenalin-raising activities. Despite her dramatic talents and appearance, the world isn't a stage for Jamie. She has her sights firmly set on a business degree. As far as men are concerned, she's also very down to earth. Jamie revealed, "I go for the rugged outdoors type of man — the all-Australian rough diamond, but totally sexy."

SEPTEMBER 1989

Nikki Williams

Nikki Williams is a woman of many moods: one moment an angel, the next a she-devil. She showed her true colors in our September issue, suggesting her tempestuous nature may originate from her Spanish ancestry. The gorgeous Miss Nikki is studying for a science degree. Her love life, though, will never run as smoothly as a laboratory. Nikki admitted she likes a touch of the bizarre in a man and someone who can handle a few scratches.

OCTOBER 1989

Kristina Dwyer

Kristina Dwyer, the girl who wowed *Penthouse* readers in '86, causing a stampede to newsstands and a sellout issue, made a welcome return to celebrate our tenth anniversary in the centre pages of October. Her fabulous face and figure have ensured she is in hot demand in the modelling world and for *Penthouse* promotional work. Kristina combines her hard work with hard work-outs, maintaining a Schwarzenegger-like fitness regimen. A girl who enjoys a challenge, her most recent feat was a 600 kilometre cycling race across the Simpson Desert. Kristina's sense of adventure and sizzling looks can't fail to fire the imagination.

NOVEMBER 1989

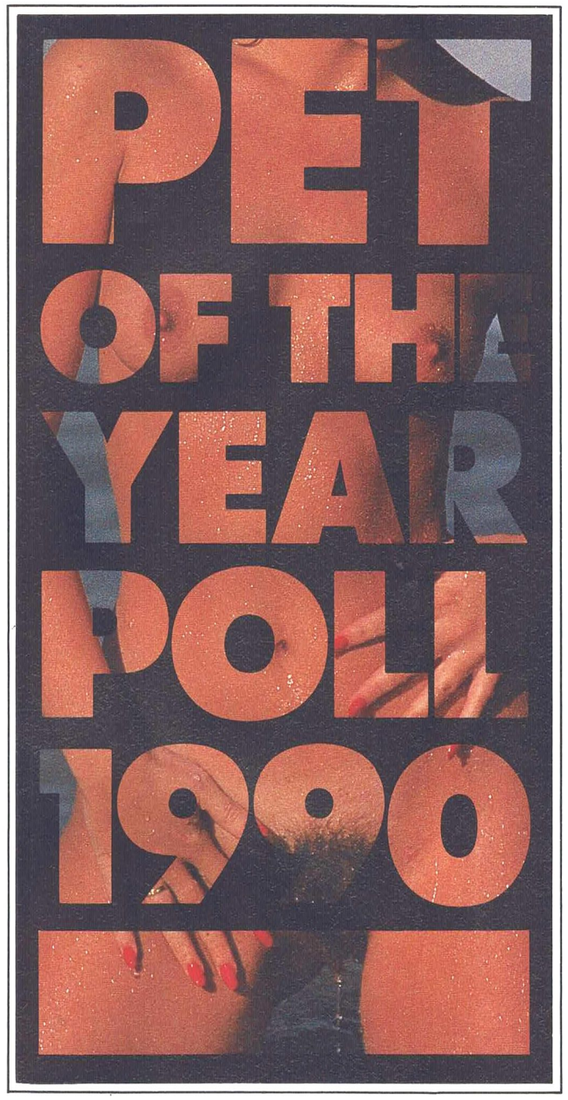
Bobbie Reynolds

Beautiful Bobbie Reynolds is a girl who is determined to take a one-way ticket from Brisbane to Broadway. No dizzy blonde, she brought a multitude of talents to her November *Penthouse* foray. Besides regular modelling work, she has sung on stage and television and is an accomplished dancer. Bobbie believes the nude body to be as beautiful as a work of art. In her case, no description could be more apt.

December 1989

Karen Miers

This bewitching beauty thrills to the spotlight. A dancer in the electric mode, she loves to seduce an audience with professionalism and style. Karen's burning ambition is to become a famous sex symbol like Marilyn Monroe. And, with looks as striking as hers, surely these aspirations are within striking distance.



So you've cast your eyes over the illustrious contenders for the title — ten of Australia's most beautiful women. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time put yourself in the running to win this superb example of hi-tech hi-fi: the Sanyo CP 888 Compact Disc

Player. The CP 888 offers even more than the usual standards for which Sanyo is famous. It sports every mod con including LCD multi display, 16 selection programmable operation, forward and reverse skip and search functions, one-touch repeat and memory functions and an ultra-wide 5 to 20 hertz frequency response. There are more fantastic features — which the winner will discover.

The first voter whose name is drawn out of the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the superb unit. Pick your desired *Penthouse* Pet, tick the box next to her name below and send the completed coupon or facsimile of the coupon to *Penthouse*. But don't delay.

Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to
Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062

- ☐ **Serena Starr**
- ☐ **Jacqueline Brisk**
- ☐ **Angie Burton**
- ☐ **Vanessa Walton**
- ☐ **Tiffany Chase**
- ☐ **Jamie Vanden Hooven**
- ☐ **Nikki Williams**
- ☐ **Kristina Dwyer**
- ☐ **Bobbie Reynolds**
- ☐ **Karen Miers**

NAME: _____

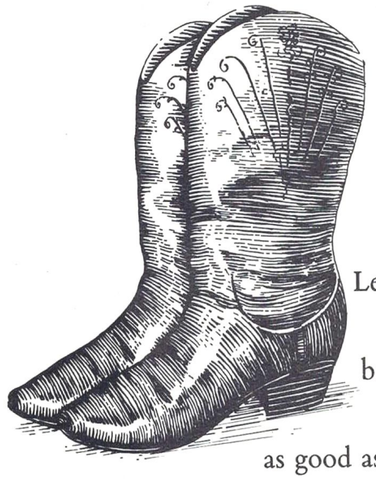
ADDRESS: _____

_____ POSTCODE: _____ TELEPHONE: _____

TC 89/2578

"One I'd walk a mile in the other I'd walk a mile for."

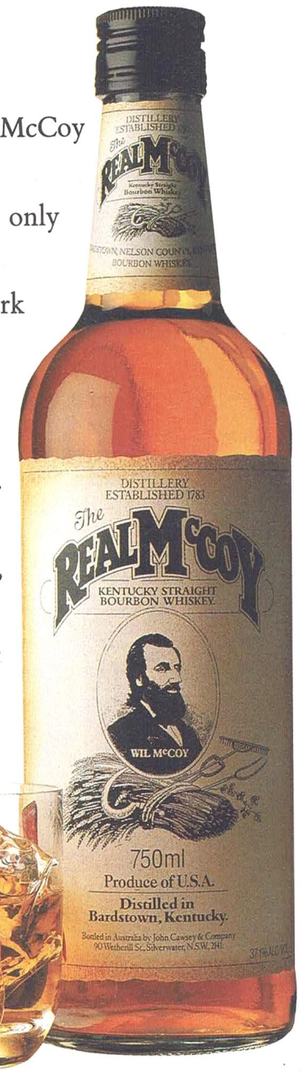
WIL McCOY



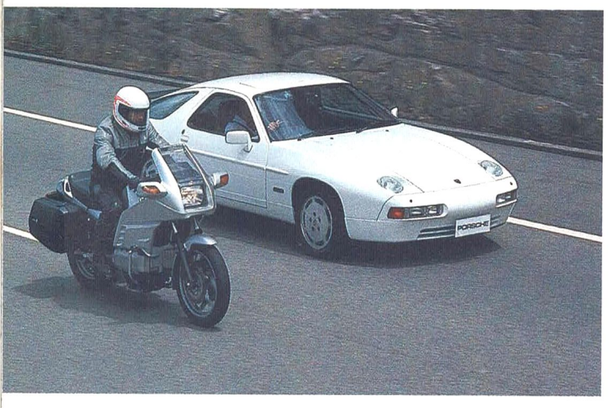
Legend, friends, tells that old Wil McCoy believed that a Kentucky man was only as good as his boots. After a hard day's work Wil would take those ol' boots off and polish them till he could see his face in the brown hide.

It's the same care Wil took to distilling, blending and ageing his fine Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Let's toast the man.

In your boot Wil!



APB 10549-A PATTS V567



clash of the teutons

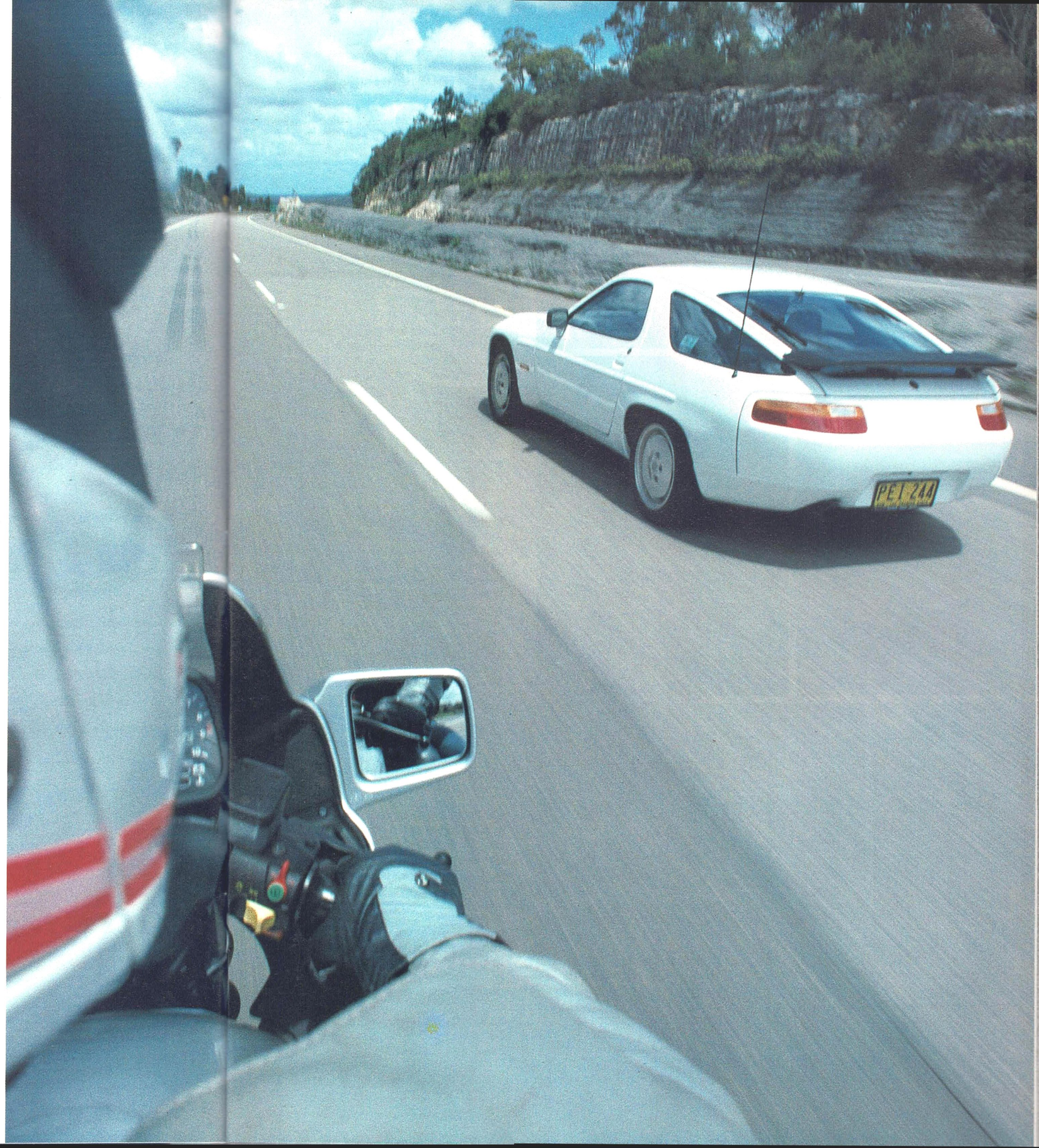
How do the road talents of a BMW K100RS brush up against the panache of a Porsche 928S?

MOTORING BY GEOFF HALL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTEC

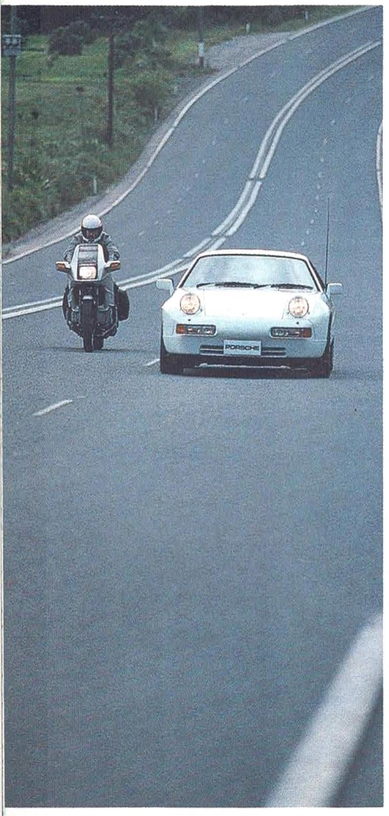
The motoring enthusiast survives on adrenalin. Speed's the thing, and power. In the four-wheeled world, discerning revheads aspire to Germany's famous sports car, the Porsche, while those for whom two wheels are enough hanker after the big road machines turned out by that other Teutonic automotive force, BMW. Neither machine is the fastest in its class, but both are superb examples of highly refined engineering.

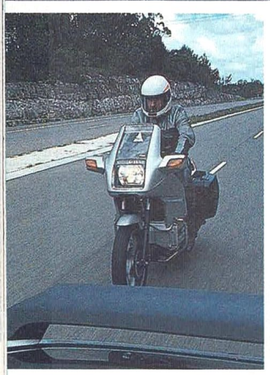
How do the two compare? Is it a case of two wheels good, four wheels better in terms of grunt and manoeuvrability? When a mate of mine took delivery of his spanking new 928S Porsche at a time I had access to a BMW K100RS from BMW's test fleet, the temptation to put them through their paces together was just too strong for a couple of petrolheads to ignore. Too often comparison tests take place on race tracks, contrived environments which have little relevance to the reality of the open road. As we were setting the rules in our own contest, we chose a highway as our arena, despite the fact that the police would surely lock us up if they caught us at it. We decided that the face-off would encompass flat-out acceleration, cornering manoeuvres, out-and-out fanging and some crash stops from silly speeds. Not your average sanctioned road test — but shit-hot fun and more than enough to give us an idea of what these two mean machines were capable of. And more than enough to give us both a jolt of A-Grade adrenalin.

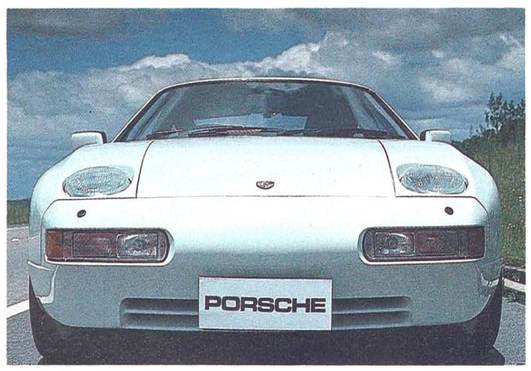


the teutons

First impressions. Jab the starter button of the BMW K100RS and you are greeted by the whistle of the fuel pump that powers the injection system. You are stretching forward in a fairing/cockpit to the handlebars, the road visible through and over a perspex windscreen. There is no bodywork to protect you in the event of an accident; the rain, wind, stones and insects can plan open assault on your body. Riding can be a tough occupation when the weather's bad, but only a motorcyclist can explain the sensation of rushing a powerful bike down a winding road on a fine day, feet and hands working hard changing gears and braking as guideposts flash by. Shift your weight and the machine will fall into a corner, the apex sliding by under your wheels, before the bike drifts out to the edge of the lane. Stand the bike up and it will accelerate hard, looking for the next bend. Get it wrong and the gravel rattles its warning, your tyres clawing for grip on the verge. Go too hard into a curve and the harsh grating of metal and fibreglass shrieks that you've run out of clearance.







There are days, and indeed roads, when it all comes together in a flow of pure joy, as you charge through a series of bends, adrenalin pouring into the veins. Your speed's close to scaring you; another kilometre per hour and you'd be over the limit. When the straights come, a motorcycle like this BM has the acceleration to out-distance any road-going motorcar over the standing kilometre. Riding like this pushes the outside of the envelope.

It's a very different sensation to step into the capsule of a 928S Porsche. As you climb down into the car the leather racing seats seem to reach out to embrace your backside and legs. In front of you lies a rather austere dash, small easy-to-read dials and a neat sports steering wheel. The speedometer has calibrations to 300 km/h and the tachometer is redlined at 6600 rpm. Just to the left of the wheel is a forest of buttons, controlling all manner of functions from air conditioning to the compact disc player. Touch a control near your thigh and a servo motor moves your seat to a comfortable driving position. Everything has a function, everything a place. This is a true sports machine, and a plusher and more refined version of the earlier rear-engined machines upon which Porsche made its reputation. The 928S is every inch a rapid transit capsule.

When you're seated, your arse is barely 300 mm off the road. You are looking up at the world and yet the driving position seems very natural. Stir the V8 engine into life and a small prickle of anticipation nags at the backbone. The automatic transmission is a little jerky as it changes. Within seconds, the gearbox is slotted into fourth. Push hard on the accelerator and the scenery outside the car begins to blur. This little mother can move. There is a hint of exhaust noise from the rear of the car, but hardly a rumble from the engine compartment. What you hear most is the whoosh of the wind rushing over the sleek car body.

At 200 km/h it's time to take a breath. The Porsche has another 65 km/h in hand, but we are running out of road. Initial impressions over. Time for the contest.

There was very little doubt in my mind that the BMW would be victorious in any straight-line sprint contest, but it had to be proven. When the greasy rag fell, the handsome rear end of the Porsche dipped as the low profile tyres sucked for grip on the smooth tar. Sideways, then with its front wheel in the air, the BMW took a slight lead. At 400 metres, the bike had over 50 metres in hand, while the Porsche was still locked in third and about to change to top gear. By the time a kilometre had passed the four-wheeled predator was hard on the tail of the bike and still accelerating hard as the bike neared its top speed. At 220 km/h the game was over when the Porsche drew level and pulled away. In the long straights the 928S was king, but the K100RS was top dog in the shorter sprint

BRANDON 40'S
SLIMS
NEW
EXTRA LIGHT SLI
KING SIZE
40
SMOKING DAMAGES YOUR L
Health Authority Warning
BRANDON
SUPER LIGHT SLIMS
KING SIZE
40
SMOKING CAUSES HEART DISEASE
Health Authority Warning
Styled
for Today.
RBR 3253
APB 10390-C

the teutons

events. The bike would also be the one to put your money on in the tight going and in traffic.

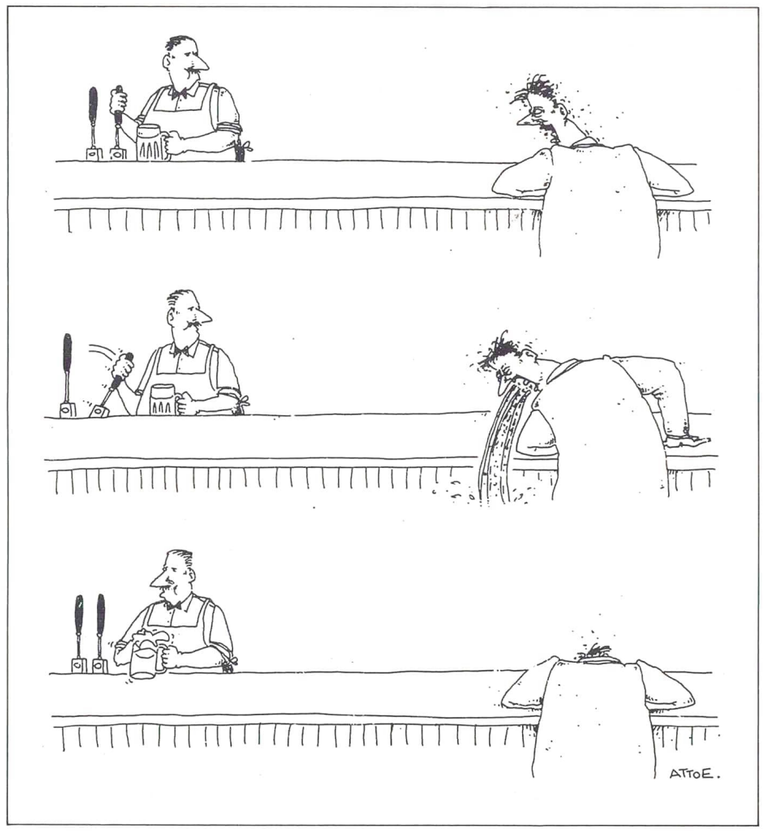
We sat by the road, waiting for the photographer to reload his cameras, both machines making ticking sounds as the alloy castings on each engine slowly cooled. The tyres were hot and sticky; our bodies were light with the buzz of the contest. Now skill was to play its part as we moved to a section of tight winding road nearby. Most people can drive or ride in a straight line, but not all can push a vehicle hard through corners in a tidy and efficient manner. We were hanging for the opportunity to motor on the ragged edge.

The competition started sanely enough as we attacked some 85 km/h corners at a leisurely 130 km/h for the camera. It wasn't long before the speedos were touching 190. At this stage, the BM was getting a little twitchy and touching its sidestand on the tarmac. The Porsche was still cornering with minimal body roll, sitting hard down on its suspension and only getting ornery if its driver was silly enough to back off mid-corner. We could have pushed the issue further, but it was easier to call it a draw before we bent any machinery. It was obvious the Porsche was going to be the boss in high-speed corners.

By this time, my impression was that the Porsche felt better the harder you drove it. If you approached a corner half-heartedly the car felt tentative, but if it was thrown firmly into the bend it seemed to "tighten up", hugging the apex. Backing off halfway through made it cock its bum in the air, giving the impression that it could spin if throttle control wasn't executed with a fair degree of sensitivity. Over rough surfaces things could get decidedly tricky but we weren't about to experiment with a couple of hundred thousand bucks worth of car.

Once we extended the duel to slower corners it became clear that the agility of the motorcycle made it difficult for the car to remain close. With its supreme short distance accleration, the BMW was getting out of the corners quicker. When the Porsche was driven smoothly and forcefully it was possible to keep the bike in sight, but only when there was no other traffic to be overtaken.

We knew the potential in the "go" department. Now it was time to test the stoppers. Both vehicles were fitted with ABS anti-lock brakes which are excellent performers, regardless of the surface upon which they are used. The huge low-profile Dunlop sports tyres on the Porsche gripped like shit to a blanket, giving the car some stability advantage over the motorcycle with its much narrower tyres. The car won on crash stops from speeds around 200 km/h, but there was very little in it. We didn't try the brakes on wet roads, but previous experiences with ABS systems lead me to believe they would be excellent.



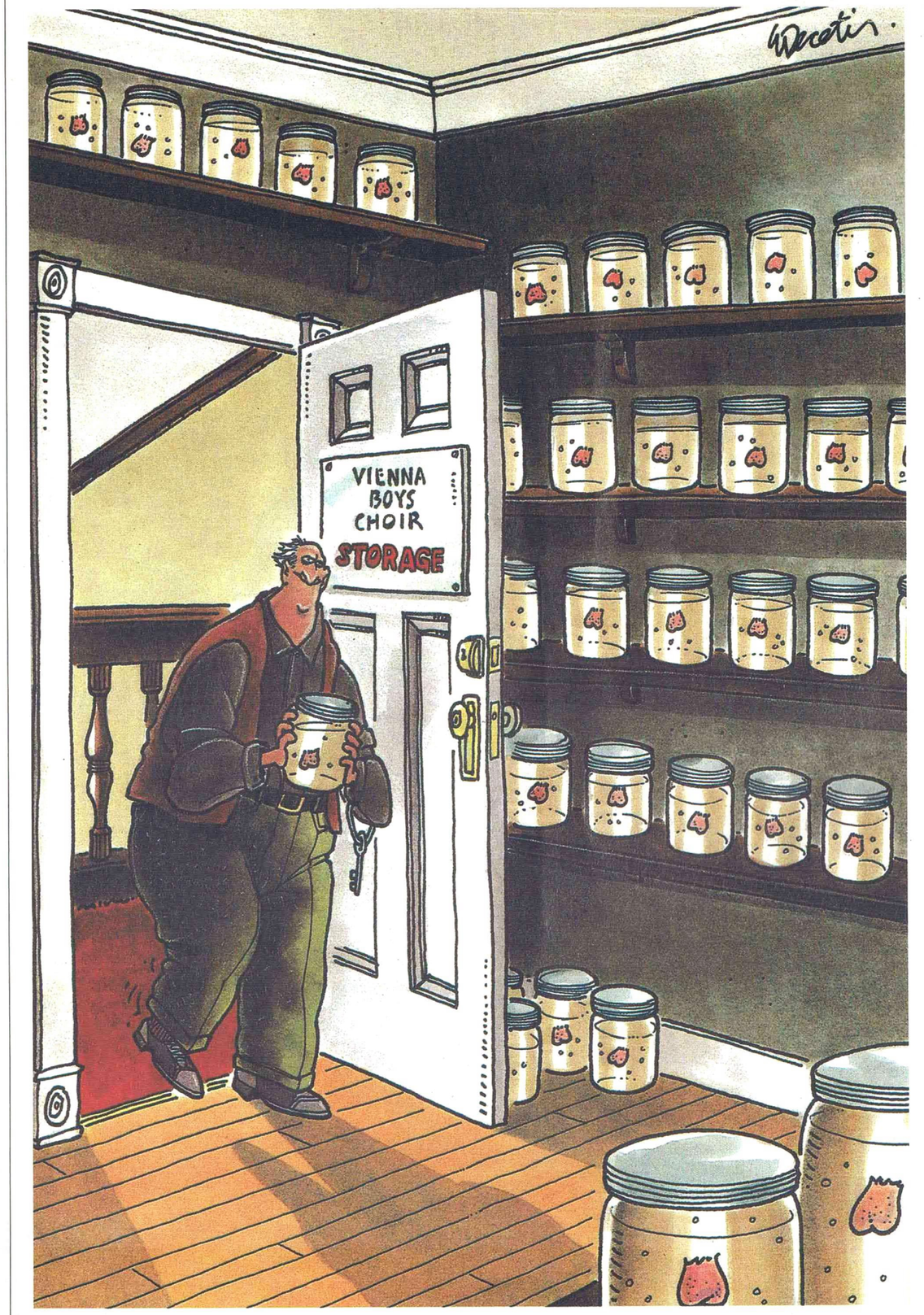
The serious contest was over, the Porsche emerging a clear winner simply because it would outpace the BMW on any long-distance haul. At high speeds — over 200 km/h — the 928S driver could be partying in comfort, while the rider of the K100RS would be hanging on for grim death after an hour or so. Also, the Porsche can run 450-plus kilometres on a tank full of gas — while the BMW is unlikely to make 200 kilometres.

Having spent around 30,000 kilometres on the BMW, I knew its limitations and strengths. While perhaps the best in the sports tourer class, it still lacks the raw power of the top-line Japanese sports bikes like the GSXR1100 Suzuki. Still, it's comfortable, handsome, well-equipped and a very efficient piece of machinery. As one of the oldest motorcycle manufacturers in the world, BMW has its act together — it's just that they refuse to become engaged in the power race.

Similarly with Porsche — the 928S isn't as fast as the exotic Ferrari and Lamborghini, but for pure sophistication and comfort at speed, there's little to surpass the German sports car. Its luxury mod cons include an eight-speaker stereo system, heated seats, temperature-controlled air conditioner and seats that move with every command. In the city, the Porsche turns heads, women notice and idiots attempt to run it off the road. My mate tells of people kicking the car and spitting in the sunroof. Pretty poor! If a bloke can afford his fantasy, let him have it. It also makes a very efficient office — telephone and all. After pushing the Porsche hard, I'm resigned to the fact that cars will never be the same for me. A drive of the 928S was like having the ultimate affair. As a dedicated motorcyclist, even the K100RS couldn't turn me on as much.

If money were no object, the choice would be easy — you'd buy both vehicles. The BMW can provide you with a lasting love affair, but there aren't the sybaritic comforts of the 928S package. Sure, there's the wind in the face and the feeling of being as one with the bike and the environment — the freedom and exhilaration that is the motorcycling experience. But there's something even more seductive about the big Porsche. It has the charm of a beautiful sophisticated woman. Driven slowly, the 928S performs up to the average person's expectations. Push it, and its sports and racing heritage comes out raging. It's then that you need skill and experience to tame the power and push the limit.

A bike like the BM may get the adrenalin coursing, but the Porsche has enough potential to keep it gushing forever.



blind night

FICTION BY PAUL HAYDEN

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

Sometimes things can go bad for a Sydney cabbie. And on some late nights they just don't get any better

When you drive, there is a thing known as "runners." A "runner" is someone who runs from your cab without paying, when you reach wherever it is they told you they wanted to go. That's all a "runner" is.

It was a Friday night, very late, and I picked up four boys. Four nice looking boys. They didn't look drunk; they didn't look like trouble. If they'd looked like any of those things I wouldn't have picked them up — least of all on a Friday night. Friday night is the pits. It's the mad night of the week.

On a Friday night from about nine o'clock on, I drive around with my "Not For Hire" up, because most people are more hassle than they're worth. They're either too drunk, or they're in gangs, or they're too rowdy, or they're just too pumped up and obnoxious; but mostly they're just too drunk. And it gets worse as the night goes on. The whole show just deteriorates, getting wilder and drunker and crazier, till about one or two in the morning. If you've got the nerve to drive into a place like the Rocks or the Cross, you think the whole world's gone crazy. People fighting, broken glass everywhere, girls vomiting in gutters.

So what you do on a Friday night, like I said, is drive around with your "Not For Hire" up. You only do radio work, and you choose very carefully the work you pick up off the street. If I don't like them in the least bit, I just don't bother.

I gave those boys a real careful look. But that didn't help, did it? No.

I want to be fair on me, because I don't think anybody has been fair on me up to now. I think they all took one look at it, and at me, and made their minds up, without really knowing a thing about it at all. I want to be fair about it, because no-one has been that for me. Not even the lawyer they got me. He didn't give a damn about me, and he didn't believe me, and he walked right in there and told me that from the start.

I went to one of the court officials and told them that I wanted another lawyer, and they said they couldn't do it. They said that he was what I got. Then I told them, "Well, I'll have no lawyer at all," and they said, "No, that can't be done. He's your lawyer and he's representing you."

That didn't help anything. I didn't talk to the guy again. It just got worse and worse. He just got smarter and smarter, putting shit on me, and in the end every time he asked me a question when we were in that counselling room, I told him to fuck off. After a while this started to get to even him, which I was glad of — that looked about the only good thing that was going to happen. And then it got better, because it ended in a fight. It wasn't a particularly big fight, and I couldn't say anyone won or lost, but I got a couple of good pokes at him, before it was over — one square in the nose, and that's all I wanted. The sheriffs came in and sorted us out. The judge made a note that the defendant had been fighting with his counsel. That just about killed me; nice work, judge.

But I've got to get back to it, and finish this, and tell you, or I never will.

I think there are two things I can say, and they are the truth. They never listened to everything that happened before. And they never tried to understand how I felt. And that's what I want to tell, because they're as much a part of what happened as what did happen, but no-one would listen to that. What I mean is, there were a string of things

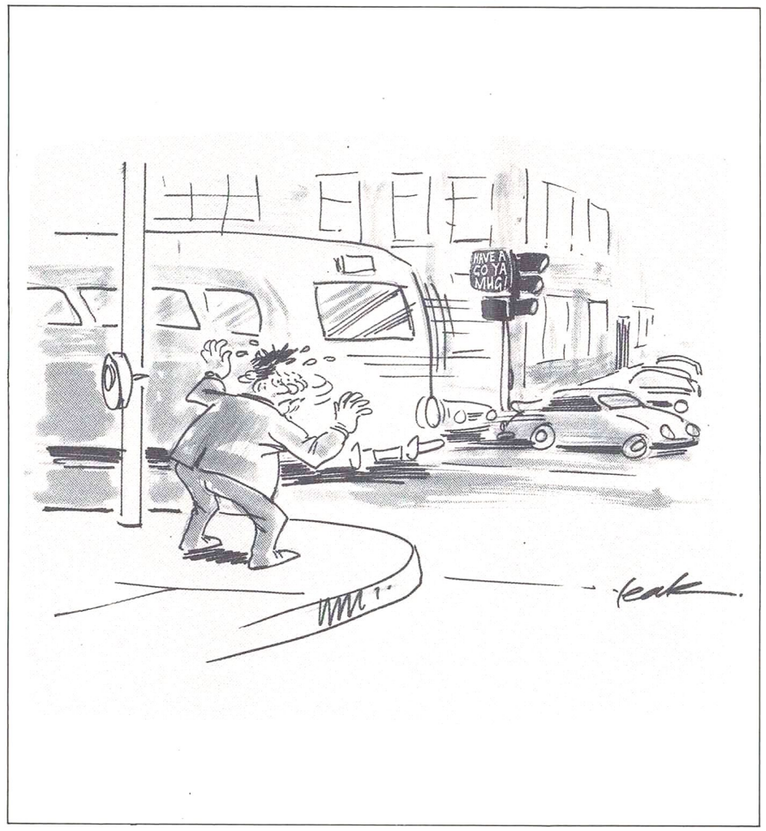
that seemed to lead right up to it, that seemed to set me up, just like it was fate. Like it was something that had been cut out of me and I couldn't get away from it no matter what I did.

First thing is, it was a Friday night, so hang on to everything I've said before. That it's the biggest bitch of the week, and the worst thing is it comes at the end of the week, when you've been going all week, 12 hours a night, and you're shit-tired and ragged, and you've run out of sleep, and all you're thinking about doing is sitting down the pub on Saturday afternoon.

So it was Friday night, and the first thing that went bad was at about midnight, which is just about the thick of things. I'm sitting in a back street in Surry Hills, just down from Crown Street, and I'm sitting outside a brothel, waiting to pick up on a radio job. I've been there a couple of minutes, and the guys haven't come out yet, and I'm starting to get a bit annoyed. That time of night there's a heap of work around everywhere, so if you waste your time hanging around for a bum job you're just costing yourself money, but it was a City to Hornsby, so I thought I'd hang on. I call the operator, and ask if there's a phone, and he says he'll check. Then the operator comes back a minute or two later and tells me they've been contacted, and they'll be out in a minute so I can start my meter. So I do. But still I'm waiting. Which is a thing that always seems to work on you when you're driving a cab, in a bad way. I don't know what it is; I guess it's the fact that you're always afraid someone's going to piss off, so it kind of works on you and makes you a little more uptight. You know just 'cause the meter's running, it doesn't mean a thing until you've got them in the cab — it's not worth a damn. Because you're wondering: is there a back exit to the place, and are they going to slip out and hail some cruiser going by, rather than pay the four or five bucks you clocked up waiting for them?

So that's going on, which kind of eats at you, but then something else happens: a button goes down somewhere over in Pyrmont. A "button" is a secret alarm in a cab which a driver presses, or tries to press, when he thinks he's about to be attacked, or he's got some sort of problem like that. And the thing is when a button goes down it blocks all other work off the air on that channel, so it's the only thing you can hear.

Well this button goes down while I'm still waiting out the front of that brothel, and it's on the channel I'm on so I can hear the whole thing. And let me tell you, it's awful. I don't know what it is, but there's just all this screaming and shrieking going on, and you can hear a guy trying to talk, trying to stay calm, but there's all these other noises going on, all this bumping and shrieking, and the guy's trying to let the operator know where he is, and there's all this distortion on top of that. And I don't know what it was, but it was like the most awful thing I'd ever heard. It was like listening to a nightmare; it was like listening to a tape of someone getting killed, and you can feel the hairs starting to bristle all the way up your back and neck; you can feel that sick feeling in your gut. The operator's got cars running all over Pyrmont by now, and Pyrmont's only a small place, but then he cuts in over the driver's mike, and says, "He's down at the wharves! He must be down at the wharves!", so he starts sending all the cars down there. And just as he does that, my fares come bounding out of the whorehouse. So I don't find out what happens.



It's a bunch of young guys, three of them, carrying on like you'd expect three young guys who'd just spent a couple of hours in a whorehouse to carry on: they're hootin' and hollerin' like a bunch of cowboys, and one guy jumps in the seat behind me, and starts thumping the back of the seat and yelling, "Go! Go! Go!" And his mate jumps in beside him and starts making a lot of noise as well. Then the last guy jumps in the front, and the guys in the back are howling, "Go! Go! Go! We won't burn you in the boot! We won't burn you in the boot." So I tell them to cut the thumping out, and I pull away from the curb and up the hill just to shut them up, trying to ignore them and wondering what's happened to that guy with the button down. Then I do a left-hand turn into Crown Street, creeping through a yellow light, and roll down to Oxford Street and stop at the lights. The guys in the back have calmed down a bit, or at least they're wailing about something else now, like what a hell of a girl Rhonda or whatever her name was, and then suddenly there's a cop in my rear view mirror, and he gives his siren a quick "bwap", flashes his blue light, and I look around at him and he motions me to pull over to the side. But those guys are still carrying on, cop or no cop, so I turn around and ask them if they'd mind fucking shutting up, before I get out and go back and talk to the cop, and they do.

I get 90 bucks worth. I can't fucking believe it. No indicator. No headlights. Driving through a red light. I can't believe it. They were watching me from the time I pulled away from the brothel; they were sitting up on the other side of Crown Street in the dark, eating their bloody Big Macs, and they watched the whole bloody thing. I try to tell them that the boys were causing a bit of a disturbance, but they're not interested. I tell them, "Look, one of them was hollering: 'We won't burn you in the boot!'" But that just raises a chuckle from one of them. And the other guy says, "Look lad, I'd leave it there. You're getting off light — cheap at half the price." And he goes on to explain that there's another 90 bucks worth of ticket there if they want to press the point, and a neg driving to boot. I get the impression that these guys are actually letting me off light; that they're actually doing me a favor. And if they had gotten out of their car and didn't like the look of me, they would have hit me with a lot more than they did. So I cop a ticket, and that's it; I get back into the cab.

And it's true, I was in such a fucking spin, because of those monkeys in the back, hollering their heads off, I didn't have my headlights on, I didn't indicate, I went through a light as it turned red; I did every bloody thing they said. But that's it for the night, that's it right there. I've blown exactly what I've made up till then; blown the whole lot because I got caught between listening to a "button down" over in Pyrmont and being rattled by a bunch of monkeys bounding out of a brothel.

The monkeys don't shut up all the way to Hornsby; all they do is rave about Rhonda. And let me tell you, they were three of the ugliest monkeys I've ever seen. They looked like a trio of redneck hicks. One of them's got the worst acne scars all over his face I've ever seen — he's even got big ugly pimples on the tip of his nose. He looks like he's got the pox, or some other plague. So that by the time we get to Hornsby, all I can do is feel sorry for poor old Rhonda, and the things these ugly boys must have done to her.

And there's another thing they go on about all the way to Hornsby. It's the littlest monkey in the back — he keeps saying: "We won't burn you in the boot! We won't stuff you in the boot!" This is about a few things that had been going on around then. It was just one of those times when there'd been a lot of attacks on taxi drivers, all at once: one guy held up with a gun out west, another stabbed by some guy in a back alley in Leichhardt, and the last thing, which had been a real big thing, was these three guys who had mugged a taxi driver and stuck him in the boot, then set the car alight. This had been in the papers for weeks, and everybody knew about it. So that's what the little monkey in the back was on about, and I knew he was trying to get my goat and nothing more, but he was sure doing a hell of a job of it.

So I tell you, by the time I get those monkeys to Hornsby, I'm wired, I'm tight like a compressed spring, I'm just about ready to be roped. All I've listened to is half an hour of three jackasses hee-hawing about Rhonda the whore, and burning me in the boot. And I've just blown 90 bucks on a ticket because of these fuckers, and I can't dump them quick enough.

And like I said before, the only thing I feel is a real sorrow for poor old Rhonda.

The consolation is they've put me 30 bucks back in the black, but that's not much consolation, seeing as they're the guys that got me into trouble in the first place. But I say to myself, you've got to roll with the punches, boy, and that's it. That's the way it's always been in this business, and I know that. So I have a think to myself as I roll back down the highway, and I figure I'll stay out as late as I can — which is till six — and make up as much as I can.

I pass a couple of hails on the highway — but I just let them go. I want to cool off a little first. When I get to Turramurra, I stop at an all-night place I know there and have a smoke and a coffee. I stand outside on the pavement, stretch my legs a little, stand the coffee cup on the roof, and I watch a couple of cars go by with idiots hanging out of them, yelling things. I watch the idiots go by and act like they're not there.

> "It was like listening to a nightmare; it was like listening to a tape of someone getting killed"

I smoke the tail end of a joint I had left in a matchbox. I take it out and stand there and smoke it with my coffee. It's about a third of a joint, and it's got some brown rock in it as well, which is just a little sprinkle of dry hash or something. I don't know quite what it is. That's the name the guy who sells it down at the base gives it. He says, "There's a bit of brown rock in there too" sometimes, and I asked him once what that was, and he told me, some kind of hash or something, but whatever it is, it doesn't hurt. It makes it a better joint. It mellows you out, but it doesn't make you dopey or drowsy; and that's what you want. It just makes you feel good.

That guy who sells it, his name is Pete. He comes around to the base about every second week or so. You'd be surprised the number of guys that buy from him. I buy a little now and then; keep it stashed in my bag. I smoke it very slow and gradual, water it down with a bit of Drum; take it very light. I use it when I get a bad night and you can't spit out all that bad stuff that's built up in you. I have a couple of tokes — maybe just a third of a joint — and it mellows me right out.

And after that, I feel a bit better. I feel a bit calmer now. I have a pee out the back, and wash my face, before I take off again. I say to myself just as I get going, Friday's a big night all the way through, take it easy from here on in, and go right through to six, and you'll probably be able to make most of that 90 back. You'll be all right.

So I roll back down from the upper north, into the middle north, and I try for a few jobs on the radio, but I don't win any of them. When I get to Killara, I cross the highway and slide over to the Killara Hilton, or whatever it's called — where they have the big ball room — because I know there's always something on over there. And just as I go up the ramp into the place, a debutante in a big saffron gown comes flouncing out through the sliding doors. She's got big splashes of gold and diamonds everywhere, and her gown is all pale and shimmering, but she's so whacked she can hardly walk. She throws herself into the back seat — and she can't even hold herself up straight. "West Pymble, driver," she gurgles in one of those toffee-nose North Shore voices. And I take her away.

All the way there she's flopped out on the back seat, making meaningless little gurgling noises; singing little wisps of songs to herself. I can't bear to listen to it after a while, so I turn the operator up, turn some music on. And when we get to the street she wants, she's too whacked to get out, or pay, or anything. I get out and go around to her door and open it up. She almost falls out; I catch her, and she flops back out on the seat again, like she's found a place to sleep for the night. I pull a 20 out of her Glomesh bag, and another one sticks out, so I say, "What the hell", and take that one too. I help her out. Ask her if she's all right. And she says she's all right. She's on her hands and knees puking on the nature strip as I drive away.

I head back over to the highway. I didn't need that, I say to myself, as I go; I didn't need that at all. I should have seen by then that things were just stacked against me that night, and quit while I still could. But I didn't have the sense. I kept looking for work. I get over to the highway, and I get down to Lindfield, and that's the start of what happened. Like I started to tell you before — there's four guys standing at the rank at Lindfield. Standing outside the station under the lights, so you can see them clear as day, and I slow right down and take a look at them. Like I said, they're a clean, presentable looking bunch of young guys. They don't look drunk, they don't look wild, they look the opposite of that bunch of yobs I just unloaded up in Hornsby. They look well bred.

I pull over, and ask them where they're going. I've got my "Not For Hire" up, and I've got all the doors locked but the front

one. I'm on Friday night rules; I'm not picking up anyone I don't like the look of — I've had more than enough comedy for one night.

I put the street-side window down and one of the guys leans over and says they're going to Dover Heights. And there I make a decision based on instinct, a decision that came from down in my gut. There's four of them, so it's not too much for a young guy to pay, and they look like good kids — they don't look like trouble. My instincts tell me they're all right. So I tell them, all right. And the fact that it was another 25 buck fare, which was just what I needed then, isn't what made my mind up. I did it on instinct. And let me tell you, it didn't feel bad, not then, not any time after, not right up until it all happened; it felt fine all the way.

So I carry them over the Bridge, across town and the east, then out along New South Head Road, and cut across just after the golf course at Rose Bay. Then, in a dark street in Dover Heights, where I didn't see it coming at all, it all started to go wrong.

It's a short dark street, with houses and flats on both sides, about half way up the side of the hill, and the guy in the front says, "That'll do, driver — about here." So I pull up, and all the guys pile out of the back a bit quick I think, but I don't think too much about that. And the guy in the front opens the door and says, "I'll just get my wallet out," reaching for his back pocket as he goes, working his hand down into the pocket like it's tight, which it looks a little . . . then he's gone. They've all run. And I'm sitting there in a cab, with two doors open, $24 on the meter, and they've split in every direction. I turn and see them disappearing into the dark behind me, in four different ways.

What happened next is something I never got to tell in court. It was something that couldn't be explained then, because it wasn't a time or place that wanted to hear it. It wasn't a time or place that was sympathetic and wanted to listen. But what blew in me wasn't just everything that had gone wrong and built up in me that night, it was like all the shit I'd ever copped as a cabbie came exploding out; came blasting and roaring out of me like hot lava out of a volcano. And in those seconds it wasn't a thing I could contain, it was like a thing that blinded me; it was like a thing that rolled over me and crushed me. I spun that cab, not knowing what I was doing, and took off back down the street, and I could see one of those guys going along the sidewalk. Don't ask me what he was doing there, because it was about the dumbest fucking thing anyone could do. Don't ask me why the hell he didn't disappear up between the houses like his mates — I wish to hell he had. I wish to hell he'd had more brains. But he didn't, and I tore after him. And I blasted him in the glare of my highs. And he twisted and saw me and started to sprint, in a sprawly sort of way, and I don't know how, but I went halfway up on the sidewalk after him, and just by chance, just then, he'd come to a spot where there was the long wall of a house running along by the sidewalk, blocking completely anywhere for him to go, and he twisted to go back out toward the road, and I went right over him, felt the thump and crunch of his body under my cab. Went over him so fast I didn't even know what happened.

And I knew what I'd done, but I couldn't stop. I couldn't go back. I killed my lights, and I gunned it right up to the end of that road, and drove all the way down the hill without my lights. Only when I hit Old South did I put them on. And I drove over to Rose Bay like a madman in a trance,

> It was like all the shit I'd ever copped as a cabbie came blasting out of me like lava out of a volcano

like a man on fire inside with what he had done. Drove New South all the way along through Rose Bay and Double Bay and down through Rushcutters and up through the Tunnel, with that fire inside me, with that thing that I'd done roaring inside me; then I turned at Elizabeth and went all the way back to the base in Foveaux Street, and I was so mad, so blind and out of my head, I went up Foveaux Street the wrong way, because it's only one way coming down, but there were no cars around, because it was so late, so it didn't matter.

And I drove into that base like a normal man. Pulled into that base like a man coming home to his wife and kids. All of the other cabs had come in, and the guys had gone home, so there was no-one around. There was just Robbie, who does the washes. Robbie always stays till after four, but he looked like he was packing up, so I rolled it over to him and put it in the wash bay, and he turned and saw me, and stopped unscrewing the big black high-powered hose. He gave me a nod and I gathered my stuff up and got out of the cab, and the next thing he'd turned that hose on it. Started washing all that shit of a night off it. And I got out of that shit-bucket and just walked away.

I didn't stop and have a chat to Robbie, which is what I sometimes do, while he's doing his first hose down. I just walked over to the drink vending machine, like I always do, got myself a coke, lit a smoke, and stood by the counter that's there, like I always do, counting out my pay-in, writing up the envelope, and then sealing it and stuffing it through the hatch. Then I gave Robbie a wave across that empty garage. And walked home.

I didn't try to go to bed. I didn't try to go to sleep. I sat there, by the light of my small TV; the only light in the saggy old room I call my home. Sat there in that saggy old chair that has been slumped in and broken by a hundred broken backs before mine; sat there in the light of that screen, with a can of beer in my hand, a can opened, but I could not drink it. And the only thing I can think is: Why was he running down the sidewalk? Why didn't he disappear like the rest of them? How dumb could the bastard be? What the fuck did he think he was doing? Did he think I was just going to drive off the other way? Where did he think he was going — home? Did you think you were going home, you stupid dumb bastard? And then I start to cry. Cry, and I can't stop it. Cry, until in the end, I can taste the salt of my tears in my mouth. Cry, and the flood blurs the blue of the TV screen and the room. Cry, because a man has been lost.

And that's the end of it right there. That's all of it. That's what happened before, and what happened — like none of them wanted to listen to. So now they've got me in here and my non-parole is seven, but I don't give a fuck about that or anything else. I don't give a fuck about anything anymore. When I ran over that kid I broke something in me and I don't care if I never go back to the world again. I don't care if my parole never comes up.

And the only thing I ever wanted to say, I've said. That it wasn't just a cold act, that I didn't just run that kid over, but that they had been putting it on me all night — all those other shits who should have paid for something like this — they'd been putting their shit on me all night, and when it finally blew it was the wrong person that got hit. They wouldn't let me say any of that in court, they didn't want to hear. The papers didn't want to hear it: they just wanted to see me get done.

But I've said it now. And that's the last thing I wanted to do. So it's all used up, it's all gone. And the legal-aid lawyer read this and he says I should appeal, but I've got no stomach for any of it anymore. I've lost all my stomach. The only thing I hope is that when they finally let me out of here, that I can go back to living. Go back to being whole again. Because I don't think I could do it right now. I think there's a part of me I'll never be able to get back.

CRISP
EVERY TASTE LIKE THE FIRST!
DRY
NEW TOOHEYS LONGNECK DRY
Extended fermentation gives a crisp, clean taste that keeps refreshing beer after beer.
APB 9256-A
TOO 0521

PROFILE BY GREG HUNTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

To borrow one of his own lines, having a quiet drink with Kevin Bloody Wilson is like trying to have a quiet fuck with a chook. I found that out on the opening night of Kev's fairly eccentric promotional tour for his latest album, *My Australian Roots* — a two-week odyssey that would take him from the tiny Hawkesbury Sporting Club at Richmond, just west of Sydney, through a series of equally obscure venues in places like Gulgong, Wellington, Bourke, Cobar and Broken Hill, then down through the Victorian entertainment capitals of Mildura, Swan Hill, Warracknabeal and Castlemaine. What kind of album promotion is this, when Kevin Bloody Wilson could be playing Melbourne's Festival Hall or the Sydney Opera House?

Well, part of Kev's contract with the giant recording company CBS stipulates that when it comes to advertising and promotion and so forth, "The Little Bloke" will do whatever he wants and if CBS don't like it, they can go fuck 'emselves. Kevin Bloody Wilson got to be a very wealthy man by doing it his way, and now, 530,000 album sales down the track, the nobs at CBS are finally coming to terms with the fact that he'll keep on doing it his way no matter what.

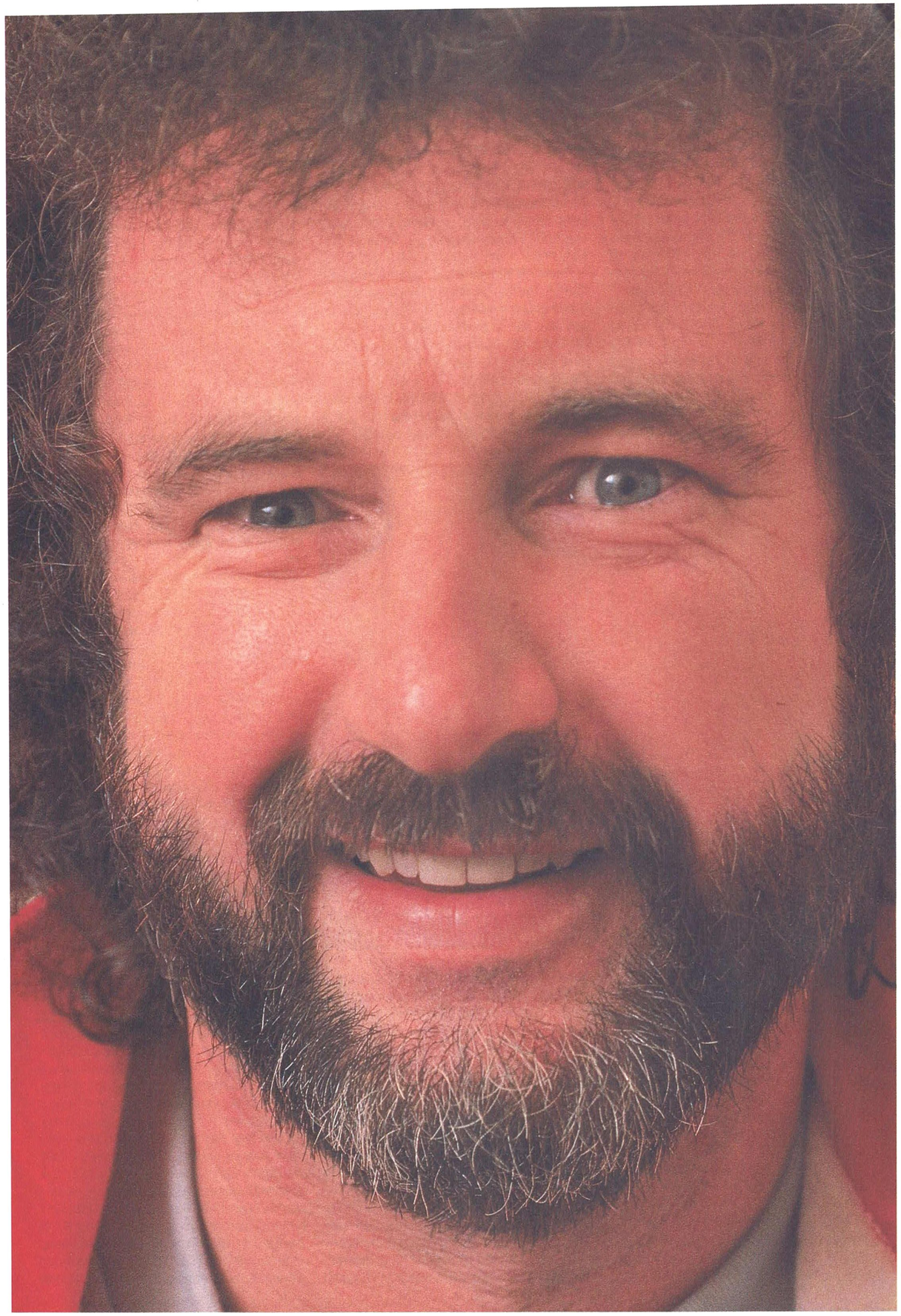
Which is why Kev is lying flat on his back in a tiny motel room in Nowheresville, Yobboland, scratching his balls and trying to divert his attention from a Force 9 hangover by focussing his bloodshot eyes on an episode of *Home And Away*. "I like watching these shows," he remarks. "They make me feel real talented."

The circumstances are peculiar for Kevin only in one respect: he's actually pulled a root the previous night after the record launch in Melbourne. This doesn't happen to The Little Bloke very often, especially by comparison with other major recording stars. "The sort of

Lock up your daughters, your wives, and your guinea pigs . . .

groupies I get, mate, you wouldn't fuck through a hole in the fence. They're Chad Morgan hand-me-downs." All the more tragic, then, that Kev was as full as a Queensland copper's wallet at the time and couldn't get it up. "I had a Darwin inch — the one in the middle that won't get hard." And all the more embarrassing, too, when the phone rings and it turns out to be the lady in question, demanding to know when their liaison can be successfully consummated. Kev rolls his eyes to the ceiling and promises to look Tracey

that bloody Kev's back!



Kev's back!

up next time he's in Melbourne. When I press for details, he says: "I can't tell you her last name because it might embarrass the whole Henderson family." But generally, as I've said, Kev does it pretty tough in the sexual arena. At five feet five and with legs so oddly porportioned to the rest of his body they'd look more appropriate on a dwarf, KBW's appeal is purely cerebral. "In fact, I've been doin' it so tough lately, the next sheila I root's gonna swear she was hit by a Mr Whippy truck."

It is this very innocuous physical presence that allows Kevin Bloody Wilson to get away with murder, on and off the stage. He's the sort of bloke who could ask the Pope if he's getting any and expect a benevolent smile in response. And so the remarkable thing about KBW is that he is KBW *all the time* — not just

on stage, but in restaurants, in bars, at home and on tour. While the name Kevin Bloody Wilson and the wife Shirl and kids Greg and Sharon are stage inventions (which is why I can report Kev's sexual adventures or lack thereof), the KBW persona is not. With Kev, what you see up there at a concert — the foul-mouthed, mischievous but lovable larrikin with a line on everything from ugly women to Aborigines to cops — is precisely what you get in real life. Out there in Yobboland, they all love him for it — the women as much as the men. That's why Kev couldn't give a shit about the fact that he'd be lucky to extract himself from a show in an inner Sydney pub without having to wear his balls around his neck.

And he never lets up. On the way to the Richmond gig we pull into a local restaurant for dinner. Kev cruises into the handicapped parking spot and says: "You know, if it wasn't for the handicapped, no cunt would ever get a park." Inside, the homely middle-aged waitress serves him a pepper steak covered in a horrible-looking orange-brown sauce. "Who the fuck did *that* on my steak?" he asks her with that ingenuous grin, and she finds herself laughing in spite of herself.

Kev's in his element now. He learns there's friction in the town between the locals and the nearby RAAF base. "We've got the same problem in Kalgoorlie — with the coons. Got many of them up here?" ("No.") "Asians?" ("No.") "I might move up here then."

The ironic thing is that when the waitress announces that her husband is going to the Kevin Bloody Wilson concert that evening, she doesn't even realise that she's talking to the man himself. Although he's one of the most successful recording artists in the country, there are a great many people who've never heard of KBW, and of those who have, most wouldn't recognise him if they fell over him (which is not an unlikely event). That's a consequence of the fact that the Kevin Bloody Wilson cult has been such a unique phenomenon in the music business that everyone including Kevin is still trying to figure out how it all happened.

It happened because 42-year-old Kevin Bloody Wilson is a very smart, very funny man who has done a very long apprenticeship in the art of making hard-assed Aussies laugh. He's not to be confused with the "New Wave" comics who started to appear in the early Eighties in trendy urban venues and induced yuppies to laugh by saying "Fuck" a lot. Kev was being profane on stage long before they came along, but his audiences were yobbo, not yuppy.

"It started in Kalgoorlie with a country and western band — Kevin Bloody Wilson and the Oversextet. We weren't real flash, but we did put a record out. I always wondered what happened to the other copy." Kalgoorlie in the late Sixties was the Wild West and then some. "I played in venues where you wiped your feet on the way *out*."

Kev entertained the Sunday morning "sick parades" and footy teams with traditional bawdy ballads and a few jokes to augment the strippers, but decided to go solo in '81 and moved to Perth, where he got bored shitless crooning at Mr and Mrs Average in boring venues — "I played in elevators and places like that." So to keep himself awake he started "decomposing" — "Take the ribbon from your hair" became "Wipe the dribble from your chin, shake it loose and let it fall" and so on.

It was a hit, of course, so Kev bailed out of the elevator circuit and started performing his decompositions at sick parades, where the yobboes lapped it up. Then the Barbarella's lingerie shows took off in pubs around the capital — tits, bums and feathers disguised as fashion parades — and Kev took on the role of MC, but instead of playing it straight like all the others he sent the whole thing up: "This little number, modelled by Tina, consists of two band aids and a cork — and for the married ladies we've got a similar outfit, only it's two Vulcan patches and a thermos lid . . ."

By 1985 Kev had a pretty high profile around the traps in Perth and people started asking him to record his decompositions, but he couldn't afford to pay the copyright fees on all those tunes. So he started writing and recording new ones. The record stores, however, didn't want to know. All of them slammed the doors in his face. Instead of ditching the whole project, Kev came up with the idea of doing all his own marketing — and it turned out to be a stroke of genius.

Kev's initial order was for 200 cassettes of his comedy C&W album *Your Average Australian Yobbo*, containing such classics as "Sunday Morning" and "I Gave Up Wanking":

"If you say you don't wank you're a liar
And a fool if you say that you do
So next time you see
Prince Charles on TV
Remember he's wanked himself too."

The day after they arrived, KBW bunged in the black and white cassette inserts with the song titles and took ten copies to a Sunday morning sick parade at the North Beach Rugby League Club in Perth, where he would perform the new songs and hope to cover costs by selling a few tapes after the show. By the end of the gig, with the wife racing over to bolster the supply of tapes to avoid a riot, Kev had sold 87 cassettes to an audience of less than 100. And inside each tape there were half a dozen order forms with the message: "If your mates want to borrow it, fuck 'em. Give 'em an order form."

As the word on The Little Bloke filtered out from Perth via the footy circuit and the truckers' CB network, exponential mathematics took over and within 18 months Kevin Bloody Wilson had sold 22,000 cassettes — with orders coming in from as far as Holland, Canada, the UK and Antarctica. With no airplay or advertising at all, Kev had bounced Dire Straits and Jimmy Barnes out of the top slots on Perth's 6PM charts — and all those sales were straight profit, with no blood-sucking middle men to feed. The Little Bloke was travelling nicely, and all the more so when he used the names in his shoebox filing system to send out order forms for the second album, *Kev's Back*, which helped him sell 27,000 copies.

The one-man operation of all this paperwork, along with the lingerie shows and other gigs, was killing Kev. He realised he needed a manager. In stepped Ross "75 Percent" Mitchell, who'd once been on the management team of Johnny O'Keefe. Now, although KBW still insists he was never really motivated by money, but rather the desire to have a good time, 75 Percent revels in the reputation that he could sniff out a $10 bill under six feet of wet cement. (You know what Ross is thinking the whole time when he's watching one of my shows?" says Kev. "He's thinking: 'That cunt's gettin' 25 percent of *my* money.'")

Anyway, when the record companies which had previously shunned him came calling for a slice of the action in 1986, KBW and 75 Percent were in a good position, if they were offered only the standard rip-off clauses, to tell them to go fuck 'emselves. Which is exactly what happened. CBS apparently weren't too offended because they finally signed Kevin Bloody Wilson to a deal described by an insider as "the biggest artist's bias contract ever drawn up." ("I still maintain," says Kev, "there were four record companies fighting over me and CBS lost.")

But the terms became even more generous later, because CBS originally only wanted to release the second album, *Kev's Back*, since it contained the satirical classic "Living Next Door to Alan", about a bunch of Aborigines taking up residence on a "sacred site" next door to Alan Bond and finally outdoing Bondy's yacht collection by getting the government to give them the HMAS *Melbourne*. *Kev's Back* went triple platinum in Australia, second in sales in 1986-87 only to John Farnham's *Whispering Jack* (again with no airplay or advertising), and the CBS execs realised they'd made a giant blunder by ignoring the rights to *Your Average Australian Yobbo*. "What was that first album you were talking about before?" they sheepishly enquired of KBW. "You stupid cunts," he laughed. "It's gonna cost you a fuckin' fortune now." And it did.

So the man who packed out the Concert Hall at the Opera House a couple of years back and became a cult figure throughout Australia and New Zealand is now voluntarily assigned to the Hawkesbury Sporting Club at Richmond, and the sell-out audience of 320 is just the size he enjoys working. We pull up outside the venue and Kev likes the look of things. "You know, I was as nervous as a kitten at the Opera House. I honestly feel a lot warmer in the country. Cities are fine, but they're too fast and too fickle. If they like you in the country, there's a fair chance they're gonna like you *forever*, you know? And besides, you can pick up little gems in the country that you can work into songs."

That comment goes to the heart of KBW's success. "If I've got a talent at all, it's being able to sit back at the end of a situation — not necessarily at the time — and see the funny side. I'm probably going to end up being accredited with all these lines that aren't actually mine. It's all just stuff I've overheard and collected." It's precisely that ability which is the essential genius of that other chronicler of genuine yobbo culture, Barry Humphries. The difference, of course, between Sir Les Patterson and Kevin Bloody Wilson is that one is real and the other is not.

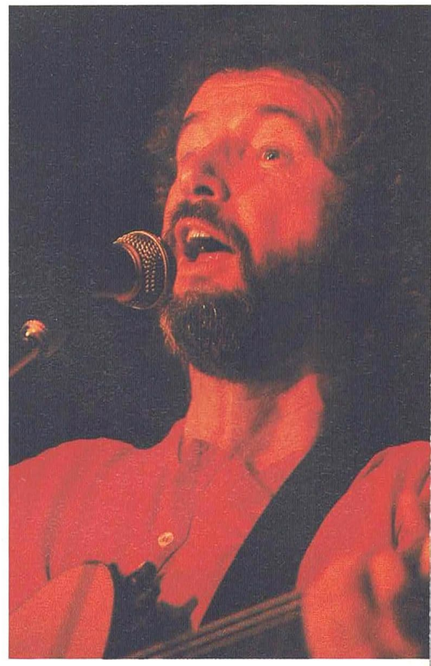
But where did Kev's talent originate? Were his parents entertainers? "My Dad, Filthy, was an entertainer," KBW replies. "Well, sort of an entertainer. He was a flasher. Actually, he was thinking of giving it away last year but he thought: 'No, fuck it, I'll stick it out for another 12 months.'"

Showtime. As usual these days, half the audience is female. It's a bit hard to grasp the fact that women in places like this really love songs like "Supa Mega Fuggly" and will sing the words with as much gusto as the men:

"When she puts on her lipstick
It keeps backin' down the tube
And I've woke up screamin' dreamin'
That I've seen her in the nude
If they made an ugly meter
She'd blow the thing to bits
Under 'grotesque' in the dictionary
There's a photo of her tits . . ."

But The Little Bloke doesn't *always* get away with murder, and it was one altercation — the only time KBW's ever been hammered just for being himself — that served as the inspiration for "Supa Mega Fuggly." Kev tells the story on stage as a preamble to the song: "We were playing at Lasseter's Casino in Alice Springs and there was this big protest on nearby at Pine Gap. A copper mate of mine called Ken said: 'Kev, you oughta go out there and see what sort of people turn up to these protests.' Well, there were about 800 people out there and 700 of them were women. Sort of women. *Feral* women. You know the sort: they've got the real butch haircut, a couple of studs in each ear, a bone through their nose, a tit hangin' out of their singlet . . . Fair dinkum, you wouldn't use their head as a target in a shit-fight.

"I walked up to the main gate with Ken and there's about 200 of these sheilas throwing paper aeroplanes into the base. Now, one of these diesel dykes comes thundering up to Ken, and she's got this great big plastic garbag, and she says: "Excuse me, officer, I'd like to go in and tidy up all the rubbish.' I said: 'Love,



you're not all gonna fit into one fuckin' bag.' She fuckin' knocked me out! I didn't even see it comin'! And as Ken was dragging me off to the police van for medical attention, all these other diesel dykes were kickin' the shit out of me!" Kev reckons he had the lyrics to "Supa Mega Fuggly" down not long after he came to.

But now we're a long way from a Pine Gap protest — or any sort of protest — and the yobs already know all the words on the latest album. They're singing along at such volume they're threatening to drown out the man on stage, but it hardly matters, because as Kev himself admits, "If I was singin' for shit I'd be two turds in debt."

And although KBW has been arrested

Kev's back!

for obscenity four times — twice in WA, once in Victoria and once in Queensland (when the arresting officer's tape of the show was all but obliterated by his own laughter), the charges have never arisen from an audience complaint. There have been just two physical encounters after the gig — once in Melbourne, "when this sheila came up to the merchandising desk, grabbed me and tried to hit me, but the blokes pulled her away while she was calling me a little cunt", and another time at the Lithgow Workers Club, "when this woman who might have thought I was directing 'Supa Mega Fuggly' at her came up and crunched her high heels right into the top of my foot. I just decked her and the bouncers came over and dragged her out by the hair."

Then there's the question of the Aboriginal response. Kev pays out pretty heavily on "the coons", and his flawless mimicry has led some of them to observe that he speaks their language better than they do. ("This Abo mate of mine once said to me: 'Kev, you know why my people don't get AIDS?' I said, 'Why?' He said, 'Because every time the virus enters a cell it fuckin' hangs itself.'") In the far outback the Aborigines patronise Kev's shows heavily and he's always maintained that they don't get offended at all. He did get a hell of a fright once, though, after a gig up in Darwin. "This great big Aborocodile came up to me and said: 'Ay, you're Kevin Bloody Wilson, aren't ya? That song about Alan Bond . . .' I had the security with me and he was just about to step in and stop this bloke, and I was shitting myself. 'Fuckin' funny song, that,' he said. 'When you gonna write some more songs about my people?' And I took that as testimony from them that what I was doing was cool, that they weren't offended — although I'm sure if I played 'Living Next Door To Alan' in the main street of Redfern I'd get filleted, because a lot of those people have got chips on their shoulders."

After the performance, Ross "75 Percent" Mitchell steps in to clean up with the merchandising. CBS might be spewing about Kev's unusual choice of venues, but that doesn't stop 75 Percent from pulling out his licence to print money: tapes of all four albums, KBW T-shirts, "Kev's Knickers" (with an imprint of Kev on the inside of the pouch with his tongue dangling out) and "Yobbo Survival Kits" (can or stubby holders with a furry hoop around the rim so they double as masturbation aids). The fur actually comes in three different colors: the Fergie model, the Kylie Minogue model, and the Joan Collins model — "extra good value because it holds a Darwin stubby." Practically everyone takes something home with them, and it's all cash in the hand for 75 Percent, who can hardly wait to get back to the motel and count it.

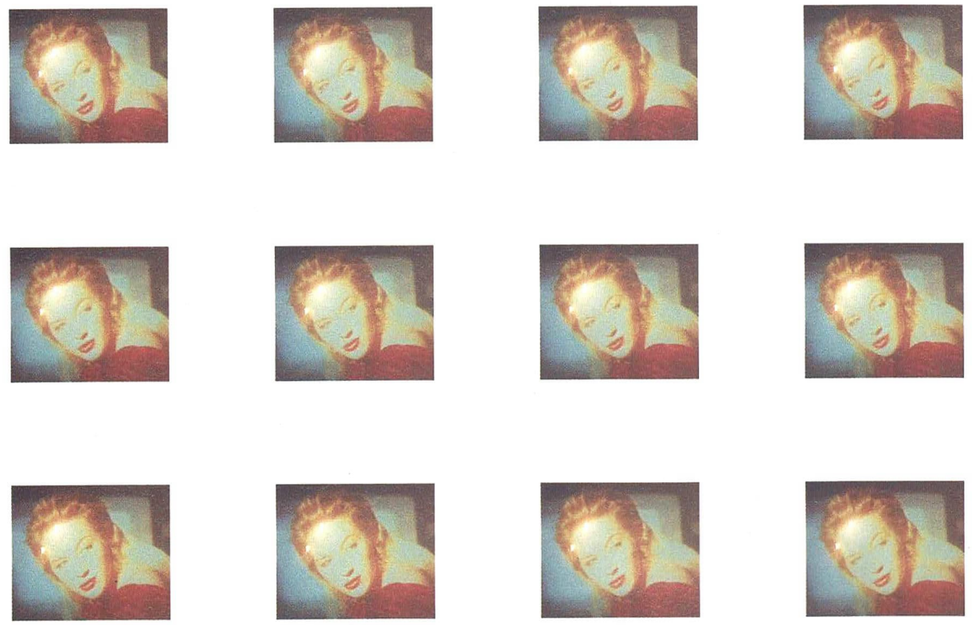
Coming from Perth via Kalgoorlie, KBW feels the cold severely. "Jesus," he remarks as we step outside, "it's as cold as a copper's handshake. You know the only way to keep warm in this sort of weather? Plug in your six-inch single-bar immersion heater." But alas, as usual, there are no groupies following Kev back to the motel. Just a group of mates and their mates. Kev has friends practically everywhere he goes. If you've formed the impression that Kevin Bloody Wilson is a loud-mouthed slob with the manners of an elephant and the social conscience of a jockstrap, forget it. He's a soft-spoken, thoughtful, self-effacing and very genuine character who wouldn't give two knobs of goatshit for the normal affectations of stardom. That's why, after a gig, he'll hang around and meet his audience and talk to them — really talk to them, not just press the flesh — rather than slip out the back like every other performer does. And he operates on the principle that if you take the piss out of everyone — including yourself — then you offend no-one. He wouldn't put it this way himself, but genuine original humor, be it racist or sexist or whatever, is such a precious jewel that it *can't* be sacrificed on the grounds that someone out there might not like it.

If you hang around with Kevin Bloody Wilson for a while, you start to feel as though the world is funnier than it used to be. How else can you explain this: the nice middle-aged woman at the reception desk asks Kev for his autograph because, she says, her husband is a fan and would really appreciate it. "What's your name, love?" he asks. She tells him and he writes it down, then scribbles: *"Thanks for the root — Kev."* She looks at it, blinks, and then suddenly packs up laughing, bemused by her own response. "That's . . . *funny*," she says. And of course, it is.

Kev's in Bathurst now, doing radio interviews from his motel room. They put him on seven-second delay, naturally, and let him cut loose because the "blips" only add to the impact: "Who's that? Anthony Bloody Williams! How are you, mate? Jesus, it's as cold as Trimbole's toes out here. How did the [*blip*] transplant go? I heard your hand rejected it . . ."

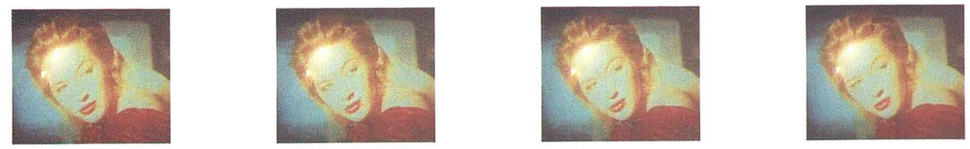
Kev has a bit of explaining to do in these interviews, because he's finally decided to reverse his no advertising policy — "Nothing big, nothing flash . . . just a little TV ad for my latest album." He's also produced a few videos of songs recently, but only one of them — "The Last Lager Waltz" — is allowed to be shown on air, and that only on Sky Channel. Why the change of mind? "Well, I still don't get any

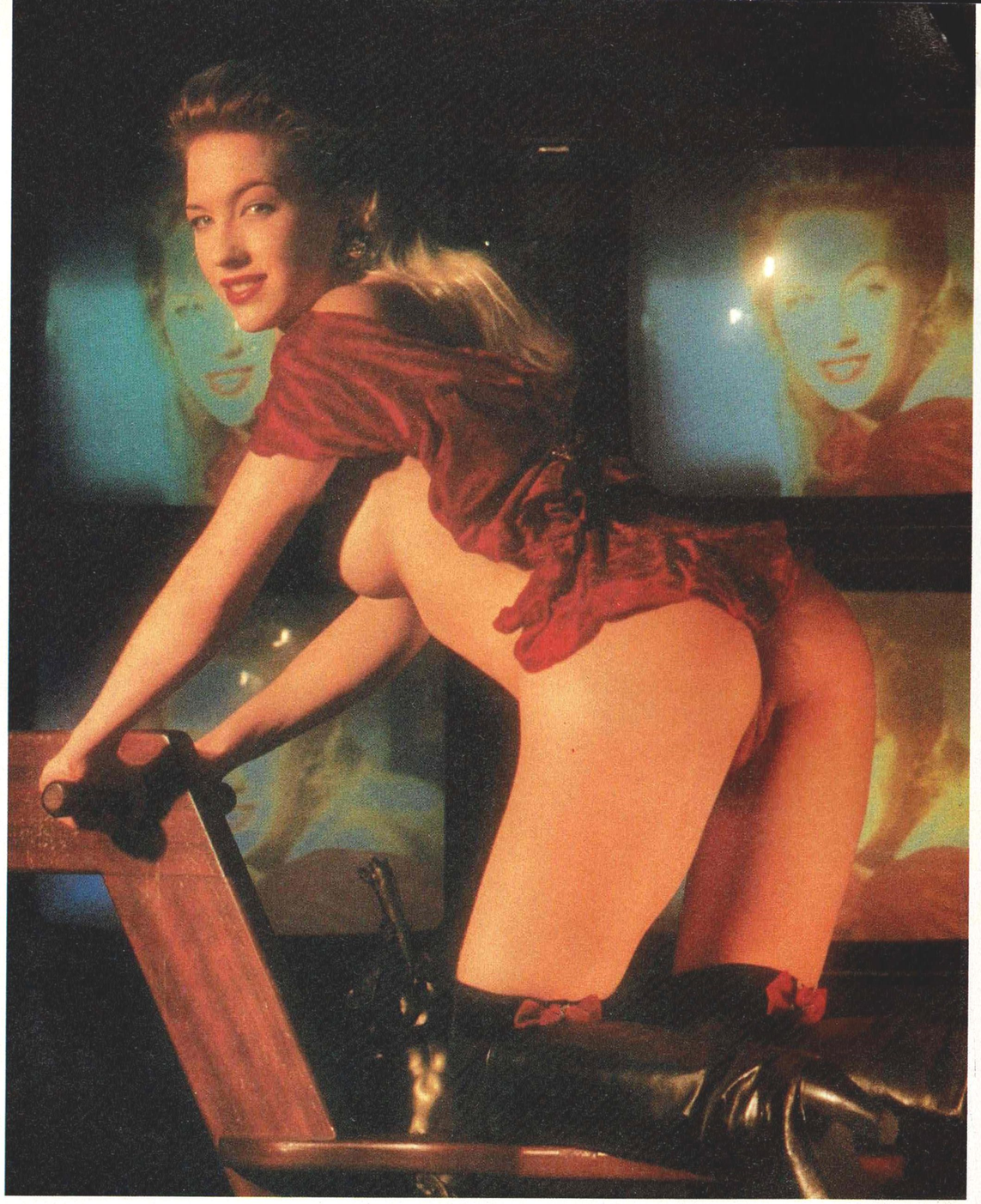
Continued on page 160



she came to dance

Hair, make-up and styling by Susan Daub; Photographed on location at The Kirk, Cleveland St, Sydney; Black velvet and lace jacket and red velvet jacket by Risk, Crown St, Sydney; Red leather bustier, suspender set and black leather bear by Link Leather, Newtown, Sydney.





Karen Miers loves the mystical side of life. The stars, she believes, can reveal a lot about a person. A true Gemini, she has two sides. "I've got a wild, outgoing side and a relaxed side. Sometimes I can just go out non-stop and other times I like to just curl up."

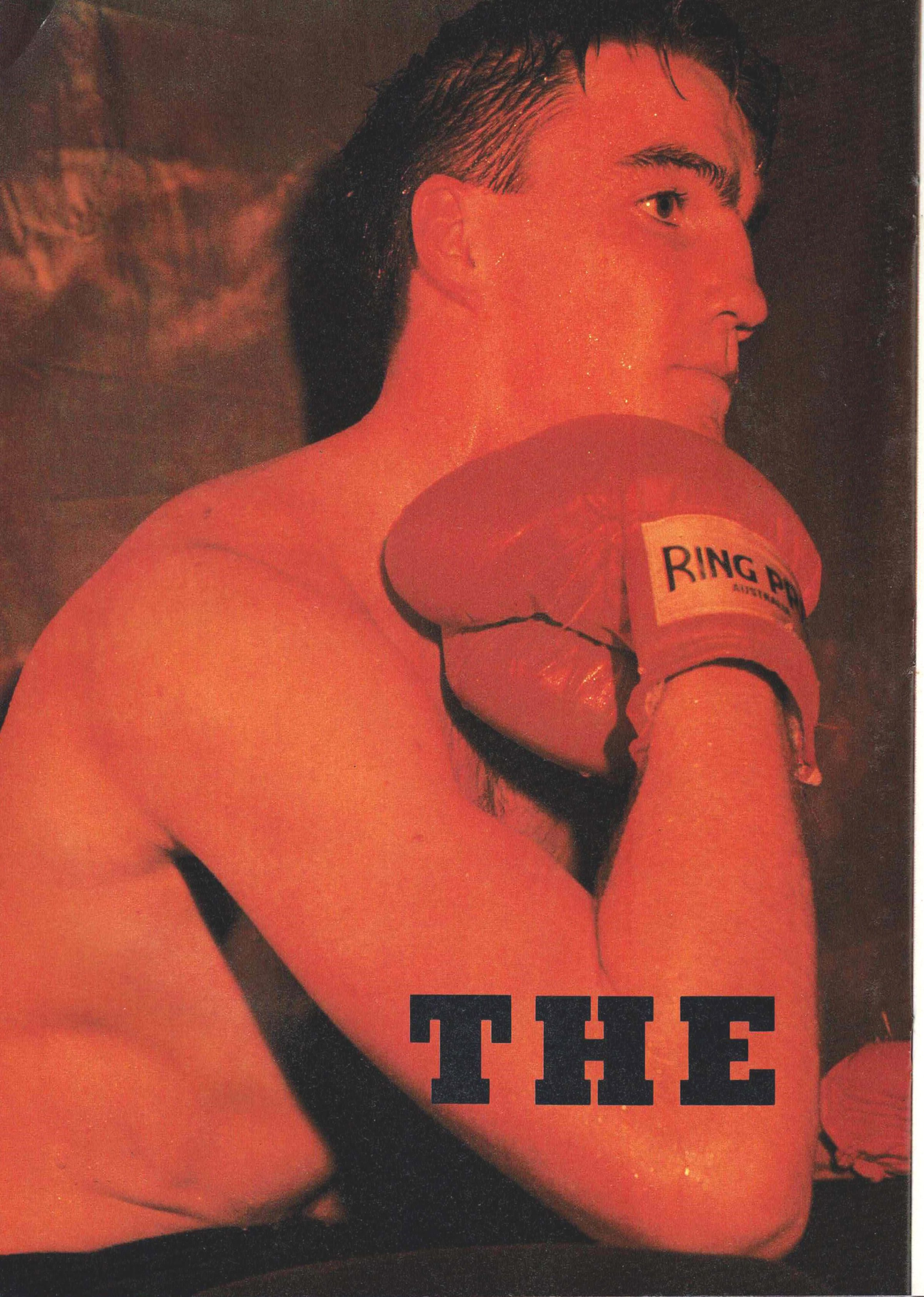
karen

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

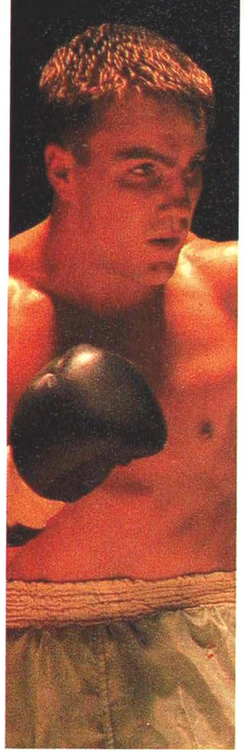
Nineteen-year-old Karen's bewitching beauty suggests the supernova, and she is determined to become a blazing star of the screen. "I want to be a famous sex symbol like Marilyn Monore and Brigitte Bardot."

Her exotic dancing has accustomed Karen to the thrill of the spotlight. She works with a troupe of talented young dancers that tour the nightspots of the Gold Coast. "Entertainment is an art – you've got to learn to reach an audience with facial expressions, launching your body, dance and movement." Karen hopes all this expertise will soon translate to celluloid.

In addition to regular workouts for the show Karen keeps a hyperactive schedule. She's not a fan of spectator sports, but she loves being active. "I love snow-skiing, waterskiing. I love all watersports. I enjoy going to nightclubs and dancing — I don't drink alcohol, I just dance."

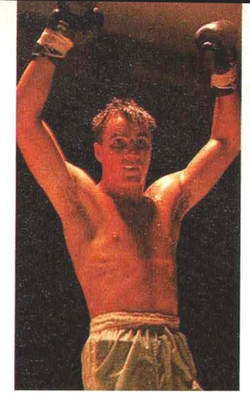


THE HIT MAN



"It used to be beautiful — what with the rackets, whoring, guns. Sometimes . . . sometimes things would happen. I'd have to kill a few people. I'd feel bad for a while but then I'd jump into the ocean, swim way out, come back and feel nice and clean again. The Atlantic Ocean was something then. — Burt Lancaster in the film Atlantic City, *1980.*

On the boardwalk outside the Caesar's Palace casino in Atlantic City an old woman with no teeth and all her earthly belongings in a rusty shopping trolley sits crumpled against a concrete wall. Next to her is a portable stereo. She is moaning. From a distance she sounds pained but close up she is wailing background vocals as Elvis belts out "Suspicious Minds." Her volume and key rise and fall as her strength comes and goes. "Oh yeah! Caught in a trap . . . " she slobbers down her chin,



"Yeah can't walk out . . . love you too much baby."

Jeff "Hit Man" Harding, strolling off his dinner of pasta and icecream, walks past paying little attention to her. He has been in Atlantic City a week now and is used to such freak shows. She is merely a reminder of the tough times he has left behind and a signpost to where he is going.

Next to the old woman is a vacant black man holding a handwritten sign which says: "Please help me. I am homeless because of mental illness." And next to them, out under the glow of the Trump Plaza casino's red and gold neon, is a tiny black youth with stumps for arms that are only really good for holding tin cups and

Jeff Harding was the most honest act in the bullshit and boxing capital of the world

BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX WATSON AND ACTION GRAPHICS

HIT MAN

working with the handles on poker machines. He begs for quarters to gamble with.

Beggars and the bedraggled are everywhere in Atlantic City, the bullshit and boxing capital of the world. It's a city of freaks and facades, where the destitute sleep in the gutters of glittering pleasure palaces, where people scrounge for food outside some of the ritziest casinos in the world. Where men with $10,000 watches bump past stumbling skeletons who mumble about the glory days of their youth.

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea. A place where illusion is as thick as the clouds of early morning fog that would roll in over Jeff Harding and Jeff Fenech as they went through their roadwork in a week that would become one of the most significant in Australian boxing.

Atlantic City is a couple of hours' drive south of New York, a city centred around the famous boardwalk — a wooden pathway that fronts miles of ocean and miles of plush casinos and hotels. Behind the opulence, a few blocks back from the casinos, is the other Atlantic City — the slums, the ghettos, the poor people. On the street corners peddlers sell the unsuspecting tourists "hot watches" made from fool's gold while the high rollers snort Colombian gold in their thousand-dollar-a-day suites.

They made a movie about Atlantic City once that won a whole lot of awards. Burt Lancaster played an ageing gofer for small time racketeers. With each new grey hair Burt's deeds for the mob became more daring and dastardly until he had been Capone's right hand man. There are lots of people like old Burt in Atlantic City who live so long in fantasy that they can no longer tell what is real and true. There's not a lot of honesty there.

The greatest truth seems to occur on the weekends when the casinos stage in-house entertainment for their hotel guests. They call the shows world title fights and guys like Jeff Harding — guys who usually start out as bums — get a chance to see their name in lights. Atlantic City is more about style than substance, but on the Saturday afternoon of June 24, Jeff Harding — a boxer I nicknamed the "Hit Man" five years ago — showed that he has plenty of substance. He has the "right stuff", as trainer John Lewis calls it. When trailing on points, and with a broken, swollen nose sticking out between two badly cut eyes, he was asked to dig deep in his world title fight with Englishman Dennis Andries. Harding worked overtime with his pick and shovel left hook and dug so deep, in fact, that with only half a round remaining he struck a motherlode of boxing history. A great big golden vein that could make him, as an unbeaten white slugger, one of the richest fighters in the world.

Harding — one-time hippy bum, self-confessed loner and sometime TV star — is, at a lanky 80kg, the biggest Australian ever to win a world boxing title, eclipsing the 72kg middleweight Les Darcy of more than 70 years ago. Harding is also the first Australian-born fighter to win a world title overseas since Lionel Rose 21 years before.

He is a big, raw-boned and laconic Australian hero; Chips Rafferty with punching power. A big Aussie battler who came back from a pounding and came through when the cards were against him. His dry sense of humor and self-effacing attitude have made him a hit with American fight fans and the executives at Sky Channel in Australia who are grooming him for a career in front of the cameras.

Here is a fighter who fits none of the stereotypes. A man of New Age ideals who has as much in common with Shirley MacLaine as he has with Mike Tyson. Here is a guy who, according to trainer Lewis, is a nice kid hiding underneath the facade of a surly thumper. A closet pacifist. But a character, nonetheless, who can be so infuriating, so arrogant, that twice he and the good-natured Lewis have nearly come to blows.

Here is a fighter who spent most of his adolescence in a hippy-style commune on the beach at Minnie Water near Grafton in northern NSW, and who only became a boxer because he didn't want to be a world champion beach bum.

Here is a good-natured laughing man whose mouth and lack of restraint in airing his views have earned him more enemies than friends. Here is a straightforward back-alley style brawler who believes in reincarnation and the spiritual significance of shadows. A young man who prays before fights to a supreme being he calls "Huey" and who likes nothing more than relaxing in solitude, playing the tunes of Muddy Waters on his cherished guitar. A world champion boxer who can't wait for the day he retires and for the guitar courses he plans to undertake. A man trying to hide in the spotlight.

Harding is a fighter who had Iron Mike Tyson, the heavyweight monster, cheering with adulation from ringside. And yet he gets around in sandals. "Can you believe him?" asks Jeff Wells, the revered sports columnist of *The Australian* newspaper. "Here is a boxing champion who wears sandals. How does one kick ass with sandals? Harding really is a unique character."

I first met Jeff Harding five years ago, on the day he first retired from boxing. Then a 19-year-old amateur middleweight with only a few bouts behind him, Harding had thrown down his gloves in disgust after dipping out in an Olympic trial at

"Separate bills?"

Melbourne before the '84 LA Games. He decried boxing as a mug's game and said he was finished.

But he persevered. At the Australian amateur titles in Adelaide later that year he confided to me that his dream was to be spoken of like Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns, the power-punching world champion. So Hit Man Harding it was. These days more people call him Hit Man than Jeff.

Harding built an impressive amateur record behind his powerful left hook and was unbeaten in 14 pro fights going into his world title bout with Andries. Having spent all of his boxing career in the long shadow of a little bloke named Jeff Fenech, Harding now has his own place in the sun. For the first time in years the front page headlines scream the name of a boxer whose name isn't Fenech.

Harding's come-from-behind victory was so dramatic, so unexpected, so nerve-racking that even in the city of illusion, it seemed too bizarre to be real. It was such a storybook ending that you could have thought Sylvester Stallone had something to do with it.

Recalling the bout a week later while cheating at the Rouse Hill golf course in Sydney's outer-west (anyone who argues gets a two wood in the gob), Harding frankly admitted that Andries had staggered him in the early rounds.

"He was banging away with that right hand," said Harding, while kicking his ball out of the rough. "A lot of his shots only grazed the top of my skull. But, yeah, he landed plenty of bullseyes too.

"I knew after a few rounds that the wind would die out of his sails. And after eight rounds he showed all the signs of tiredness and hurt. I kept whacking him in the guts all through those early rounds that he was winning. I fought that way for a purpose. After the eighth I only had to baulk to the body and he would cover up — he'd stick his elbow against his ribs. When he started doing that I knew I was really hurting the bloke and that it would just be a matter of time."

Harding is a remarkably honest character. A world champion who admits that he may not be the best light-heavyweight in the world, who says he has at least 50 per cent improvement in him. Although he is the light-heavyweight champion of the World Boxing Council (the most prestigious of the three world boxing bodies), Harding says he probably has a way to go before he tops WBA light-heavyweight champ Virgil Hill or IBF king Prince Charles Williams — both from America. But he talks about being unstoppable after ten more fights and that he wants at least four defences of his world crown before he considers himself a "good" fighter.

"I'm still green," he says. "In boxing, like most sports, you never stop learning. The thing I've learnt more than anything else so far is that it hurts to get hit. In the boxing ring it's a lot like an inferno. It's like burning up in there — the intensity. You just have to be tough. No matter what the other guy does — no matter how many times he hits you and hurts you — you have to do worse to him. That's what the sport is all about."

The Harding-Andries fight was a boxing classic. A see-sawing fight in which first Andries and then Harding took turns doling out the punishment, and in which the man who was clearly being beaten came back to victory with seconds to spare. Only the February slug-out for the WBC middleweight title between the ageless assassin Roberto Duran and the Bronx brawler Iran "The Blade" Barkley is in the running to top it as the best fight of 1989.

As Colin Hart, the boxing writer for *The London Sun*, told me moments after Harding's win: "Neither Harding nor

> Harding fits none of the stereotypes. He is Mike Tyson with New Age ideals. He is an ass kicker who gets around in sandals.

Andries will ever be compared to Sugar Ray Robinson. The standard of their boxing wasn't as great as that shown by Duran and Barkley. But for sheer entertainment and excitement it was fantastic. Harding has a lot to learn but you can't doubt his heart or his chin. He is one tough fighter."

Harding and Andries looked a little out of their depth in Atlantic City. In a town of hype and hysteria, of bloated housewives hitting town for a weekend to forget their impotent husbands and brattish kids, their performance was painfully honest and frightfully real. Both are bread and butter fighters, workmen who earn every cent that they bleed and hurt for.

Andries, the defending champion, is 35 years old, nearly 36. He was born in Georgetown, Guyana, grew up in Britain and had spent the last two years before his fight with Harding doing his post-graduate course in the school of hard knocks at the Kronk Gym in Detroit. Going in against Harding he was a two-time champion who had lost only one of his 22 previous fights and that against the magnificent Hearns. Andries possessed a powerful right hand and an awkward, frustrating style that even Hearns had trouble countering.

Not much was known about Jeff Harding before the fight. He came in as a late substitute for Donny Lalonde, who decided at the last moment that the $7 million he earned against Sugar Ray Leonard last year could last him quite a while. In Harding's previous fight he struggled to outpoint Argentinian Nestor Giovannini in a sluggish bout he'd rather forget. At a press conference the day before the championship battle, Andries said he was glad "another victim" had been found following the withdrawal of Lalonde. He said he was very happy to be fighting "Jess" Harding.

Harding said he was very happy to be fighting Dennis Andries. Although he admitted he would have loved the fight to have been in Australia. "These American customs confuse me," he said. "Things like tipping. In Australia the only thing we ever tip is our hats." Harding has never been one for appearances. He has never thrown his money around like his gym rival Fenech.

"I've been offered $6 million for three fights by a group of businessmen in Sydney." — Jeff Fenech, talking comeback.

It's 6am and the street lights glimmer through the fog on the boardwalk as Jeff Fenech emerges from the lift in the foyer of the Atlantis Hotel wearing a Parramatta Rugby League T-shirt, a pair of Speedo bathing trunks and Reebok running shoes. In typical fashion he has shouted some mates to Atlantic City to cheer on Harding. Though Fenech and Harding are hardly close friends there is an unwritten law at the Newtown Police Youth Club that team members encourage each other. Fenech is in town as much for the sake of trainer Johnny Lewis as he is for the Hit Man.

Although Fenech stays in the casinos of Atlantic City until well after midnight — a few thousand here, a few thousand there — he is up every morning before the sun for roadwork, the same ritual he has gone through every morning since his first boxing lessons with Lewis in 1981.

Jeff Harding is fighting for the light-heavyweight championship of the world a few days later but it is Jeff Fenech who commands all the attention in the lead-up to the event. Even though I have been in Fenech's corner for 20 of his 23 fights, I never quite realised what a star of global proportions he was until I travelled to America with him. In Auckland airport he was besieged by well-wishers; in Honolulu tourists whispered his name. In New York heads turned in amazement ("Hey — ain't that the featherweight champ — that Jeff Fee-netch?") and in Atlantic City he was treated like a favorite son.

HIT MAN

In the foggy early mornings, when he would run so fast that I would quickly lose sight of him in the mists, it was easy to see that he still hungers for the prize ring. All the way to America I had kidded him about a comeback. All the way he had laughed a wary laugh, saying that he was happy playing reserve grade for Parramatta Rugby League club and that in 1990 he would try to make it into their first grade team.

On the first morning we ran the boardwalk together we talked about boxing and Rugby League and about his love for both. And about how three-time — maybe four-time, maybe five — world champs get more money, adulation and respect than reserve grade Rugby League players. As he started to pick up the pace for the dash home I asked slyly: "What's it feel like to be back, champ?"

Catching himself, he said: "I'm tellin' ya, I'm about as close to a comeback as you are." This means that he is no chance of a comeback, that the idea is absurd, laughable, idiotic.

But those close to Fenech have always believed otherwise. In the days leading up to the Harding fight his mates are all giving odds about him fighting again. "No betting," is the consensus of opinion. "He'll fight again because he loves it."

Still Fenech denies that he wants to box. He says his decision to retire, made with wet eyes and busted hands after his April fight with Marcos Villasana, is final.

But each morning he runs a little bit harder.

The English press, in town to see their champion Andries, seem more interested in the three-time champion from Australia than the two-time light-heavyweight king from Detroit by way of Georgetown and London. The first time the English fight writers spot Fenech he has his friend and world-rated flyweight Peter Mitrevski in a headlock. They roar with laughter when he tries to pass off a brass bracelet as gold to a Japanese tourist.

Fenech's coach at the 1984 Olympics, American Ed Weichers, who worked Harding's corner in Atlantic City, says the former featherweight champion is one of the "greatest kids" he's ever met. "But he always reminds me of Moe in *The Three Stooges*," says Weichers. "Every time you turn around he is hitting someone on the head or poking them in the eye. It's his idea of fun. He's as much a slapstick comedian as he is a great fighter."

Fenech tells the British writers that the police in Atlantic City ride the same sort of motor scooters that he stole from a security guard to ease his depression after the LA Olympics.

Fenech was on the verge of signing to fight Irishman Barry McGuigan for a million dollars when he fought Villasana. Instead, the Mauler quit boxing and the idolised McGuigan was cut to pieces by unheralded Englishman Jim McDonnell. "It's just as well for McGuigan that we didn't fight," remarks Fenech, as cheeky as ever, "or he'd still be asleep." Maybe the loss of an easy million annoys him more than he lets on.

Everyone who is anyone in boxing wants to talk to Jeff Fenech. *The New York Post* calls him the Awesome Aussie and hints that a comeback may be in the wind. The day before Harding fights, Fenech tells a gathering of reporters that he has been offered big bucks for a comeback. There is talk of him seeing a bone specialist in Los Angeles to mend his damaged fists. There is talk of fights with Azumah Nelson, the WBC super-featherweight champion, and Jose Luis Ramirez, the former WBC lightweight king. There is talk of unfulfilled dreams, of titles still to win, of more money to make, more glory to gather.

Fenech's attitude towards Atlantic City wavered depending on his fortunes in the many casinos where he was treated as a long-time and welcome friend. The best part of America, he said, was that their episodes of *Days Of Our Lives*, his favorite soapie, were years ahead of the episodes back in Sydney. He spent a good part of every afternoon jotting down character developments and the story lines to relay to other *Days* devotees in Australia.

He also spent a lot of time giving cheek to anyone who he felt deserved it. In Caesar's Palace one night he was shown the door after chinning a 195cm man who had slapped him in the face in a squabble at the blackjack tables.

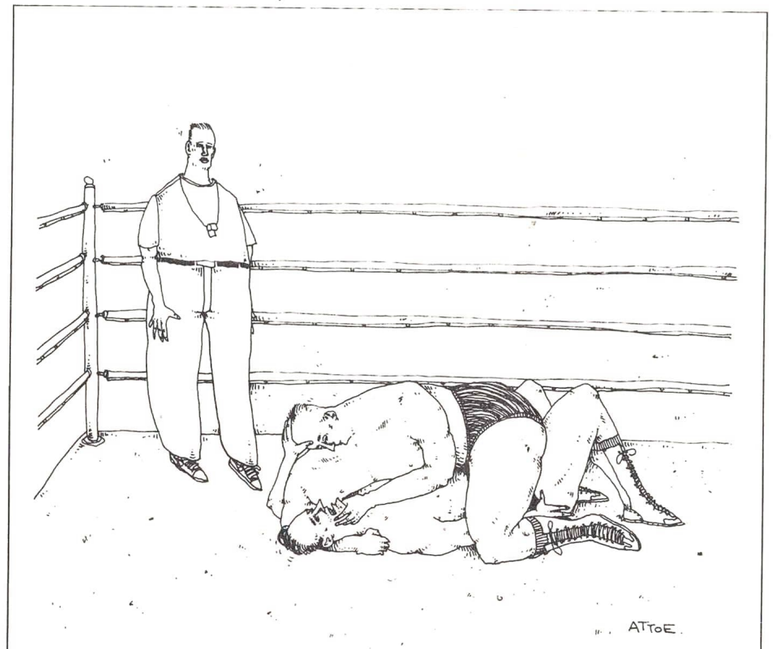
Fenech can't help himself in Atlantic City. There is still a lot of the motor mouth punk about him. Prince Charles Williams, who was defending his IBF light-heavyweight title the day after Harding-Andries, spotted Fenech eating at Trump Plaza.

"Hey man, you're the guy with all them titles," the Prince said through an amiable grin. "Man, what say I lose 20 pounds, you put on 20 pounds and we fight. Man, we'd make millions. Millions."

Fenech didn't stop eating, didn't even look at the Prince. "Why worry about the 20 pounds?" he said. Embarrassed, the Prince skulked off.

That night, in a Chinese restaurant in Trump Plaza, Fenech argued heatedly with his promoter Bill Mordey about the involvement of the International Management Group in any comeback plans. For the rest of Fenech's time in Atlantic City there was an iciness between promoter and fighter.

There is a rivalry, too, between Harding and Fenech. That same rivalry may have spurred Harding on that little extra when the chips were down in the biggest



"Couldn't we do this without kissing?"

gamble of his life: the chance to prove that he was world champion material like the little bloke who always got all the attention, all the praise.

When Fenech announced his retirement it was Harding who almost immediately announced that he was now the top gun at the Newtown gym. When hotel reservations for Harding's entourage did not go as planned it was he who exploded with: "This never happens to Fenech. How come he gets the red carpet treatment and I don't?"

Fenech has a charisma that Harding lacks. Fenech has a way of making friends while Harding has a way of rubbing them the wrong way. At ringside Fenech watched Harding's triumph and tribulations next to a guy who claims to be one of his greatest fans — heavyweight champ Tyson, a monolithic young man of 23 who stands a little under 183cm and looks as wide as he is tall.

Fenech and Tyson were quite an item in Atlantic City. When they first met in Las Vegas earlier this year (where both won awards from the WBC), Tyson stuck his hand out to Fenech and remarked to a friend: "Man, look at his head. This guy's a rough dude." In Atlantic City Tyson and Fenech were like a two-man mutual admiration society. Fenech got around in leather pants and half his weight in gold and Tyson in a pair of red leather shorts and braces that would have looked good at an all-male coffee shop in Oxford Street, Sydney (though, to my knowledge, no-one told him this).

When he talks about Fenech, Tyson uses words like "incredible strength", "the tenacity of a true champion" and "a man with the heart of a great fighter."

Tyson told Fenech that while his friend Harding lacks the skills of a great world champion, he does possess a great chin and heart, and that the fight with Andries was one of the most exciting he had seen.

Tyson ambled into Harding's dressing room arm in arm with Fenech before and after the victory. For Harding, a bush boy, his meeting with the heavyweight champion of the world was not so much the thrill of a lifetime as a pleasant way to pass the minutes before the showdown. Tyson continually called the Australians' trainer "Mr Lewis", rather than Johnny.

The day after Harding's victory, Fenech was in a function room of the Trump Plaza, a room complete with a boxing ring and punching bags to serve as the training headquarters for the heavyweight champion. Fenech watched a spiteful sparring session between Tyson and the former WBA heavyweight champion Greg Page, a boxer who has lost 20 pounds of flab since he wobbled to defeat against Joe Bugner in Sydney two years ago. Tyson told Fenech that he had been sparring badly but that his form picked up when he saw Fenech watching.

"He said I was an inspiration to him," Fenech said proudly. The voice he used was that of a small child who has been praised for good homework.

Later that day I bought Fenech the controversial Tyson biography written by former world champ Jose Torres, once a Tyson mentor and now something of a literary lion. Torres and Tyson no longer speak because of the shocking revelations in the book.

Fenech showed little interest in the book until I told him what was in it — the stuff about Tyson being treated for gonorrhea, the stuff about him enjoying the sight of women screaming and bleeding when he makes love to them, and his idle boasts about screwing "24 bitches" in one night.

Fenech immediately seized the book and went off to ask Iron Mike whether such things were true. "Nuh," Fenech said on his return. "Mike says it's all made up. It's all bullshit."

> Everyone loves a winner. When the winner is white, unbeaten, and whose every fight is a hard slugfest, that winner is worth a lot of money.

"Bob Arum is one of the worst people in the Western Hemisphere. I don't know the Eastern Hemisphere very well, but I suspect he'd be one of the worst people there too if he went there. When Bob Arum pats you on the back, he's just looking for a spot to stick the knife." — The late Cus D'Amato, former legal guardian and trainer of Iron Mike Tyson.

Bob Arum is walking around Trump Plaza with a condom on his shoulder. His critics say he should wear a condom over his head, but Jeff Harding isn't one of them. Yet.

As far as Harding's concerned, Bob Arum is the dream merchant, the man who made him a star. And the man who could even, one day, put the prefix "super" in front of that. The fact that Jeff Fenech puts an empty condom on Arum's shoulder shows that not only does Fenech realise he is a hot property in American boxing — a man who can do what he likes to anyone — but that he is in a particularly hyperactive mood.

The Americans have never seen a fighter quite like the one-time street punk from Marrickville. Not only does he walk around official receptions dispensing condoms to the unwary but before Harding's victory party is over he has wrestled three friends to the floor and chased the international matchmaker Don Majeski through the hotel corridors, finally emerging with Majeski's trousers and making the respected fight figure walk around for part of the evening half-naked. Bob Arum seems unconcerned about the condom prank. He has had worse heaped upon him.

Short and owlish, Arum is the 54-year-old son of an orthodox Jewish accountant. He grew up in New York and graduated from the Harvard Law School and become involved in boxing after being part of a tax investigation into a major fight. Arum realised there was money to be made. These days he is said to be worth $80 million. He has staged some of the great fights of the century, involving the likes of Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard and Marvellous Marvin Hagler. A lot of people call him a liar. His only rival for brickbats on the stage of world boxing is the ubiquitous, garrulous, electric-haired Don King, a convicted killer who has turned the oratory skills of a black carnival hustler into a sports empire.

Don King, 190cm and 115kg, is a 57-year-old former Cleveland racketeer. He decided to become a boxing promoter during the rest break from a prison detail of shovelling pig shit at the Marion Correctional Institute in Ohio. King did four years for kicking to death his business partner in an illegal gambling operation. When he came out of jail he said he was not only suffering "deep contrition over the expiration of the man" but that he was also "armed and dangerous with knowledge."

He said he had read up on "Bill Shakespeare and all them other top writers."

These days Don King controls the heavyweight division and many other fighters. King and Arum, though bitter rivals who have come to blows in the past, are full of praise for Harding's performance and full of interest in a Fenech comeback.

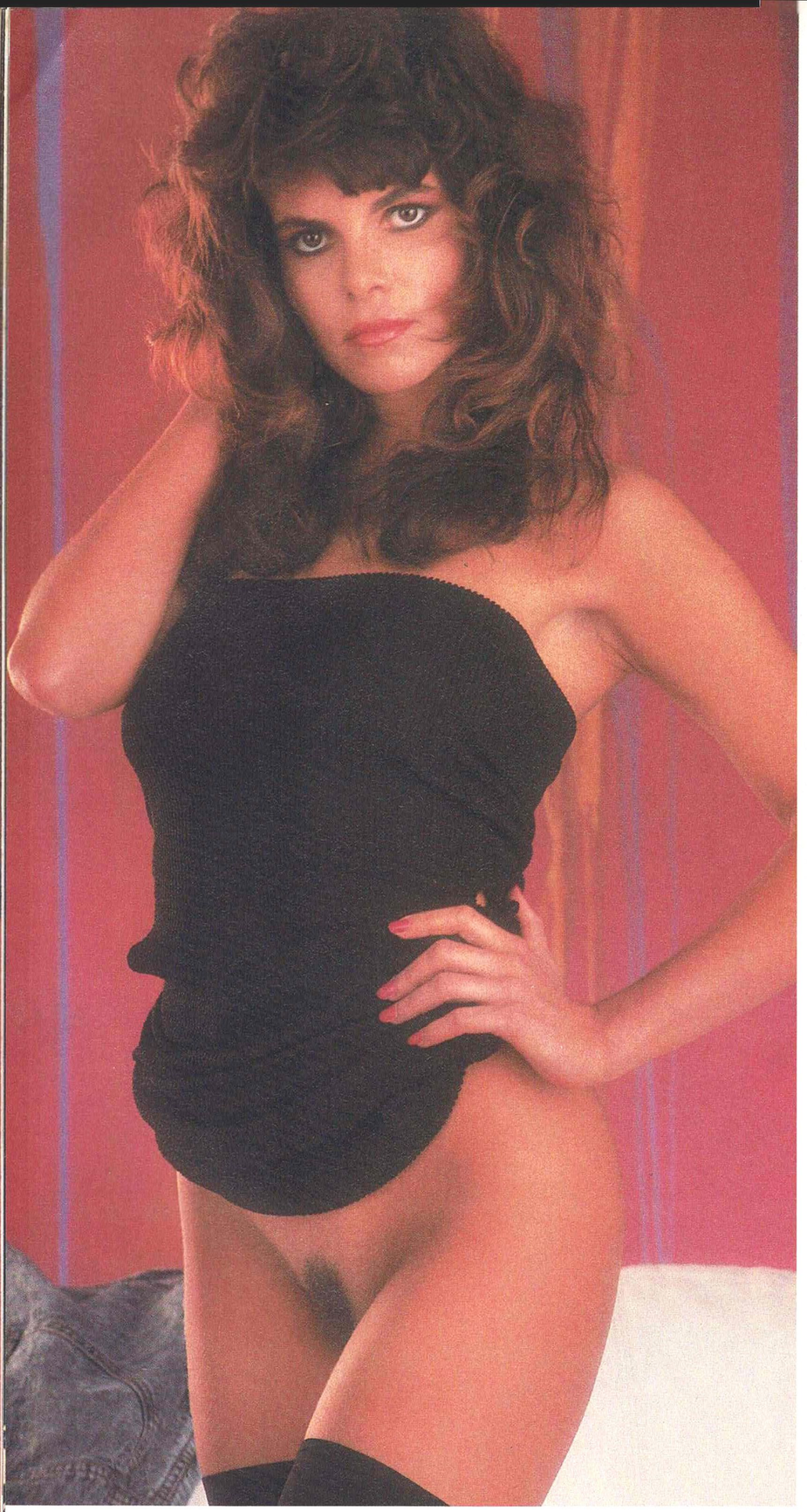
Trump is a fair-haired pouting man who wears dark suits and big, well-groomed minders on either arm. According to his press releases, Trump is one of the richest men in America because of his imagination and daring. Certainly there are few billionaires with such affection for publicity. A major player in the New York real estate market, Trump's name adorns some of the most valuable properties on the east coast of America. He owns casinos throughout Atlantic City and has been responsible for shifting the powerbase of boxing from Las Vegas to AC. He owns hotels, condominiums and office blocks in New York and is fond of sailing past his investments in the world's

Continued on page 98

Cyclone michelle

Mesmerising 18-year-old Michelle is studying fashion design at college and one day hopes to launch her own label. "I have always wanted to work in fashion. I often make my own clothes. I most love creating close-fitting, colorful dresses." With curves like hers, no wonder.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



When she's not stitching away she's out creating a storm on the social circuit. "I guess I'm hyperactive. I love going out and meeting new people. Sometimes I remind myself of Andy Warhol — I would go to the opening of an envelope if it meant not being stuck at home."

Michelle also keeps fit by running and cycling. It would take an iron man to keep up with this sizzling cyclone. "My ideal man is someone who is energetic and fun. Someone full of surprises, a man who will shower me with affection and who likes making love in unusual places."

HIT MAN

Continued from page 87

most luxurious private yacht, the 282-foot *Trump Princess*, a floating palace that has magnificent state rooms, onyx bathrooms and 270 telephones.

Boxing in the United States is a little different to boxing anywhere else in the world. It's a bit like entertainment in club land rather than a spectator sport for the masses. Casinos like Trump Plaza care little if anybody shows up to watch a fight between two out-of-towners like Andries and Harding. What they care about is getting two hours of prime time television publicity for their roulette wheels and blackjack tables. And when the fight is an absolute war with a Hollywood finish, then the publicity for a casino like Trump Plaza is magnified.

Watching Jeff Harding's second-to-last training session, New York fight writer Michael Katz theorised that Harding was more of a crock than a Crocodile Dundee and that he was too tight, too predictable and too lacking in defence to beat an old warhorse like Andries. "They call him the Hit Man," he wrote, "because you just can't miss him." But after the fight Katz and all the other big-time fight writers were comparing Harding to Jake LaMotta, the legendary middleweight Raging Bull. And to other similarly immovable forces.

Harding may not be pretty to watch, he may lack subtlety and cunning and composure, but you'd love to have him next to you in the trenches. And judging by the reaction of Trump, King and Arum after the fight, they'd love to have him in their boxing rings. Again and again. Everybody loves a winner. When the winner is white, unbeaten, with a powerful left hook and a lack of defence that makes every fight a head-slamming slugfest, that winner is worth a lot of money.

When referee Joey Cortez hauled Harding off a stricken Andries following two knockdowns in the 12th round, Bob Arum was seen to leap to his feet, outstretch his arms to the heavens and proclaim with religious zeal: "Millions! Millions!"

"What do I need a limousine for? I used to drive to places in my own car before I won the title. What's the big difference now?" — Jeff Harding, after one week as world champion.

"I've been back one week and I haven't stopped," says Jeff Harding about his continuing run of engagements, civic receptions and autograph-signing sessions. "Everybody wants me to do something. They pull me this way, they pull me that way. They had a State reception for me and I hate those sort of things. I guess I'll have to get used to them. I've been doing public appearances and I'm not real keen, but I guess when you're the champ you have to learn to live with that sort of thing. The time to start worrying is when no-one wants to know you anymore."

Harding has never been one to kid himself. He knows he won't be the WBC light-heavyweight champion of the world forever. Right now he has a lot of people patting him on the back who didn't want to know him before he won the title and won't want to know him when he gives it up. His transformation in life has been meteoric. From the outhouse to the penthouse in a little over a month.

The day after Harding trudged through 10 rounds with Nestor Giovannini on May 12 in the half-empty Newcastle Basketball Stadium, Bill Mordey was wondering what to do next. The bout was so lacking in action, so one-dimensional that the promoter admitted he would have trouble selling another closed circuit deal involving the fighter.

> Harding doesn't pretend to like boxing or boxing fans. He loves to fight because when it's over he gets a lot of money and everybody claps.

On the evening of June 24, Mordey, Arum and Harding's manager Tim Pickup were talking telephone numbers for future fights. Harding's victory makes him a highly marketable commodity, provided his chin stays firm. From Mordey's perspective it gives him a man who can generate even more revenue than Fenech. The big purses may have to wait until Harding proves that he is the world's top light-heavyweight. He earned $100,000 for winning the title and his contract to fight Andries only guarantees him $300,000 for his first two title defences. But that's still not too bad for a guy who was working as linesman for the Sydney County Council only six months ago. The really big money is ahead of him, a little further on.

Harding is a reluctant hero. He does not crave or enjoy the adulation in the manner of Fenech. Star status is good for only one thing, he says, and that's money in the bank. He did not wear the green and gold of Australia for his title fight, he did not go in for the Fenech flag kissing or patriotic fervor. He says he'd just as soon fight in America now as Australia and that when he fights he's not really thinking of this great land of ours, only the house he wants to buy on the beach.

Becoming the world champion has made him even more cautious and guarded than in his days as a little known contender. Harding is brutally honest as he is butally efficient in the ring. He has few close friends and likes it that way. He doesn't trust too many people outside Mordey, trainer Lewis and manager Pickup, a former Australian Rugby League international he says is like a brother to him.

Harding makes a lot of enemies with his mouth. He is so lacking in tact that Pickup jokingly says we should dispense with the Hit Man nickname and use "The Diplomat" instead. Once in his early amateur days, Harding was introduced to a great of the Australian ring, an Aboriginal boxer who was also extremely sensitive about the motley pigmentation of his skin. "Hullo mate," Harding said, and then, looking quizzically at his new acquaintance, "Hey, what's wrong with your back? You look like a piebald pony."

He suspects rightly that the media's present love affair with him will turn to mockery if he ever loses. He regards the media merely as a means to help him make more money, though unlike most athletes he is prepared to admit this. He is still amazed at some of the stories that emerged following his triumph. He still roars with laughter at the one which had trainer Lewis cutting his eyes open to release the blood during the Andries fight. "I think some people have been watching too many *Rocky* movies," he says. "Cornermen fix cut eyes, they don't create them."

Harding announced his engagement to his long-time girlfriend Wendy at the victory party following his title triumph. He met Wendy four years ago when they both worked for the council. He was shy and nervous around her at first, but finally plucked up the courage to ask her for a date. He was an hour and a half late for their first encounter after borrowing $20 to take her out.

In Atlantic City he made Wendy stay at another motel, not because of any old theories about no sex before a fight, but because, like Garbo, he wanted to be alone with his thoughts.

A decade ago, when Saad Muhammad was the champion of the world, Harding lived with his friends in a tent on the beaches of northern NSW, existing mostly on food they would catch in creeks and the ocean. He calls his adolescent Utopia a poor man's paradise and as champion of the world he is looking for the same sort of relaxed lifestyle, but with all the trappings that money can buy. He would like to buy a house in Sydney's eastern suburbs but realises he'll need "at least

Continued on page 100

Because somewhere in the world it's summer

From the Stubbies Clothing Company Limited.

New from TABS®
A distinctive range of summer casual fashions, designed to take you anywhere in the world. Get into TABS® shirts, tops, pants and shorts at department stores and menswear retailers now.

TABS®

Y&RB STU 1787

HIT MAN

Continued from page 98

$400,000 for anything decent." In his youth Harding used marijuana and he saw heroin deals go down. Right now he is on the greatest trip of his life, a fantastic red carpet ride through the rarefied air that sports heroes get to travel.

He cares little for the attention, only the rewards that it will bring. The handshakes and telegrams from Bob Hawke did not ease the numbing shock of Dennis Andries' powerful overhand right; they did not help the plastic surgeon mend his face any more delicately.

Harding hurts in the boxing ring. Fenech tells people that he can switch off his mind from pain and that even with busted hands he can go to war with the best of them and not feel a thing. "I wish he'd tell me the secret," says Harding. "Every time Andries punched me in the head it hurt. I was sore all over after the fight. You want to know about pain, try and go 12 rounds of fighting with a big puncher loading up on your head."

Until his fight with Nestor Giovannini, Harding had never earned more than $5000 for a fight. How he wants to stay champion long enough so that he can earn $5 million or more in a superfight with the likes of Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Duran, Marvin Hagler or the original Hit Man, Thomas Hearns.

Now for every public appearance he makes there is a limo waiting for him. He hates limos. "I like to take my own car," he says. "That way when the show's over I can go wherever I want, and I don't have to hang around waiting for the limo to pick me up. I hate making appearances except that it makes the kids happy. I love meeting the kids."

Money is his main motive in boxing. "You think fighting is fun?" he asks. "Would you like to get punched in the face for a living? Let me tell you that no matter what fighters earn, they deserve every penny of it.

"It's the toughest and most demanding test of character there is. In the boxing ring there's no place to escape to. It can be bloody awful, even when you win. You either stand and fight or you fail. I fight because it's the one thing in life that I am really good at. When I was a kid the only thing I could do was put a few punches together. A lot of people called me a no-hoper. But hey, here I am 24 years of age and the champion of the world — imagine how many people aspire to be world champion in something but never get there. It sure beats being a world champion beach bum."

Harding believes fiercely in his own ability. He is not kidding himself that he is the best fighter in the world, he's not kidding himself that he's even the best light-heavyweight in the world when it comes to boxing skills. But put him in with anyone on Earth, even Mike Tyson, and you'll need a chainsaw to stop him throwing punches.

"Harding has a cast iron chin," says Mitchell Barnes, the publisher of Australia's international boxing magazine, *The Fist*. "He has a cast iron chin and a heart that is pure courage. He makes fun of his limitations, he laughs at his shortcomings, he jokes about his squashed nose and the element of lunacy fighters must have to step into the ring. . .

"But underneath Jeff Harding, underneath the surly veil and tactless arrogance, is an athlete of extraordinary mental powers. A guy who is able to play mind games with opponents and with himself. A fighter who, like Fenech, is so mentally tough that he can walk through the pain and shrug off bombs that land on his chin. Jeff Harding is a headcase. One of the toughest headcases in the business."

Harding is the kind of fighter who has been known to lambast sparring partners for wearing yellow track suit pants to the gym. Once he amazed Fenech and others at Newtown with a torrent of abuse against a hapless rival. "I hate yellow track suit pants," he exploded. "They distract me. I can't concentrate."

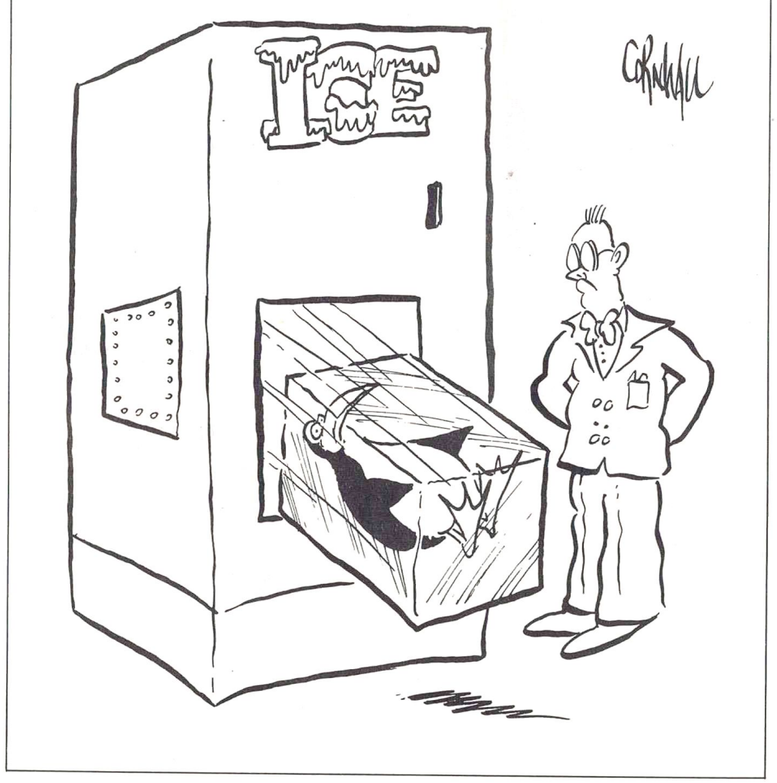
Yet here is a fighter with such concentration that he walked through Dennis Andries' best right hands and remained composed enough to finish off the dangerous veteran with seconds to spare. And Andries was wearing yellow trunks at that.

Before his title fight I gave Harding a pre-fight present — a book about boxing's greatest warriors. I told him to read about the great light-heavyweights because one day he would become one.

In a way the book was a payback for a book Harding gave me once, a classic of boxing literature — A. J. Liebling's *The Sweet Science*. When he gave me Liebling's masterpiece, Harding couldn't resist a jibe at himself. He was making fun of himself and fighters in general. His is a crazy profession but in his case, unlike so many, it's one that pays awfully well. "Wendy gave me the book for my birthday," he said, "but I don't like it. Too many big words and no pictures. I'm a fighter, you know. We don't understand that sort of stuff."

With Jeff Harding, what you see is what you get. If he likes you, he lets you know. If he doesn't, he lets you know even quicker. He does not pretend to love boxing or boxing fans. He loves to fight because when it's over he gets paid a lot of money and everybody claps.

In Atlantic City, where the truth is obscure, he gave the most honest performance of his life — one of the most honest, wholehearted performances boxing has seen.



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DARREN TAYLOR

HOME: Jamberoo, NSW.
AGE: 29.
PROFESSION: Master Chef and owner of French style restaurant/guesthouse.
HOBBY: Playing sax – music is the food of love.

LAST BOOK READ: "Rude Food" Thorpe.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Cooking dinner for the King of Spain. "Everyone should eat like a king".
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: Cooking is technique and romance. You must be in love and in love with cooking to be a truly great chef.
QUOTE: "Good food is like art, it should be for everyone not just kings."
PROFILE: Does everything the right way. "There are no short cuts in life or in my kitchen".
HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's. "It's a recipe for perfection".

Dewar's
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
"White Label"
John Dewar & Sons Ltd

Leo Burnett UTDG 1030 APB 10186-A

HYATT REGENCY SANCTUARY COVE

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

Built in the traditional style of the splendid Queensland homesteads of the 1920s, Hyatt Regency Sanctuary Cove offers the right environment for the perfect holiday.

One of the resort's landmarks is The Great House on the banks of the Coomera River. This unique monument to Australian history is furnished in colonial style and is modelled on a traditional Queensland country mansion.

The theme of old style grandeur is central to Hyatt Regency Sanctuary Cove. Breathtaking views of the marina, the flowing greens of the golf course or the Coomera River can be enjoyed from the private verandahs adjoining each hotel room.

If the architecture and the ambience of this world class hotel is evocative of early Queensland, so too is the food. The menu in the formal Grange Restaurant is based on the concept of using the freshest produce available. Coomera's poolside bar and grill features sizzling barbecues and the Cove Cafe offers relaxed, casual dining all day.

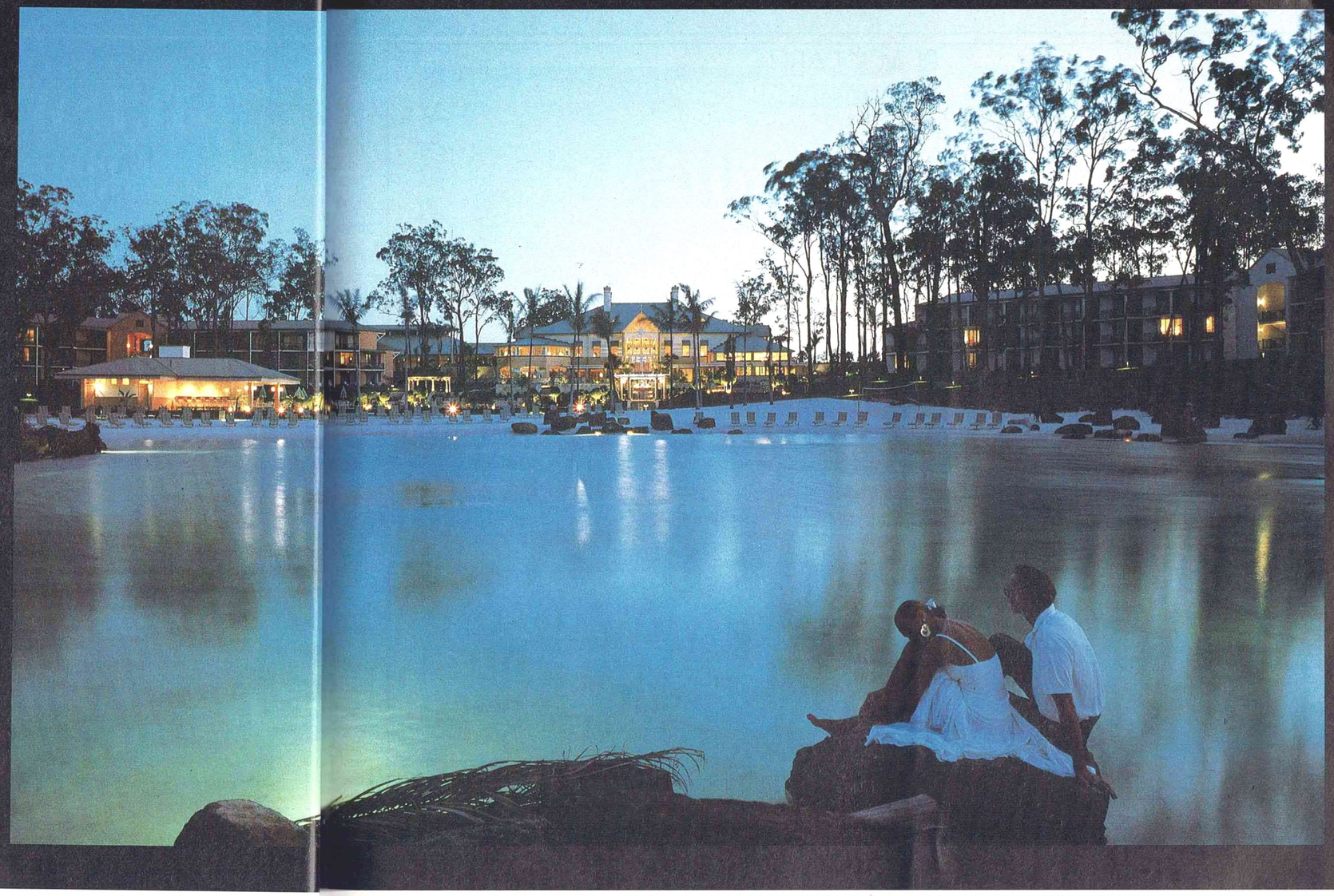
For fitness enthusiasts, the Rec Club boasts the most luxurious and sophisticated training and exercise equipment, as well as nine tennis courts, squash and lawn bowls. And at the end of the day guests can relax in saunas and spas.

For the golfer, the international 18 hole Palms Course is stimulating and fun to play, while the Pines International 18 hole course, designed by the legendary Arnold Palmer, provides a worthy challenge for players of all levels of skill.

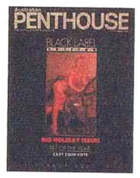
It is obvious that this hotel is different from any other you have experienced: essentially Australian in outlook and style, but world class in its standards. And with all the earthly pleasures of Sanctuary Cove at your disposal.

"We have created the perfect environment," says General Manager Ulrich Hoppe. "Privacy, seclusion, a blend of traditional Australian hospitality and architecture backed by unsurpassed recreational and sporting facilities."

Ansett.



Special Offer !



Subscribe to the Black Label Edition now and you could win a week for two at Hyatt Regency's magnificent Sanctuary Cove resort. And you'll fly to the Gold Coast courtesy of Ansett.

Just fill in the coupon or the reply paid card in this month's issue and you'll be in the draw to win this luxury holiday.

You probably know that apart from the Australian Penthouse you'll find at the newsagent, we also publish the special Black Label edition which is exclusive to subscribers.

Australian censorship regulations restrict more explicit material to be sold by subscription only. So the Black Label Edition features the same stunning girls you'll find in our regular editions but the pictorials show them in a different light.

PLUS, the Black Label also includes two extra pictorials — 16 extra pages at no extra cost every month, and exclusive couples pictorials.

Now if you subscribe, you'll not only receive 12 copies of Black Label Penthouse for just $69, you'll also be in the running for the luxury holiday for two at Hyatt Regency Sanctuary Cove.

BLACK LABEL HOLIDAY OFFER

Be quick. This offer closes on Monday, January 1, 1990.

SUBSCRIBE AND WIN!

With Black Label Australian Penthouse and Hyatt Regency Sanctuary Cove.

TC 89/2799

To Australian Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray, NSW 2062

YES! I wish to become a subscriber to Penthouse Black Label Edition, as shown below.

☐ **$69 for 12 months** ☐ **$138 for 24 months** For credit card orders ring (02) 922 7179

I enclose a cheque/money order for $ _____ OR Please debit my

☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card No: ..... Expiry Date: .....

Name: MR MRS MISS MS ..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address: .....

Postcode: ..... Telephone: .....

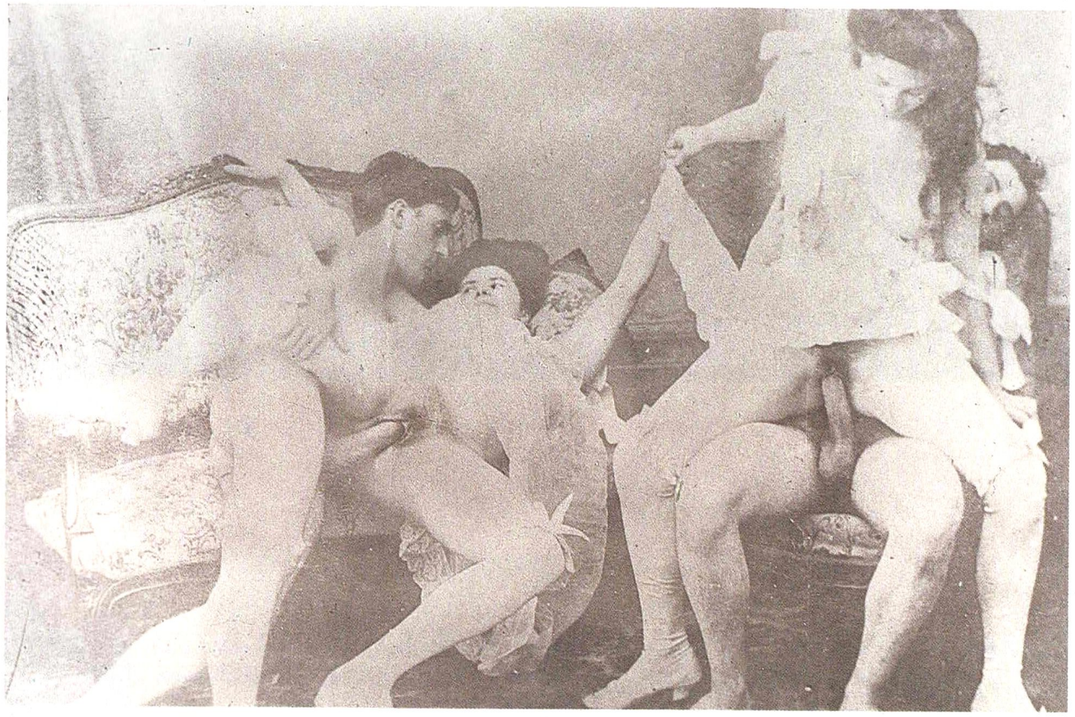
Signature: _____

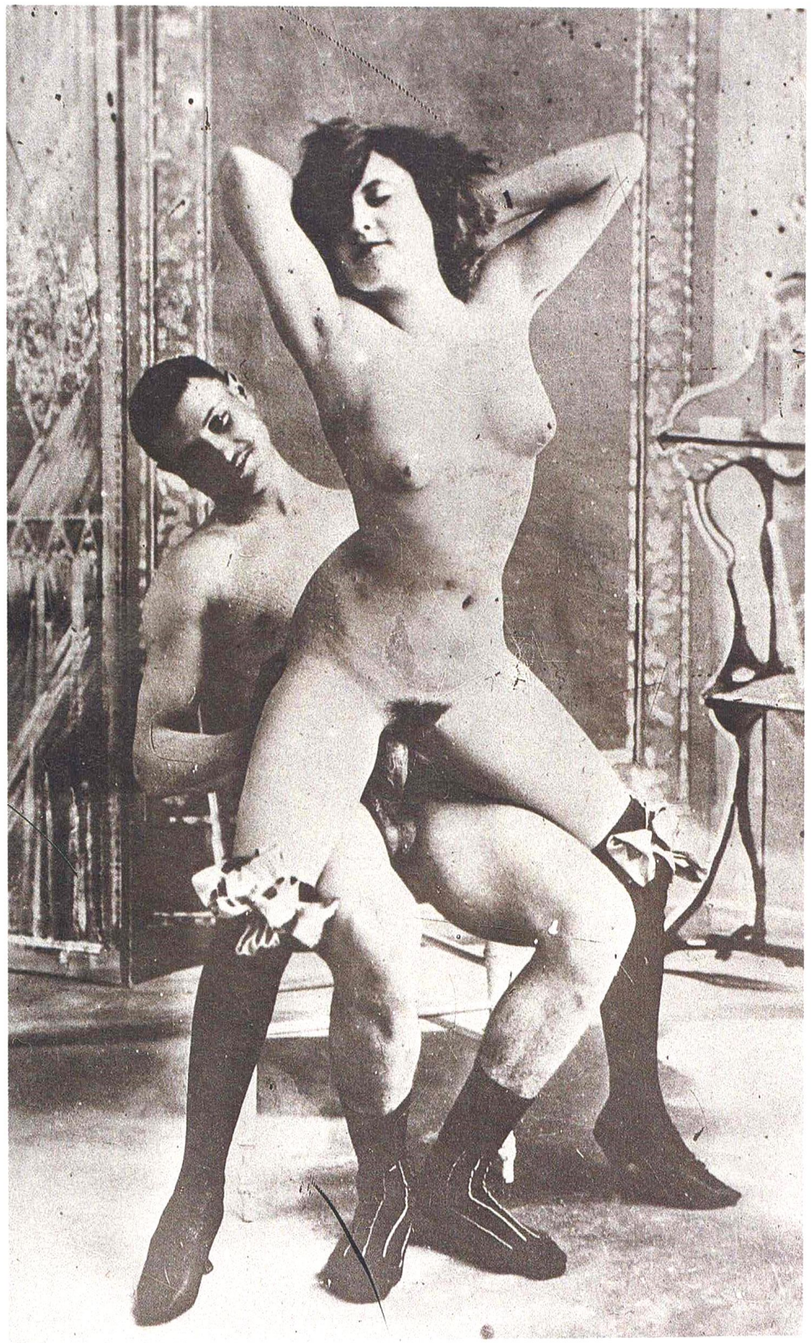
Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age. Allow 3 to 6 weeks for initial subscription copy.

BLACK LABEL
EXCLUSIVE

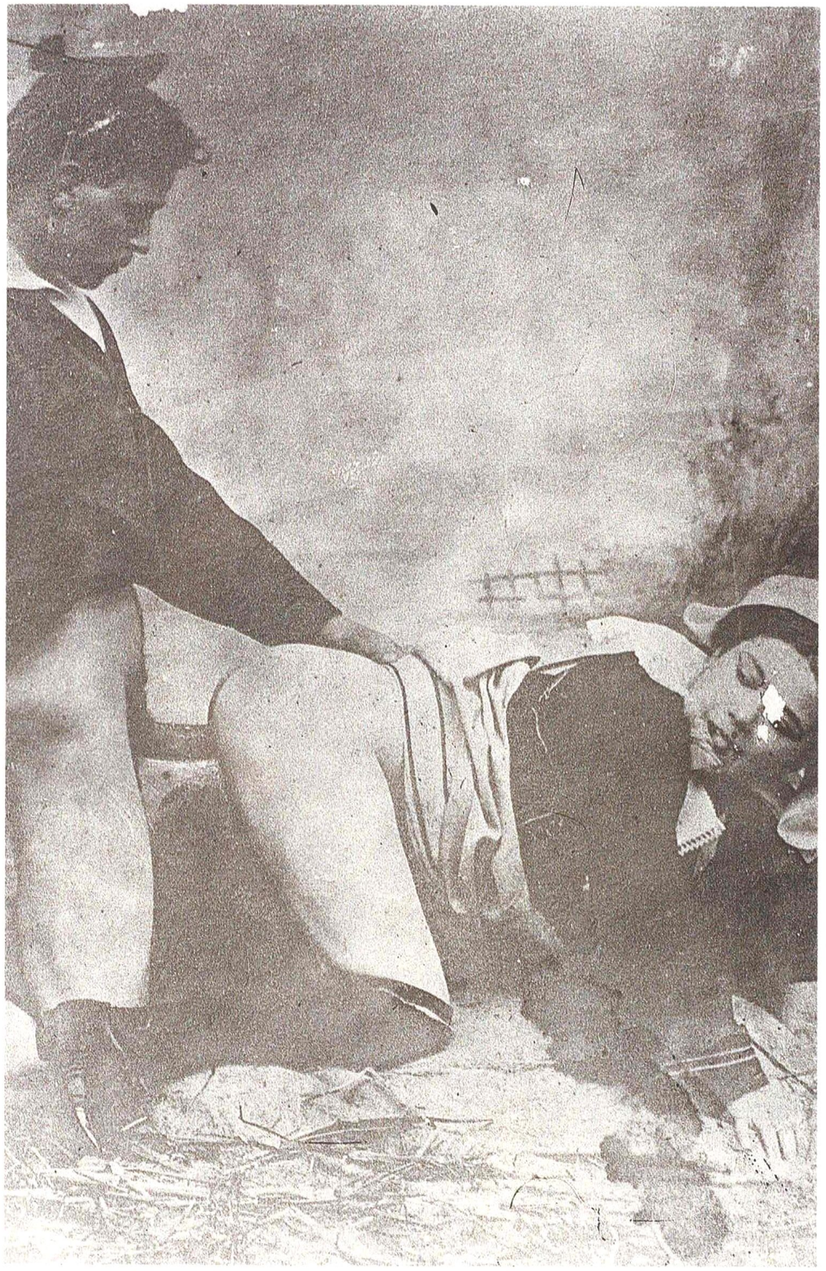
golden oldies

The way to host a titillating tea party in the Victorian era was to serve some savory entertainment. These candid photos capture some favorite parlor pastimes. The cucumber sandwiches never did arrive at this tea party as the maids were too busy giving the stableboys a hand to mount.



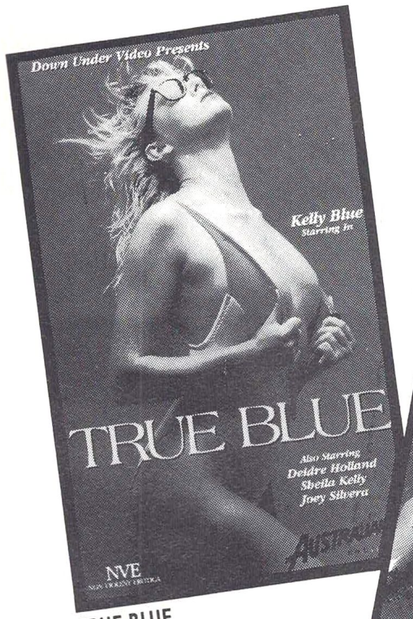


These amorous artefacts date from 1885 and were discovered in the deceased estate of a religious minister. A closet debauchee, he may have held certain damsels of his diocese closer to his heart than his congregation suspected.



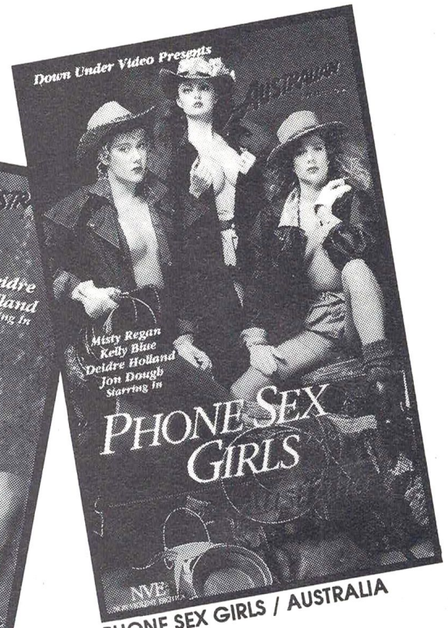
These photos give a rare glimpse into the past — the side not recorded in the history books, which would have us believe that sex was an invention of the 21st Century. These wenches strutted their stuff when our great grandmothers were getting around in bustles. The temptations of the flesh are eternal. Though it seems, judging from their modern counterparts, the flesh is getting better.

AUSTRALIAN MADE!



TRUE BLUE

THE AUSTRALIAN CONNECTION



PHONE SEX GIRLS / AUSTRALIA

avia ADULT VIDEO INDUSTRY ASSOC. LICENCED MEMBER NO. 1

NON VIOLENT EROTICA

AUSSIE VICE

AUSTRALIAN DIRECT MARKETING ASSOCIATION INTEGRITY MEMBER

ALL FOUR $200!

AUSTRALIAN MADE

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

STATE: .....P/CODE: .....

Postage: 1 item **$5**, 2 or more items **$9**, **C.O.D. add $4.**

☐ 919	True Blue	**$ 59.95**
☐ 920	Phone Sex Girls	**$ 59.95**
☐ 924	Australian Connection	**$ 59.95**
☐ 925	Aussie Vice	**$ 59.95**
☐ **ALL FOUR MOVIES ONLY**		**$200.00**

☐ VHS
☐ BETA
Order: .....
Postage: .....
Total: .....

Payment by: ☐ Cheque ☐ Cash (must be sent by Security Post)
☐ C.O.D (add $4) ☐ Money Order ☐ Bankcard
☐ Mastercard ☐ AMEX ☐ Visa Expiry Date /

Card: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

I am aware that this material is not available to persons under the age of 18. The material herein may offend. By my signature I certify that I am over 18 years of age.

Signed: ..... Date: .....

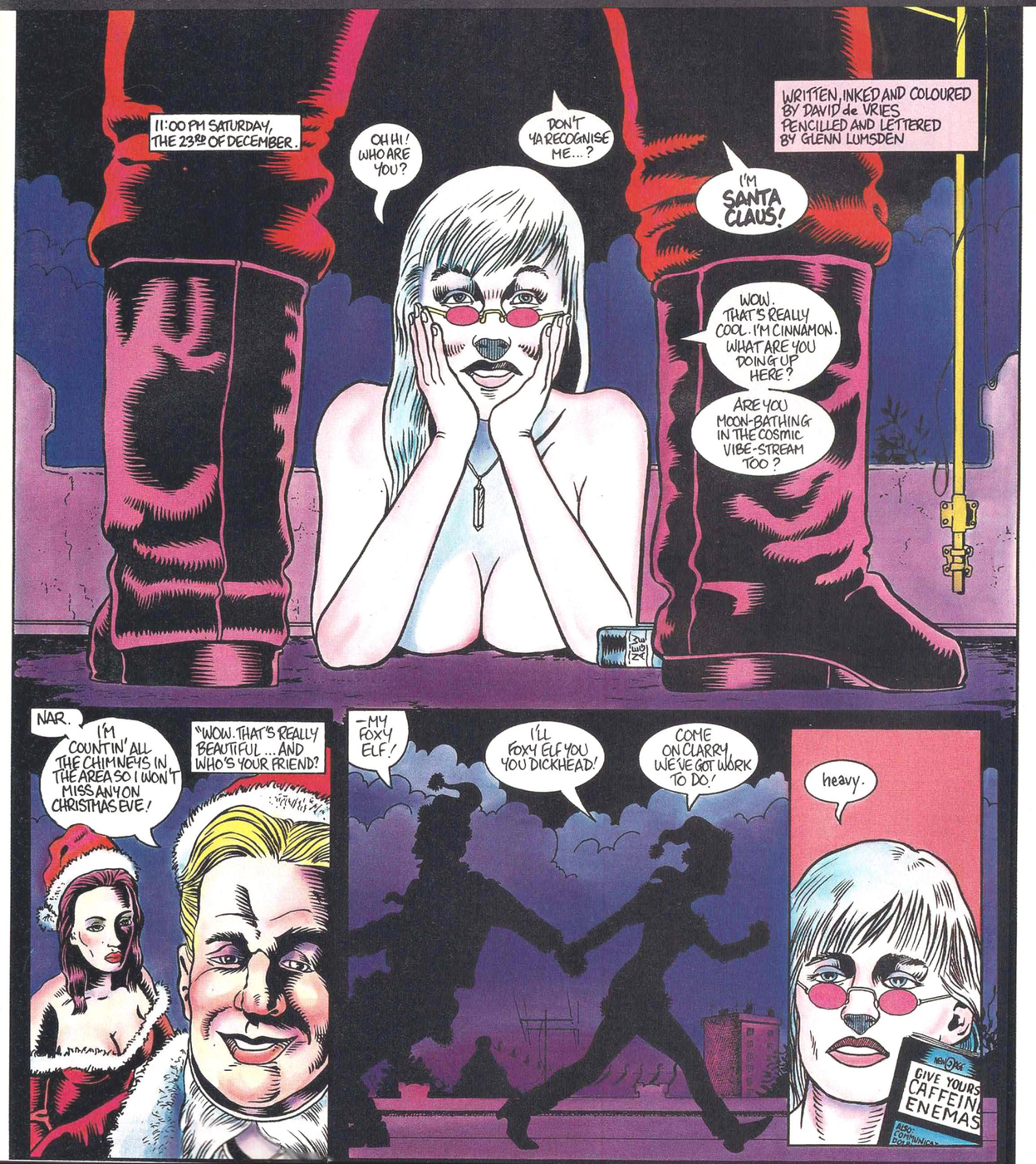
Post to: THE MATURE MEDIA GROUP, Freepost No. 1, P.O. Box 110, Curtin A.C.T., 2605
Phone Orders: (062) 80 4643, Fax (062) 80 4904 AND Viatel *699#

PHS 1/12/89

THIS AD DOES NOT APPLY IN THOSE STATES WHERE LAW DOES NOT PERMIT

BODYGUARD

PART 4: Petty Larceny


11:00 PM SATURDAY, THE 23RD OF DECEMBER.
OH HI! WHO ARE YOU?
DON'T YA RECOGNISE ME...?
I'M SANTA CLAUS!
WRITTEN, INKED AND COLOURED BY DAVID de VRIES
PENCILLED AND LETTERED BY GLENN LUMSDEN
WOW. THAT'S REALLY COOL. I'M CINNAMON. WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?
ARE YOU MOON-BATHING IN THE COSMIC VIBE-STREAM TOO?
NAR.
I'M COUNTIN' ALL THE CHIMNEYS IN THE AREA SO I WON'T MISS ANY ON CHRISTMAS EVE!
"WOW. THAT'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL... AND WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
-MY FOXY ELF!
I'LL FOXY ELF YOU YOU DICKHEAD!
COME ON CLARRY, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
heavy.
GIVE YOURS CAFFEIN ENEMAS

WHAT'S UP YOUR ARSE, FOX?
SHE WAS A REAL CUTIE!
NOT GETTING A BIT JEALOUS, ARE WE?
JEALOUS? OF THAT VEG HEAD?
HER...OR KERRI...
KERRI!? HEY, KEEP IT UP, SHITHEAD, AND YOU CAN GET HER BACK BY YOURSELF!
HA! SEE?
Grrrr. COME ON!
JEALOUS OF KERRI? MEN ARE SO OBVIOUS...
JUST BECAUSE SHE'S PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR HE RECKONS SHE'S GOD'S GIFT!
"...WELL I DIDN'T THINK SHE LOOKED SO GREAT BACK THERE AT THE OPERA HOUSE..."
WAY-HEY! CLIVE MATE, I WANT A DOZEN POSTER BLOW-UPS OF THIS ONE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE EDITOR ABOUT THAT, CLARRY!
NOW QUICK, ONE MORE BEFORE WE DRAW A CROWD!
KERRI, WHEN I SAY "NOW" OPEN YOUR TOP!
HERE, LET ME!!
"GOT IT! BEAUTIFUL!"
WHY YOU NAUGHTY SANTA..
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A HIT AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY!!
CLARRY!

RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH, LET'S GO!
HUH?
YOU KNOW WHAT PHIL* SAID! THAT NEW SMUT MAG, "SPERM MONTHLY'S" BEEN BOASTING THAT THEY'RE GOING TO RUN A NUDE PICTORIAL OF KERRI IN THEIR NEW YEAR EDITION!
BUT CHRIS..
*PHIL - P.H.'s editor.
"...I WOULDN'T POSE FOR THEM FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! I WOULDN'T COMPROMISE MY PET OF THE YEAR REPUTATION LIKE THAT!"
THAT WON'T STOP THEM TRYING TO STEAL CLIVE'S ROLL OF FILM HERE.
...OR SNAP OFF A FEW OF YOU OUT HERE WITH A TELEPHOTO!
SHE'S RIGHT KERRI, WE'D BETTER GET YOU INDOORS!
BETTER YET...
...MY STUDIO HAS A BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR!
LET'S GO!
SORRY! CAN'T FIT YOU TWO IN BUT AS YOU CAN SEE...
IT DOESN'T SEAT FOUR.
SEE YOU AT THE STUDIO!
SEX-CAT
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
FOXY HONEY, WE DON'T HAVE HIS ADDRESS, DO WE?
...AND PHIL WON'T BE AT THE PARDY FOR ANOTHER HOUR, SO WE CAN'T RING THERE.
FUCK IT!! AN HOUR!?! WHEN WORD GETS OUT ABOUT THIS, OUR REPUTATION AS MINDERS'LL BE SHOT TO SHIT!
BLOODY CLIVE! I NEVER DID LIKE THOSE SMUG ARTISTIC TYPES!
PACK'A STUCK-UP BASTARDS... THINK THEY'RE KING BLOODY DICK!
AN' DIDJA GET A LOAD OF HIS NUMBER-PLATE? "SEX-CAT"— WHAT AN ARSE-HOLE!
SEX-CAT!? CLARRY, ARE YOU SURE?
CLARRY, I LOVE YOU!!
NOW NOW, KEEP IT CLEAN!

G'DAY, YOU MUST BE FOX AND WRIGHT, RIGHT? HA HA HA... GREAT.

YOU'RE A LITTLE EARLY, LIKE ME! KEEN TO GET STARTED, EH?

WHERE'S KERRI?

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

TOOT-TOOT!

WHY CLIVE OF COURSE... CLIVE BAKER, PHOTOGRAPHER EXTRAORDINAIRE

WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT, RIGHT? A SHOOT AT THE OPERA HOUSE AT 8:30?

BUT YOU CALLED TO MAKE IT 10:00...

OH DEAR DID I GET IT WRONG?

YOU DID SAY TEN?

BUT OF COURSE YOU DID, HOW SILLY, 'COS HERE YOU ARE!

OH FUCK!!

GEEZE CLARRY, IT'S A BLOODY GOOD THING THAT MATE OF MINE IN "TRAFFIC" WAS ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THE PHONEY CLIVE'S ADDRESS VIA HIS NUMBER PLATES!

NOW UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE BALCONY SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE...

"...BINGO! THERE THEY ARE!"

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CHRIS AND CLARRY...

NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND...

...JUST A FEW MORE AND YOU'RE DONE. NOW TURN AROUND, TOUCH YOUR ANKLES AND LOOK AT ME...

...BEAUTIFUL. NOW PART YOUR LIPS...

...BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL...

YOU READY, CLARRY?

CLARRY?!

WHERE THE FUCK DID HE...?

OH FUCK HIM... I'LL DO THIS ONE MYSELF!

OOOOF!!

CHRIS! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

CLIVE! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!

NO! THE FILM!

RELAX KERRI, HE'S A FAKE... WORKS FOR SPERM MONTHLY...

"...HIS NAME'S NOT EVEN CLIVE BAKER, IT'S MATT ABBOT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

...HE CHANGED THE APPOINTMENT TIME WITH THE REAL CLIVE AND SUB-STITUTED HIMSELF TO GET YOU ON FILM!"

THE SWINE! ...AND HE SEEMED SO NICE...

AND I WAS GOING TO INVITE HIM TO THE PARTY AND EVERY-THING!

YEAH, WELL, DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, KERRI.

I'LL SEE YA GET THERE SAFE AND SOUND!

AN' IF YOU PLAY YA CARDS RIGHT I'LL EVEN DRIVE YA HOME!

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF THIS MYSELF!

"BIT OF A SWITCH, EH? ME DOIN' THE DETECTIVE WORK AND YOU DOIN' "THE ROUGH-HOUSIN'"...

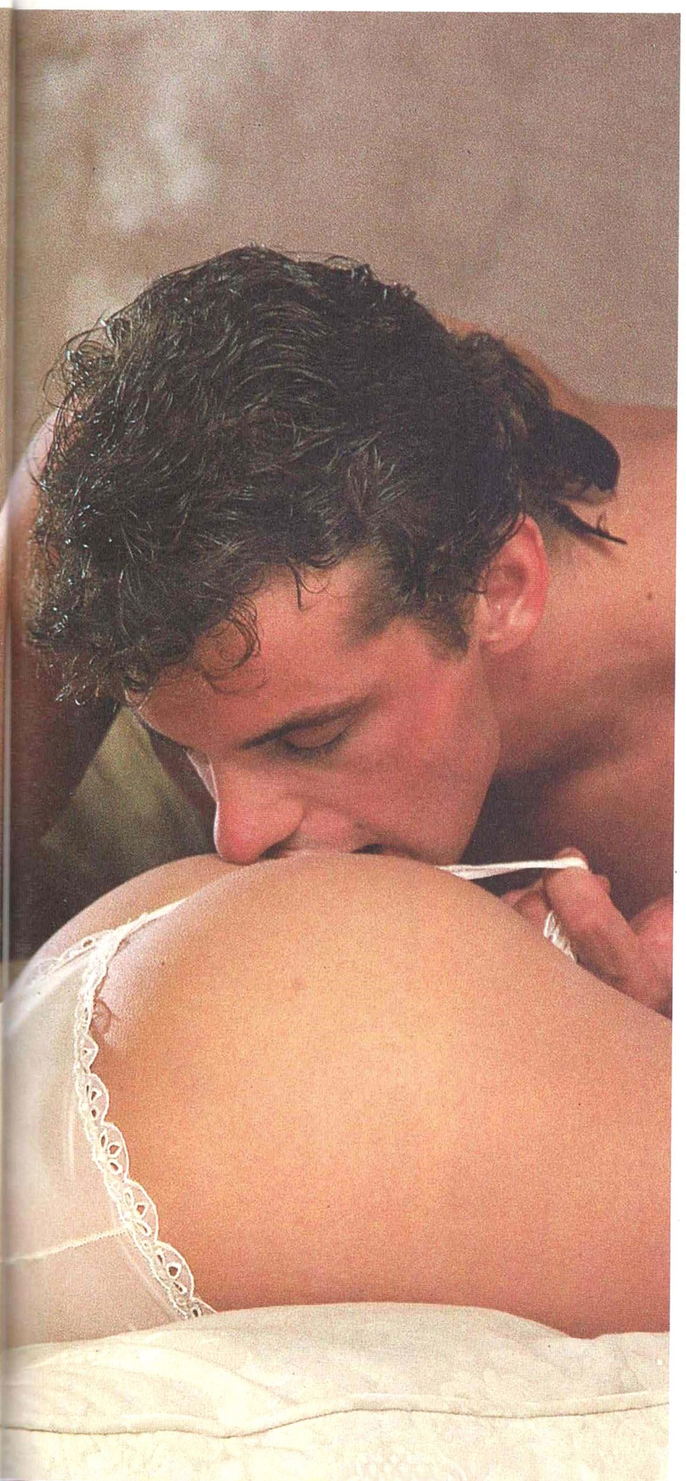
...I'VE BEEN SPREADIN' THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE A BIT...

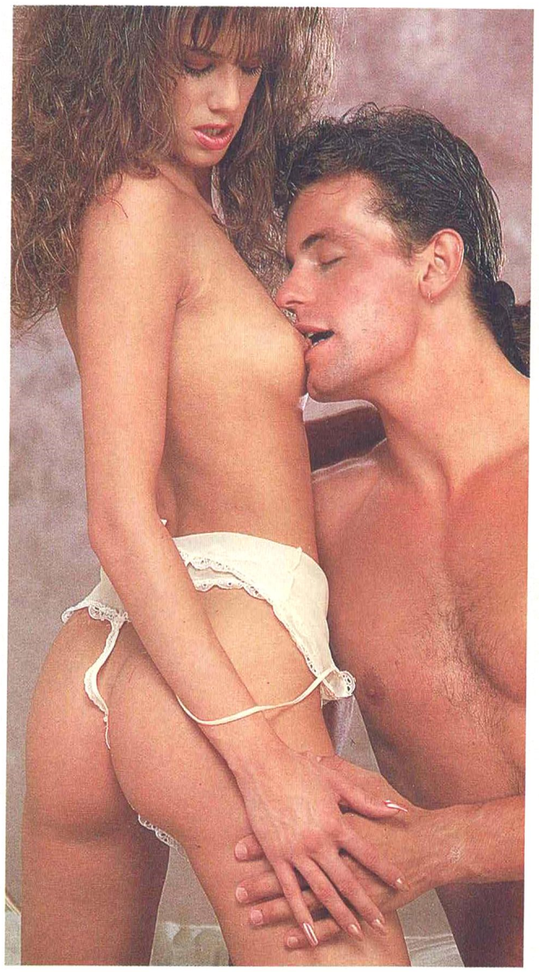
"...YA KNOW THE WORLD WOULD BE A MUCH NICER PLACE IF MORE PEOPLE BELIEVED IN SANTA CLAUS."

MUMMY ALWAYS SAID IF I WAS A GOOD GIRL SANTA WOULD COME...

I GUESS I MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY GOOD!

SEASON'S GREETINGS





ROOM SERVICE

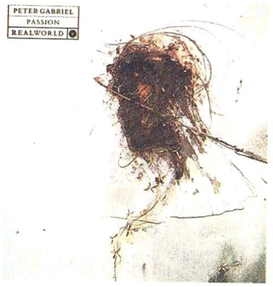
Kelly and Brad met in the hotel lift. Their eyes met and then surveyed each other's body coolly, but underneath both were seething with desire. As they stepped out of the lift neither said a word, but their intentions were understood. He lifted the key to his room from his pocket and she followed him inside.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

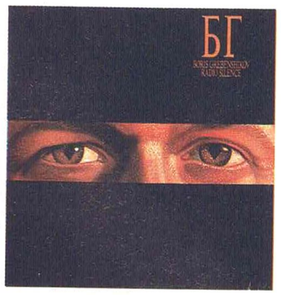
They slowly stripped, Kelly retaining only her flimsy camisole. Brad pulled her to him, caressing and touching every part of her, his sensitive hands sending shivers of ecstasy through her. Finally he plunged inside her, and they climaxed together. Hours later, when their desire was sated, Kelly planted a small kiss on his cheek and left in silence. Both knew that some experiences are beyond words.

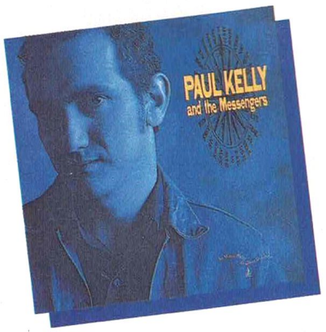
SOUNDS

FROM RUSSIA WITH CLASS



Clockwise from above: Mood-setting from Peter Gabriel; Uplifting grooves from PIL; Paul Kelly at his storytelling best; Boris Grebenshikov freshens the music scene with Radio Silence.





Glasnost is a welcome but recent parting of the Iron Curtain. The formative years of Russian rock and roll devotee **Boris Grebenshikov** were, by necessity, spent as part of an underground movement. The title track to his *Radio Silence* (CBS) testifies to the notion of operating in enemy occupied territory — the effect of a repressive domestic climate. Boris, however, appears to have fallen on his feet in the West, and into some strong company — Annie Lennox and Chrissie Hynde do some backup vocals and the bearded Eurythmic Dave Stewart plays guitar and is credited as overall producer. Boris' odyssey has taken him to studios in London, New York and Quebec. The subsequent diversity of tracks is to be expected. Some are like Chris Rea strolling down Penny Lane, though the swarthy slavic violin solo on "Fields Of My Love" (courtesy of Brit Darryl Way) spins this track off on another tangent. It can take a tourist in your hometown merely days to show you sights you never saw. So it is when a different sensibility like Boris' speaks through an overly familiar medium. The influences are often obvious but this is no mere derivative pastiche. "There is no line, only the sky, I . . . want to feel us get up and fly. Shouldn't we?"

Paul Kelly is in his best simple storytelling style as he and the renamed Messengers treat us to *So Much Water So Close To Home* (Mushroom) and other stories. Paul taxi-driver-next-door Kelly doesn't write "club them over the head and drag them home" love songs. His are more self-effacing. "When she says 'I wish you were here' . . . I am the most wanted man in the world." This album has a gentle style and even notions of paralysing alienation ("Everything's Turning To White") are given an easy country ballad facade. The Messengers have moments of muscle but excel at being lyrical and supportive of Kelly's worldly observations.

A similar if more pedestrian sense of homage is displayed by **Texas** who hail from the *Southside* (Mercury) of Glasgow. Fronted by suitably beguiling, denim-clad ex-hairdresser Sharleen (on vocals and guitar), the band chug authoritatively through a set that sports slide guitar and not particularly gutsy vocals. Meanwhile, genre fundamentalists **Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble** prove to be totally *In Step* (Epic) for their latest dose of down-to-earth boogaloo. Play this one when in the throes of good-ol-boy-itis.

Local guitar hero **Ian Moss** has made a cautious but steady re-entry to centre stage. *Matchbook* (Mushroom) has much of the feel if not the magic of his old alma mater. Cold Chisel keyboard player and songwriter Don Walker has contributed to or written nine of the ten tracks and former Chisel tub pounder Steve Prestwich also lends a hand. Moss' guitar playing is as strong as ever and his vocals lack no presence. The songs are, however, a worry with "Telephone Booth" sporting one of the least arresting hooks of the modern age.

Former pop throb **Scott Carne** (Kids In the Kitchen) fronts *Priscilla's Nightmare* (White) who unashamedly aspire to Elvis Presley and the music of the Fifties and Sixties. They may be a hoot in a beery pub but on cold vinyl they offer no new insights.

Those oft morbid and typically British eccentrics **The Cure** chronicle their *Disintegration* (WEA) as they possibly wave a fond farewell: "I think I'm old and I'm feeling pain." After the turgid excess of their *Pornography* album Robert Smith did show signs of cheering up, even engaging in outright frivolity with songs like "Love Cats." These tracks sport chiming guitar lines, thick synth washes and tempos like death. Play the album at 45 and Smith just sounds like a teary Cyndi Lauper. Not to be played late at night in a confined space. A cheery little dance band by comparison, **Public Image Limited**, fronted by that quintessential prat John Lydon (aka Rotten), have delivered their opus *9* (Virgin). Consciously angular, they often slip into some uplifting grooves and, seen live, prove to be engaging court jesters with an

oversized Puck as a lead singer.

Sessions at **Peter Gabriel's** home studio have spawned five releases on a new label that covers Asian and Middle Eastern traditional music, Pakistani devotional music, Cuban dance and central African sounds. Peter Gabriel's own *Passion* (Real World) is his soundtrack for Martin Scorsese's film *The Last Temptation Of Christ*. It sets elements of Senegal, Pakistan, India and English choirboys against the atmospherics of low synth cloud that is in keeping with the translucent layers of Brian Eno's ambient records. A great mood setter, you can almost taste the sand in your goat stew.

— Jeremy Cook

"Yes Santa Claus, there is a vagina."

FILM

GET OUT YOUR HANKIES

From the top: A moment of interplanetary passion in Earth Girls Are Easy; Andie McDowell and James Spader in the moody 'sex, lies and videotape'; Mary Steenburgen and Steve Martin in Parenthood.

When someone recommends a film with the words: "You'll love it, but take a box of Kleenex", it's usually the signal to make a mental jotting to avoid it like the plague. Such recommendations may get women flocking to the local picture palace to suck Fantales and bawl shamelessly, but just as Real Men don't eat quiche, they don't waste their hard-earned on schmaltzy tear jerkers. Why sit through two hours to watch one woman die of leukaemia, when for the same price you could be watching Rambo waste 50 dirty commies — before the opening credits roll?

Not only is Steve Martin's latest film a Kleenex special, its title, **Parenthood**, may also guarantee that the testosterone brigade give it the flick. Add to that the fact that it's directed by Ron Howard (yes, Richie from *Happy Days*) and that it's all about the joys and disappointments involved in having kids, and you may be thinking that nine bucks is a lot to spend when, for the same effect, you could stay at home and stick your fingers down your throat. Well pilgrim, you couldn't be more wrong if you thought *Soldier Of Fortune* was the newsletter of the Salvation Army.

There has never been a film quite like this one. Sure, it may cause the odd tear to well up in the odd eye but, and I'm sorry to lay this on you, the tears are those of happiness and identification with childhood. But more often than not, *Parenthood* has its audience laughing — and not just your tee-hee stuff but loud, guffawing, bladder-incontinent laughter. A lot of fluid can be expended watching this film.

Parenthood is not a Steve Martin film in the mould of his best known efforts. He plays a straight role and one that's only slightly larger than those of other players in the film's impressive ensemble cast which includes Jason Robards, Diane Wiest, Mary Steenburgen, Tom Hulce and Rick Moranis. In straight roles all, each contributes to what has to be the funniest and most moving film of the year. See it and have your emotions manipulated in the most delightful way. Don't bother with the Kleenex. Blow your nose on your sleeve, it's so much more macho.

Where *Parenthood* primarily concerns the committed thirtysomething-with-kids lifestyle and rides foursquarely in the mainstream of American cinema, **sex, lies and videotape** swings the arc light on a younger, more sex and self-interested breed and comes by way of the backwaters of independent film production. The winner of the Best Film award at Cannes this year, *sex, lies and videotape* has to be one of the most interesting and intimate films to come out of the US in recent years. To describe its unusual plot would not serve to capture the candor with which it explores the sexual motivations of its four principal characters — two men, two women — peeling back the layers of neuroses and deceit artfully, erotically, and not without humor, until these beautiful and fucked up people are stripped painfully raw.

In his first ever feature film, 26-year-old writer/director/editor Steven Soderbergh has made the "serious" film Woody Allen has so often tried to make. Not without the help of his cast, little-known actors James Spader, Andie McDowell, Peter Gallagher and Laura San Giacomo. Each shimmers with nuance, while San Giacomo burns with sexual incandescence. This is an excellent film.

An evil supernatural force wants a nipper in **Ghostbusters II**, set four years after the first big slime-smeared adventure. And whose baby does the Evil One want? Dana Barrett's, of course. That's the character played by Sigourney Weaver, who returns here with the old gang — Bill Murray, Harold Ramis, Dan Ayckroyd and Rick Moranis — to wrestle poltergeists anew. Well, anew may not be quite the right choice of word, for, apart from the addition of a rugrat for cute value, this sequel is very much a rerun of the first, with a skimpier quota of gags and none of the surprise value that lent such appeal. Directed by Ivan Reitman and scripted by Ayckroyd and Ramis, this one may be not so much of a "Whoyagonnacall?" as a "Don't call us, we'll call you."

There are thankfully no gratuitous babies in **Earth Girls Are Easy**, a hip, flip musical comedy starring Jeff Goldblum, his gorgeous missus Geena Davis and current US West Coast fave comic writer and performer Julie Brown. No babies, but plenty of spunkrat LA babes decorate this oddball story of three good-looking and horny ETs who crash land their spaceship in a swimming pool in the San Fernando Valley and proceed to charm a swathe through the joint and create what is usually referred to as movie mayhem. Directed by Julien Temple (*Absolute Beginners*) and styled in the kind of colors best viewed through smoked glass under parental supervision, it's an obvious attempt at a trendoid cult flick. It's patchy, but kinda likeable in a dumb, upbeat way. — *C.J. Mackay*

WHEN YOU APPRECIATE WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE YOU'LL ASK FOR GRANT'S.

William Grant of Glenfiddich

McCANN GRNT 0087 APB 8566-A

Peter Jackson, the winning 30's.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning*
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.
PHJ905 APB10582-C

CASIO

AW-20
R.R.P. A$199

- Memory stopwatch 100 lap times and lap speed memories
- 3 daily alarms
- Countdown alarm

Grand prix time keeping for Championship performance!

MOBEX PTY LIMITED
Unit 1. 70 Gibbes Street, Chatswood, N.S.W. 2067
Telephone: (02) 406 6277 / Facsimile: (02) 406 6455 / Telex: AA120937

CASIO COMPUTER CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

SENSE of STYLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SIMON MASTERS

Danielle Smart, 17, displays a maturity beyond her young years. A model since age 15, she lives in her own apartment and jetsets around the world on high profile fashion shoots. "I guess my life would sound like something out of a novel to other schoolgirls. I'm studying for my HSC this year and I have private coaching to make up for cutting classes."

"My taste in men is different from my classmates, too. Pimply private school boys don't interest me, I prefer men in their thirties. They know how to look after me in style. They don't have to be super rich or handsome, just good fun, with a taste for Italian food *vino* and *la dolce vita*."

No Alohas

Continued from page 40

against Hawaiian surfers while the water patrol was on duty.

Other competition directors, like bodyboarder Bob Thomas, have backed up Hemmings in criticism of the fees charged by the Hui. Another, Steve Scott, said there was a "veiled threat" that if the Hui wasn't hired, they would somehow interrupt the event.

Asked about the sum of money charged by the club, Hui treasurer Jim Souter defended Da Boys' rates. He said that professional surfing involved fair sums of money, and that "the club charges what the market will bear."

Souter pointed out that equipment like jet-skis cost money to buy and maintain, and that Hui members were the only ones to offer such a service anyway. He said that most of the people qualified to carry out water patrols were club members.

Hui members have in fact carried out some critical rescue work at professional events. Sanchez towed one surfer to safety on a jet-ski after a horrifying wave wrenched the surfer's board away at Waimea Bay. Two Blackshorts saved at least one life and another surfer's leg during one ghastly morning at a Pipeline Masters some years ago.

The scene: Two young Californian surfers are riding waves at Sunset Beach when one of them accidentally takes off in front of one of Da Boys. He is only on the wave for a second or two, but it is long enough. The man paddles back out and growls: "Did you ride that wave in front of me?"

"No," says the terrified kid.

The man then turns to the kid's friend, pushes him off his board, smashes the fins off the board with one fist and tells him to leave the water with the other.

The two paddle in. "Whew, talk about mistaken identity," says the first one.

The Fast Eddie incident, according to surf observers, has forced the Hui 'O He'e Nalu to change its approach. *For the time being.* Many of its members have been newly recruited over the past two seasons. Others are respected local characters such as top lifeguard Derrick Doerner, regarded by some top riders as the world's best big wave surfer.

The Hui is concentrating on goodwill community works and no longer has anything officially to do with the running of Hawaiian professional surf contests. Lifeguards like Doerner are hired from the city to do the job. They are not permitted to ride waves during the competition. A recent surf magazine reported that Rothman, still on bail, was apparently being extraordinarily friendly toward visiting surfers.

There are more and bigger houses being built along the North Shore strip every year, as wealthy families from the mainland prepare for holidays or retirement. As a result, the police presence grows stronger each season.

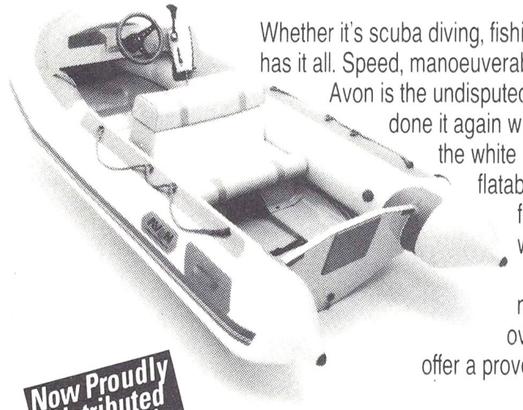
It may be that the ugly old days of Hawaiian surf violence are coming to an end at last. But Peter is not so sure. "This is a tough place for any kid to grow up," he says. "Crowds in the water aren't getting any easier. Like I said, it isn't always just the Blackshorts who start up stuff."

The scene: An early morning heat at a professional event on the North Shore. Competitors are lining up to pick up their colored singlets and wax their boards. The waves are good, but not too big; this gives a couple of the youthful foreigners a chance. Then a Hui surfer runs down to the water.

The surfer is wearing a singlet. He will also be competing in the heat. He comes up to the two most hopeful competitors, pulls them aside and says: "If you fuckers get in my way or try to get my waves, I'm gonna break your fuckin' arms."

He stares straight at them, then runs into the water. The two surfers take it easy, sit on the side of the break and give him all the waves, because they know that in Hawaii it is not just a psyche job. In the Hawaiian surf, the guy may just mean what he says. O+

A WHITE SPORTS BOAT AND A PINK CRUSTACEAN



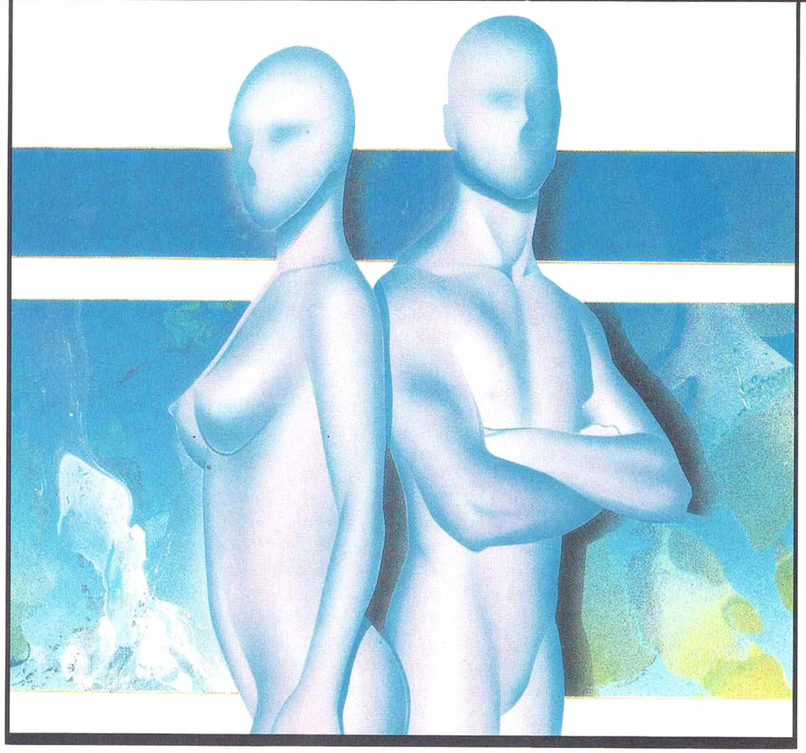
Whether it's scuba diving, fishing, waterskiing or just plain fun, Avon has it all. Speed, manoeuverability, stability, safety and fuel economy. Avon is the undisputed leader in the field, and now Avon have done it again with the latest in a long line of innovations, the white inflatable. Avon's range of rigid full inflatables featuring the new white Hypalon fabric and colour co-ordinated interiors will change the way you think about inflatables. So if you are going out, why not dress up. And remember, Avon with over 30 years experience in inflatables, offer a proven 10 year written warranty on fabric.

Now Proudly Distributed in Australia by RFD SAFETY MARINE

AVON

UNBEATABLE INFLATABLES

308 Chesterville Road, Moorabbin, VICTORIA 3189 Ph. (03) 555 5211
1/7 Kent Road, Mascot, N.S.W. 2020 Ph. (02) 667 0208
1/36 Randall Street, Slacks Creek, QUEENSLAND 4217 Ph. (07) 808 1988



DATE RAPE

No matter how hot the situation, believe her when she says "No."

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and TV programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

The truth is, you don't remember the evening that well. After all, you did have a bit to drink. She was stunning, so sex was presumably great too, although the booze has certainly reduced the memory, if not your performance at the time. Sure, she was gone when you woke up, but that's not so unusual. Who says a liberated woman can't have a one-night stand these days?

But this policeman isn't playing happy memories with you. He's talking about rape charges. What happened? How did you get into this situation? Better still, how do you avoid ever getting into this situation?

Let me make clear what I hope to help you avoid. If you really did set out to rape someone, to force her to have sex with you, then I hope they catch you and give you what you deserve: stiff punishment and access to therapy. I am not going to suggest how you might get away with rape or seduction.

What I do want to help you avoid is discovering that, while you honestly believed your partner had agreed to have sex, she later says that she didn't and that you forced her into it. She says you raped her and you're in hot water. Even if you are found not guilty, you will have been through a rather tough experience and may find yourself wearing some very sticky mud.

As a result of the social and sexual conditioning most of us experienced in our formative years, we tend to believe that men should take the initiative socially and sexually. We tend to believe that men are (or should be) the sexual experts, so it's up to him to turn her on. Many also believe that women are less interested in sex than men are, and need to be warmed up first, anyway. We often wound up believing that when she said "No", she only meant "Not yet."

Every one of these beliefs, however popular, is a load of claptrap, but you would be an unusual adult if you haven't been influenced by them.

That includes women, and that's where your problems can get worse. Despite the anti-male propaganda of the extreme fringe feminists, women grow up sharing very similar experiences. So you *could* meet a woman who thinks the right thing for her to do is to play hard to get, to let you take the lead, to expect you to seduce her. She might even say "No" when she means "Try harder."

She might be giving you some very confusing signals. She dresses in a provocative way, but she pushes your hand away. She kisses you, but pulls away when the embrace gets passionate. She does some very heavy petting with you, but resists your attempt to start intercourse. By now you're feeling very randy, maybe a bit frustrated, and certainly confused. When she seems to say "No", is she expecting you to be a "real man" and convince her, by getting her even more aroused?

On the other hand, she might really mean "No." Women have generally made more progress than men at questioning their stereotyped upbringing, so many of them are less likely to be playing these silly games. How can you tell? The simple fact is, you can't. So the *only* self-protective path for you is to take what she says at face value. If she says "No", believe it and back off. If she didn't really mean "No" and she really does want you, let her say so clearly.

Don't kid yourself that, having come on so hot, she now "deserves it", that she is obliged to continue and have sex with you. Let me show you how weak that excuse is, and will sound in court. First it implies that women are not allowed to show their affection physically unless they are willing to go all the way, there and then. Sadly, I do see couples who swallow that myth and wind up with almost no physical affection in the relationship, because one or the other fears that it has to lead to sex.

Second, if she is playing a silly game with you, it's because she, like you, was raised to believe some silly ideas. She doesn't deserve to be raped for that, any more than you do.

You have one safe and simple strategy: communicate. Get it all out in the open. Then there's no room for misunderstanding and later recriminations. Try something like: "You're delicious. I'd really like to make love to you. How about it?" Anything other than a clear "Yes" should be taken as a "No." If the interaction is hotting up and you're not sure where she's heading, ask. "I'm getting really horny. Is that what you want, or should we cool it for now?"

Assertion means dealing with other people on a basis of mutual respect, and it makes for the best, most satisfying relationships. Deal with other people assertively and you can always feel good about how you dealt with them and they will have no cause to complain about you. Dealing with your potential sexual partner assertively invites her to be assertive with you, and that makes for no misunderstandings and great sex. Ask openly and clearly for what you want; refuse clearly what you don't want. And respect her right and ability to do the same.

And do watch the booze. Great stuff. Enjoy a nice drop myself. But it dulls the judgment. In fact, alcohol is a suppressant. In moderate doses it can suppress your inhibitions, help you unwind and enjoy yourself. In large doses it can suppress your good judgment and common sense, not to mention your sexual response and satisfaction. Nowadays the world not unreasonably expects you to recognise when you have had too much to drink to be able to drive safely. Take a taxi instead. You owe it to yourself, as much as anyone else. The same principle applies to sex. Recognise when you have had too much to drink to be exercising good judgment, and go to sleep instead. You could be protecting yourself from a lot more than only accusations of rape.

For the final extra safety margin, make the same judgment about how much she has had to drink. Is she really in a fit state to give informed consent, or is there the risk she will turn around tomorrow and say you got her drunk in order to rape her? If in doubt, back off. Making love to a drunk partner is something you can afford to miss, anyway.

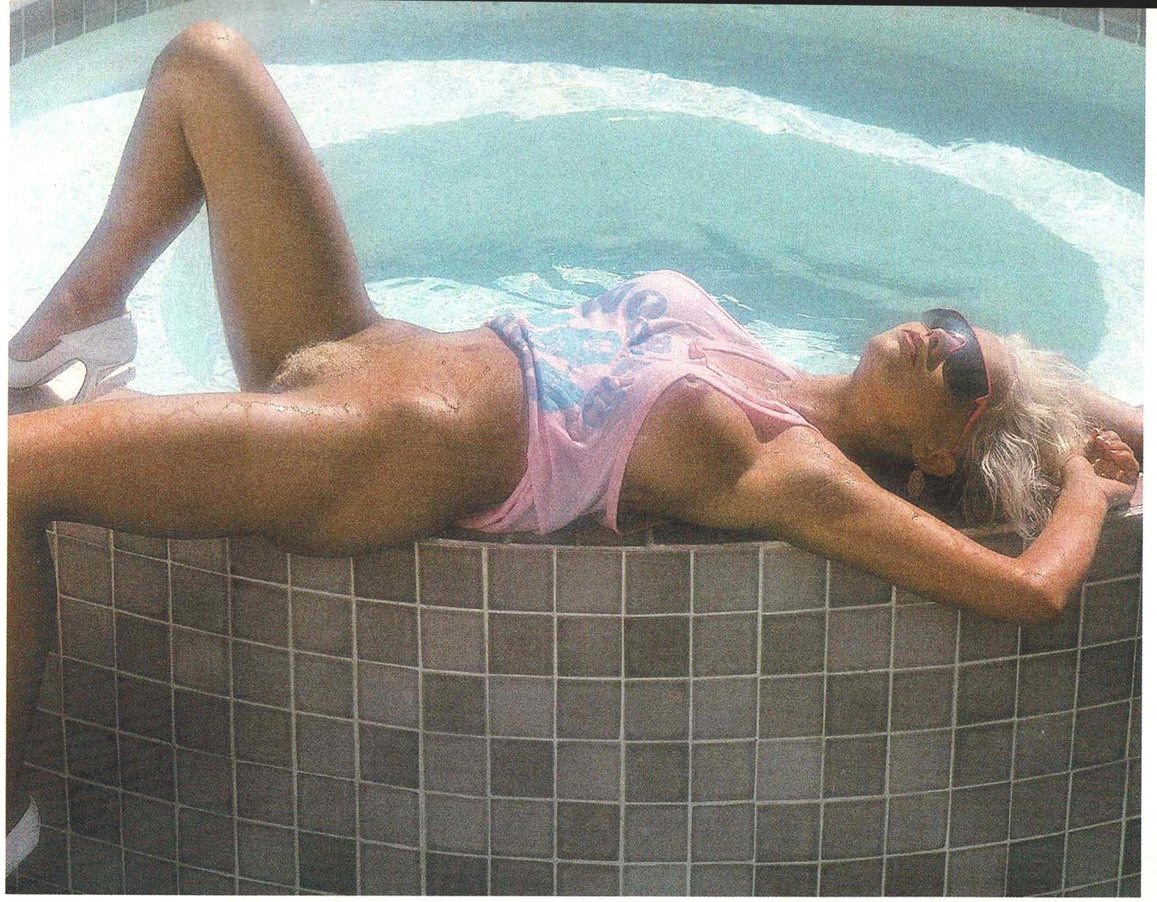
"If she didn't really mean 'No', and she really wants you, let her say so clearly."

"Recognise when you've had too much to drink, and make the same judgment about her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

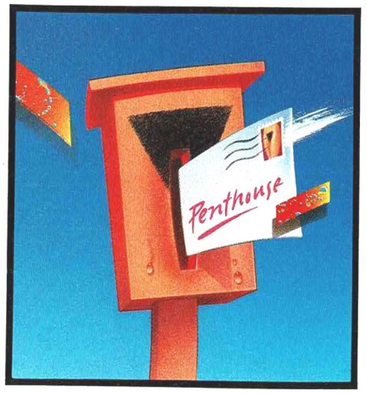
rain dance

Lovely 19-year-old Lynn Johnson is the youngest in a family of four boys. A blonde-haired, blue-eyed tomboy, Lynn learned how to ride horses almost as soon as she could walk. She recalls a happy childhood filled with laughter and puckish pranks. "But then," she says, "I began to yearn for something more." *Penthouse* provided the perfect opportunity for adventure.



A professional dancer, the 38(D)-24-36 Lynn gets all the aerobic exercise she needs on the job. Off-duty hours are reserved for spectator sports only. Lynn remembers her first lover: "It was a sultry summer afternoon," she says quietly. "The air was thick with an impending thunderstorm. Rainy days have turned me on ever since."

The Golden Apple
Come on, reward yourself. These are very special ladies, indeed. Complimentary limo service on request. Private rear entrance with parking off Brougham Street.
The Golden Apple.
169 Victoria St.,
Potts Point
(02) 357 2556
(02) 356 3615



FORUM

Continued from page 16

around its edge. Our eyes met as I walked through the doorway, and she smiled as she dropped to the mattress, laying on her back and spreading her beautiful legs for her enraptured audience. She was obviously a pro and knew how to work the men. As she rolled about seductively on the bed, in time to the music, I found myself looking intently at her beauty. She had a deep tan, and obviously spent many hours sunbathing in the buff. Her breasts were small but well-rounded, and she had large freckles on her chest, stomach, and shoulders. This somehow added to Betsy's appeal, and I fixed my stare on her large green eyes. She was moaning softly as she slowly rolled around, lifting her lovely hips from the bed and moving her arse back and forth to further excite the men. My eyes roamed to her thighs, and finally to her swollen, shaved pussy lips. I again raised my eyes to her face and she caught me staring at her. Betsy blew me a kiss and winked. Several of the men standing around me were kissing my ankles, knees, and thighs, and one of them pushed me gently backwards on to a large easy chair that faced the bed. With my eyes still locked on Betsy's, I allowed the groom to lift my legs over his shoulders, completely baring my soaked pussy. My heart was pounding as never before as he slowly began trailing wet kisses up my thighs toward my wet box. I came for the first time instantly as his tongue surrounded my clitoris. I was receiving the best head of my life, and this bridegroom would not relent. He was licking and sucking me to perfection, and I was loving every minute of it. The spectators peaked my uncontrollable urges, and I came several times! Oh, how I loved being watched by all these horny young men! My eyes passed around the room and hungrily ate their stares as my lover continued to shamelessly administer long, slow licks to my womanhood.

Betsy had been sharing my enjoyment,

Very simply, this is the *secret* of our success.

The Seaview Winery is situated in South Australia's McLaren Vale. The reason it was called Seaview is because, very simply, you can see the sea. The secret of Seaview's fine reds is our proximity to the sea.

We enjoy mild summers, a cool vintage period and freedom from spring frosts. The rainfall is reliable and droughts are rare.

In the ripening period we have warm, sunny days and cool nights, which are ideal for the development of flavour in the grapes.

Very simply, we believe McLaren Vale is the perfect place to grow the grapes that make perfect wines.

Very simply, this is the *proof* of our success.

1986 SEAVIEW CABERNET SAUVIGNON

This Australian classic has been the bench-mark for all Australian Cabernet Sauvignons. Attractive McLaren Vale Cabernet fruit characters combined with well balanced oak flavours make this a truly outstanding wine. Proof of our success.

1987 SEAVIEW CABERNET SHIRAZ

A traditional Australian blend of Cabernet Sauvignon and Shiraz from the temperate McLaren Vale climate results in a medium to full bodied wine. It makes excellent drinking when young, becoming more complex with bottle age.

APB 10610/A

SWH&P PEN 1392/A

but she also felt me competing for the attention of the men. She told the groom to stop, saying it was her turn to be pleasured. "Come here, honey," she said. "Betsy wants you to give her what she needs . . . right now!" For a moment I dreaded the thought of the groom moving his wonderful tongue from my swollen clit, but the men passed me towards the bed, placing me at Betsy's feet. I realised that I was expected to taste a woman for the first time, when Betsy whispered, "Oh, baby, I didn't realise you were cherry. But don't worry — you'll love it!"

As much as I liked to give Mark head, I had never tasted a woman before. I licked my lips to reduce the dryness in my mouth, slipped off my high heels, and drew a deep breath. "Do it," she gasped. "Eat my pussy, my sweet little licker!" Her words pushed me over the edge of control and I leaned forward. I placed the tip of my tongue between Betsy's slick lips and moved it up and down, in and out, inserting it as far as possible into her soft, sweet pussy. "'Oh, baby . . . Lick it, my sweet darling . . . Let Betsy have all of your tongue!" she said. Her words intensified my desire for her most private parts. I persistently worked in and out, my soft lips caressing her clitoris.

I had just lifted my head to glance into her soft green eyes, when I felt a pair of strong hands fall on my hips, lifting me up on my knees. Unable to tear my lips from Betsy's sweet juicy cunt, I glanced quickly to see that it was Mark behind me. I heard a zipper open and felt him press the tip of his magic love tool into my dripping cunt. I shuddered immediately with orgasmic delight as Mark quickly brought his stroking to a fever pitch.

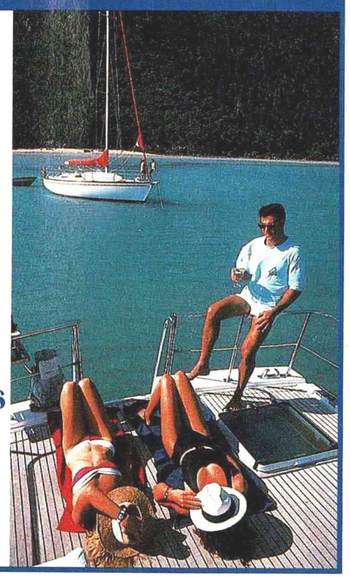
"Oh, oh . . . I'm coming . . . oh, yes!" shuddered Betsy, the flood of her love juices against my tongue as her body bucked and rolled. Mark reached his own orgasm, and I felt the hog rush of his sperm as it washed over my love channel. I was on fire! As Mark withdrew his tool, I again became aware of the other guys in the room. Two of them rolled me over, placing me alongside Betsy on the bed. Our heads turned toward each other, we locked in a deep tongue-kiss as two of the men mounted us. I noticed the glazed, lustful smiles of all the boys! Some of them were masturbating — I guess the sight of two beautiful women being fucked by two of their pals was too much!

The fucking lasted for at least two more hours. At its end, Mark played Mister Nice Guy and offered me a ride home. I'll never forget that experience. —
Name and address withheld

Join us around the pool for your next holiday

And what a pool it is! It's called the Coral Sea and in it you'll find the 74 magical islands of the Whitsundays. For your accommodation we suggest one of our luxury yachts or flybridge cruisers, fully provisioned to your liking.

This allows you to drop into island resorts for a rage or disappear to a deserted anchorage for your own private pool party. Or both. That's the beauty of a Whitsunday Boating Holiday. Our pool never shuts. See your travel agent or call us toll free for our booklet on things to do in the pool.



Queensland Yacht Charters

P.O. Box 1485, Potts Point, NSW 2011
Telephone (02) 331 1211
Telex AA177612 QYC Fax (02) 331 6388

TOLL FREE 008 251 217

GADONYA QYC 30

Phone sex

My sexy wife makes our marriage Heaven on earth. We have been together for 14 years and she always satisfies my every need.

Here's an example:

One night our little boy was at a neighbor's kid's pyjama party, so my wife and I spent a quiet evening together, watching a romantic movie on our VCR. Towards the end of the movie things were getting heated, with me rubbing her breasts and she caressing my dick. As soon as we began to exchange a passionate kiss, the phone rang and I reluctantly got up to answer it. It turned out to be a co-worker of mine. I forgot that I told this guy to call me about some business at the office, and I really had to speak with him.

So there I sat, dick in hand, with my sexy lady sitting beside me all hot and bothered. While I was on the phone my wife got up and headed for the bedroom. I thought that she had decided to wait for me there, but I was wrong. She returned from the bedroom, lay down on the floor in front of me, and spread her legs. To my amazement she whipped out her vibrator and started to fuck herself with her favorite toy. My eyes jumped out of my head! She was the most beautiful, sexiest thing I ever saw! She was really getting into it, massaging her clit with that whirring wonder of hers. I was trying to concentrate on the conversation — I really couldn't be rude to this guy — but then my wife started playing with her tits and licking her lips.

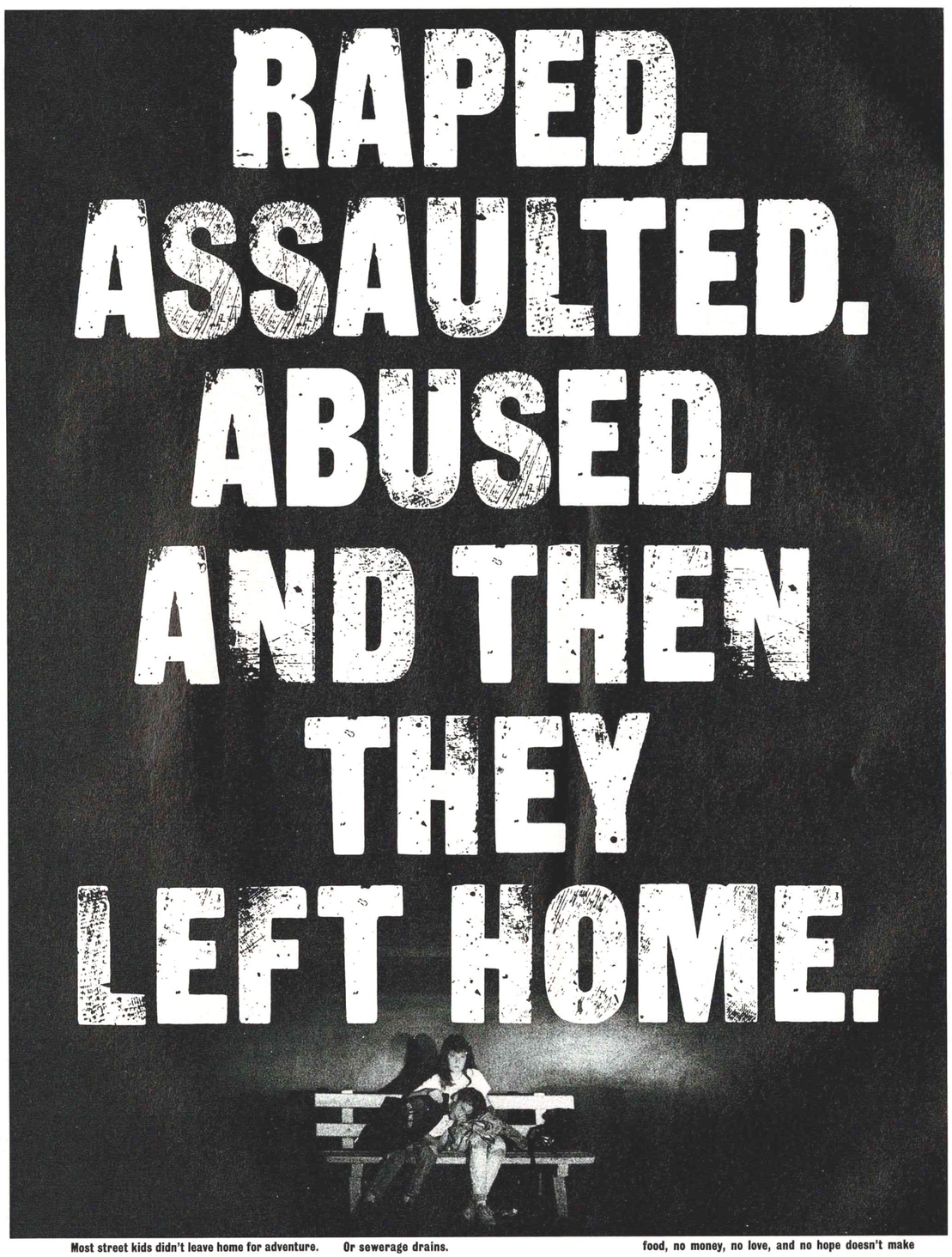
My dick was as hard as a rock by now, and my breathing grew faster, making it more difficult by the moment to talk to my friend. It wasn't long before my baby was bucking and moaning to her own rhythm. I watched her body tremble in climax. As I continued to speak, I imagined her beneath me, quivering with desire.

My friend was still talking (with me half-listening) and my wife was still moaning, when she decided to get on all fours and give me a blowjob. She started by sucking my dick real slow and trailing little wet kisses all over it. I didn't have the foggiest idea what I was talking about, and my wife's attention to my raging hard-on was wonderful — I felt like I was about to come.

To this day I don't know where I found the control I had that night, especially when my wife stopped sucking my cock, lay on her back, and finger-fucked herself to another orgasm. I must have been on the phone maybe ten minutes more, when my friend decided that he had to go. As soon as I hung up, I hastily removed my clothes. My wife smiled, held out her arms, and I dove straight for her pussy.

It was the most intense sexual experience we ever had — I guess it was the anticipation and all — and I'll never forget it. This was just one night in a mar-

RAPED. ASSAULTED. ABUSED. AND THEN THEY LEFT HOME.



Most street kids didn't leave home for adventure. They left home to survive.

Their parents having committed atrocities no publication like this could rightly print.

Alas, it was out of the frying pan into the fire.

Many street children are now reduced to selling their bodies and stealing just to pay for their Heroin addictions.

Many spend the night in parks (sleeping in a bed of newspapers is no bed of roses). Or squats. Or sewerage drains.

Help is at hand, however. The Lady Mayoress has just set up the Breakthrough Programme.

It's not just a hand-out or a place to sleep, it's a complete program staffed by experts, to rehabilitate the kids, both mentally and physically.

But we need money to run it. Lots. And you can help there, we know you can.

Go on. Send off a donation now.

If the thought of homeless children with no food, no money, no love, and no hope doesn't make you want to help Sydney's street kids, think of them stealing your video recorder.

Please accept my tax deductible donation to save Sydney's 12,000 street kids.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ Postcode _____

To: Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund, Town Hall, Sydney 2000.

ABCDE
FGHIJK
L NO
PQR T
UVWX
YZ

Ignore it and it won't go away.

MS
Multiple Sclerosis.

FORUM

riage that has lasted due to love, friendship, and great sex — thanks to my sexy lady. — *Name and address withheld*

Sitting pretty

I am a student majoring in science, so I have a lot of technical classes. For a diversion I enrolled in an art class. I turned out to be the only male in the class.

Our instructor was a hot-looking student. She explained that there were three sections to the class: still life, human figures and abstracts. I enjoyed the class and made my share of friends. The human figure drawing section was particularly interesting as the models were all female in the first week. We were told that the following week would be devoted to the study of the male body. I was a little uncomfortable with the idea, being the only male in the class. Little did I know what was in store for me.

When I arrived early on Monday, Ruth, the instructor, pulled me aside and informed me that our model was not going to show due to illness. She sighed and asked me if I would be a dear and pose for the class. There was nothing to be embarrassed about, she told me, we were here to draw, not to ogle. I don't know what possessed me to agree.

I came out with just a towel around my waist, and Ruth moved me around to position my body, emphasising certain body parts. She removed my towel to reveal my vital organs. She asked me to stand and remarked that my buttocks were perfect. She wanted the class to come and get a closer look. Having 20 women look at my arse was pretty exciting and I started to get a noticeable hard-on. Ruth was trying not to smile, to get everyone to take the class seriously. She asked if anyone had ever drawn an erect penis. All of the women laughed but said that they hadn't. Ruth asked me if she could touch me.

I was stunned and she took my silence for a yes. I couldn't believe that she was giving me a handjob in front of 20 other women. One of the women said that she thought the best way to know something well was to feel it first. She reached out and touched my erection and the other women followed her example until my dick was being passed around from hand to hand.

I could feel a climax coming on. I felt a wet light touch on the tip of my dick and looked down to see that Ruth had taken the head in her mouth. I moaned and announced that I was going to come. Ruth stopped then and pushed me back on to the chair. She stripped off her pants and straddled my dick with her wet pussy. The woman who had first touched my dick leaned down to kiss my mouth, sliding her tongue along my teeth.

I blew my wad inside my instructor and felt the come drip down between my thighs. The whole class applauded when we came. I couldn't believe that I was sitting there naked in a room full of applauding women. It was a dream come true.

We never did get around to a study of the male form. Most of the period was up, so Ruth assigned an abstract work based on the events of the day. It was the best project we'd had all year. Later, when we did get back to male figure drawing we used a professional model and nothing unusual took place. But we did all share a secret and there was definitely some tension in the room. — *Name and address withheld*

Not so perfect

I have had a *Penthouse* subscription for many years and I read all of the letters. I have never read a letter in which anyone gets caught by a jealous husband or wife: a situation that I think makes for interesting reading. Most of the letters are fantastic, though less than perfect. Some are so funny that an erection is almost impossible. I think my experience falls into this category.

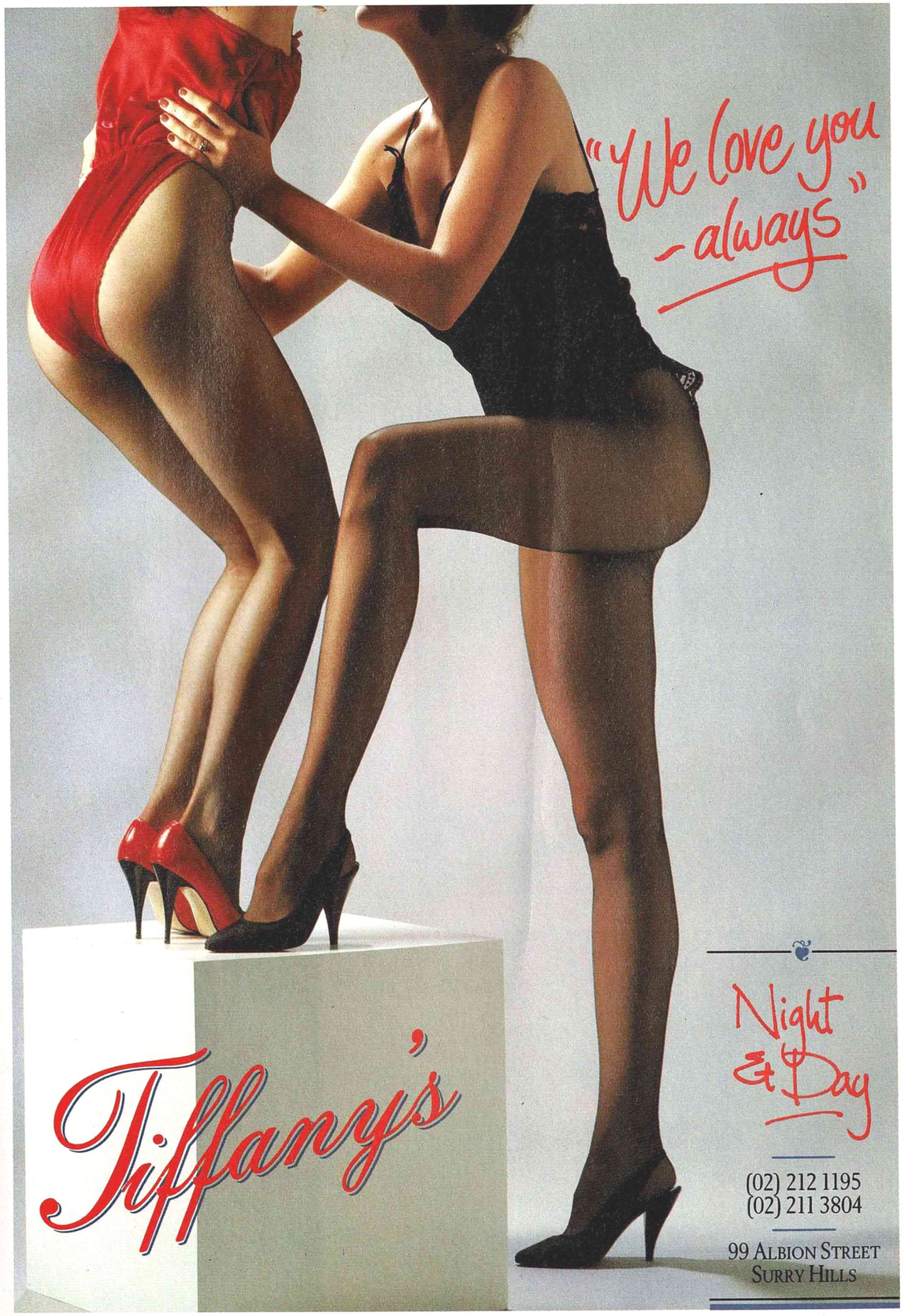
A group of us were in the beer garden of a watering hole in town. It was a warm day and we were all pissed so, when an older woman in a halter top joined us at our table, I didn't think anything of it. We were feeling no pain and I found myself pulling this chubby woman's halter aside to suck her nipples. It was dark at the rear of the bar, but everyone near us got a kick out of our carrying on.

The next thing I knew, the woman and I were alone. I had gotten her pretty horny by playing with her pussy and sucking on her tits. There was no way she was letting me out of her sight. When she suggested that we find a motel, I pleaded poverty. The last shout had left me broke. She said that she would pay for the room. Well, there really was no graceful way out of the situation, so I fortified myself with another drink and off we went. First mistake.

I watched as she charged the room on her credit card. Second mistake. Once in the room, she lost no time in stripping off her clothes, and I have to say that she looked pretty bad. The bulk of her body was between me and the door. The next thing I knew she had pulled out her teeth. She went down on her knees and started giving me a blowjob. Her gums on my dick gave me strange and wonderful sensations. I started to think of my favorite centrefold and things were going all right. When I thought I had it in the right wrinkle I closed my eyes and let my fantasy carry me away.

I pulled out of her mouth and mounted her. As I shoved it in deep, she let out a

Continued on page 150



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK WHITE

Chameleon

Seventeen-year-old Sonja is a mild-mannered receptionist by day, but at night she comes alive on stage as a rock singer. "I play guitar and sing in an all-girl rock band called The Melody Sisters. We're only doing pub gigs at the moment but one day we'd like to play the really big venues in London and New York."

Sonja's repertoire ranges from classical to rock, she often plays the piano to relax. Her other main love, besides music, Sonja admits, is men. The only problem is that no-one's struck the right note with her yet. "Our bodies are like instruments, she says, "I want to meet someone who can play all the right tunes."

FORUM

Continued from page 142

little grunt. Every time I rammed home she grunted a little. It sounded just like a running motor with a burned-out bearing. Just as I was getting used to her noises, she came. I thought I was back in London during WWII. She sounded like a swarm of German bombers. Not even an air raid could howl louder than this woman did. My cock was hard as I stuck it in and out.

She orgasmed again before I got my nuts off. After I did, we quickly washed up. While she showered, I dressed and got the hell out of there.

I didn't give my encounter much more thought until a month later when her husband, who had gotten the credit card bill with the motel charge on it, came looking for me. He was upset and in search of the man she had been with. As far as I know, he never found out it was me, but I'm not about to venture to that part of town again. So it was a sexual adventure that turned out less than perfect.

These are the kinds of stories I enjoy. They are less than perfect, but that's reality. I'd rather hear a story like this than any of those tall tales from "avid readers" that are sometimes just a little too perfect to believe. I hope other readers enjoy my letter because we all know that in the quest for new and exciting sexual partners, all does not always go as we would like it to. — *Name and address withheld*

Step by step

I see you walk into the room in your black suit, looking more delicious than the last time. I put my hands inside your jacket, sliding it off your body. When it falls to the floor, I quickly pick it up and lay it neatly across the bed. You take your tie off while I unbutton your shirt, leaving a trail of wet kisses on the skin being exposed inch by inch. You smell so wonderful!

When all the buttons are finally undone, I lift the shirt off your body and lay it by your jacket. I run my hands down the front of your chest, resting them on your crotch. I can feel your erection straining against the fabric, and I quickly undo the zipper to release your wonderful cock.

While I lower myself to a squatting position in front of your throbbing member, you slide your pants down and step out of them.

Wrapping my arms around your thighs so that I can pull you close to me, I lick the entire length of your swollen cock, from base to tip, to moisten it. Then I lick my lips so that I can easily engulf your prick in my warm waiting mouth. I gently suck only the head at first, then when I feel that you cannot take it any longer, I swallow the entire length of your hard tool.

You lean your head back, and your hands at the back of my head grasp my hair and pull my face to you. I move my mouth up and down on your cock, and on the final stroke I take you so far down my throat that I can simultaneously lick your swollen balls. As I withdraw my mouth very slowly, I harden my tongue and run it along the vein on the underside of your prick. Before I rise up, I give your cock-head one last flick with the tip of my tongue.

Finally we are again face-to-face. We kiss tenderly and you whisper in my ear, "Now it's my turn!" You reach around me, unzip my dress, and let it fall to the floor. Silently you guide me to the carpet and lay me on my back. You instruct me not to move, only to lie still and enjoy.

Placing a pillow under my arse, you elevate me a bit off the floor. You are above me on all fours and start to kiss my neck, moving down to my breasts, teasing and licking them. They respond to your tongue, but you ignore them and make your way gently downward. The smooth skin of my belly quivers with passion as you move your face lower to my thighs. I can feel the faint warmth of your breath passing over my aching pussy — making it wet with anticipation. You position yourself between my legs and wrap your arms under and around my thighs so that you can part my vaginal lips to reveal, for your eyes only, my dripping pussy. Your moan of appreciation is quickly followed by my own. My stiff clit vibrates as your tongue darts and licks it for the first time. I know that you cannot hold back any longer, and soon you are devouring my cunt with obvious pleasure. My anticipation is replaced by intense sensations, and I hold my pussy lips apart for you so that your hands and fingers are free to explore me. I can feel your hard tongue moving in and out of my wetness, back and forth over my clit. "Please fuck me now!" I scream. I can't take your exquisite torture — I want you inside me so bad. But you, too engrossed in your task of pleasure, ignore my pleas, continuing to lick my pussy until I come — in one shattering orgasm that seemingly never ends.

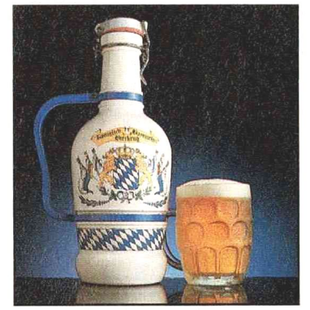
Your throbbing cock resting against my belly, I beg you to put it inside me! You relent, but only somewhat — you put only the head in, taunting and teasing me! I feel as if I may die if I don't have you inside me soon, and smiling, you plunge the rest of your wonderful cock into my sugar walls. Your balls are slapping against my arse and I cry out on the brink of yet another orgasm. My body tenses then trembles, as does yours. The intense friction of my pussy walls squeezing your turgid cock is too much for you, and you moan and growl in response to your first orgasm of the evening. I can feel your hot come bursting inside me, my pussy muscles milking you dry.

We both collapse, breathing hard and heavy. Coming back down to Earth, you take my face in your hands and smile. I return your appreciation with a deep kiss. We hold each other in wonder, so amazed at the magic that we have just created. Only you and I can have this, and I can't wait for the next stirring of your pleasure-giver. — *Name and address withheld*

Gift for the Beer Collector

This set of six dishwasher proof pilsener glasses have been specially decorated with the famous LABATT'S beer logo. LABATT'S is Canada's No. 1 selling beer and now is your chance to start your beer glass collection for only: $24.95.

A magnificent two-litre decorated "stein" from West Germany. The beer itself is a prestigious drop of full flavour and malty character. This handsome piece of beer drinker's equipment can be yours for just $79.00. (Manufacturer's design variable.)



A set of two beer Tankards 100% vitrified porcelain, dishwasher proof. These Tankards are produced by a small family run pottery in North West Victoria and designed to hold the contents of a 375ml can or bottle of your favourite beer. They are decorated with the well known Canadian LABATT'S beer logo. Yours for: $24.95.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Send completed order form to: PENTHOUSE OFFER, BRIMPS PTY LTD PO BOX 179 ALEXANDRIA 2015.
ALLOW 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY All prices include freight within Australia. Orders will only be accepted upon receipt at the Licensed Premises.

CODE		Price	QTY	AMOUNT
340	Two litre DECORATED BEER STEIN	$79.00		$
8502	Set of two LABATT'S beer TANKARD	$24.95		$
8602	Set of six LABATT'S PILSENER Glass	$24.95		$
			TOTAL:	$

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS ONLY

Name (Mr/Mrs/Ms)_____

Street Address_____ Postcode_____
(NO PO BOX PLEASE)

I have enclosed a cheque payable to BRIMPS PTY LTD for $_____ or please charge my credit card.

☐ BANKCARD ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA, EXPIRY DATE / / Card No: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Cardholder's Name_____ Signature_____

☐ Yes, I would like to receive further offer on new beer TANKARD & GLASSES.

NOTE: This offer from BRIMPS PTY LTD, ALEXANDRIA 2015, LICENCE NO. 24001689, is only available by mail order to person aged 18 years and over. OFFER ENDS 31 JANUARY 1990.

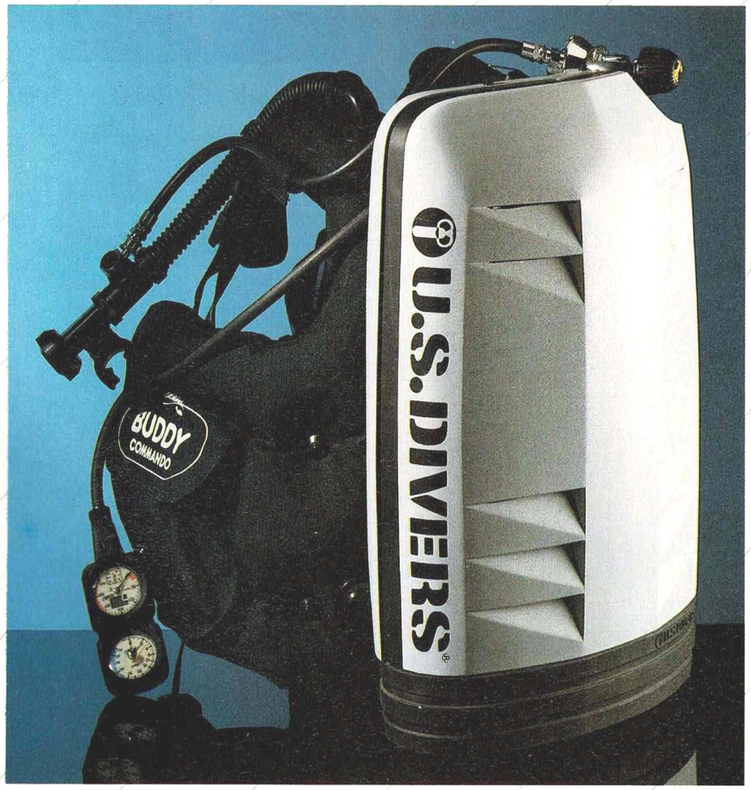
LOOSE ENDS

MAXIMUM HEADROOM

So we can all be unwired for sound, Sony have created the new Cordless Stereo Headphones. These lightweight headphones deliver superb sound as well as eliminating the nuisance of being tied by an umbilical cord to your stereo as you traipse around your living-room. Now you can move to the music without getting tangled up. For comfort, the MDR-1F5K model headphones offer a lightweight, open-air design and, for greater convenience, built-in separate volume controls for the right and left channels enable you to adjust the sound level to your liking wherever you are in the room. They also feature an infrared light sound transmission and a built-in rechargeable battery. The headphones retail for $299 and are available from all authorised Sony dealers.

DRIVING STYLE

Perennially fashionable and super protective Ray-Ban sunglasses are now available in styles for the driver. Ray-Ban Driving Glasses are designed in the classic aviator style with four brow and size detail variations: Large Metal, Large Metal II, Outdoorsman and Outdoorsman II. Frames are neat fitting and light to wear, crafted in fine gold arista. Lenses are flattering brown high-contrast with blue light filtering for sharper road vision and of course feature 100 percent protection against UV. Available at OPSM, Gibb & Beeman, Sunglass World, David Jones, Myer and selected optical outlets. We've pictured the Outdoorsman style, which sells for $132.

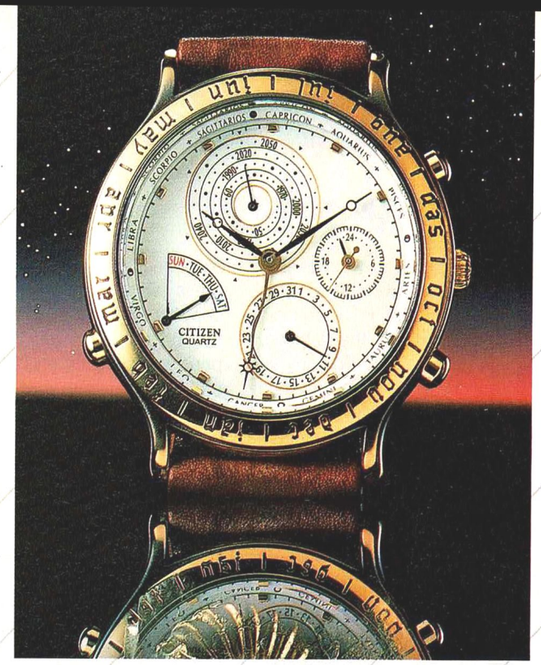


UNDERWATER BACKPACK

This triple cylinder pack contains a total 90 cubic feet of air, housed in fibreglass. The pack is outfitted with a Buddy Commando bouyancy vest, designed to military specifications, which has an attached emergency air supply bottle. The regulator is a US Divers Pro-Diver model and the pressure guage system is an Apollo AG80 with a digital diver-timer and diver-counter fitted to it. This pack retails for $2950. Other packs may be built to order through Pro-Dive, Coogee, contactable on (02) 665 6333.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

H.G. Wells would have loved it. The Perpetual Calendar Watch from Citizen incorporates a 200-year calendar extending from March 1, 1900 through to February 28, 2100. The handsomely designed timepiece features eight different hands to indicate year, month, day, date, 24H, hour, minute and second. Present, past and future dates can easily be called up using the watch's uncomplicated controls. The Citizen Perpetual Calendar Watch is currently available for $695 at major retailers.



FIT FASHION

For fitness and fashion fanatics, Reebok's summer '89-'90 range of apparel offers a brilliant-hued selection of sportswear and innovatively designed fashion gifts. Both lifestyle and performance wear are included in the greatly expanded range for men and women. Presented in three categories, Sportswear, Body Shaping and Sports Conditioning, the garments make use of special hi-tech fabrics, original designs and interesting trims and finishes. Available in leading department and sportswear stores.

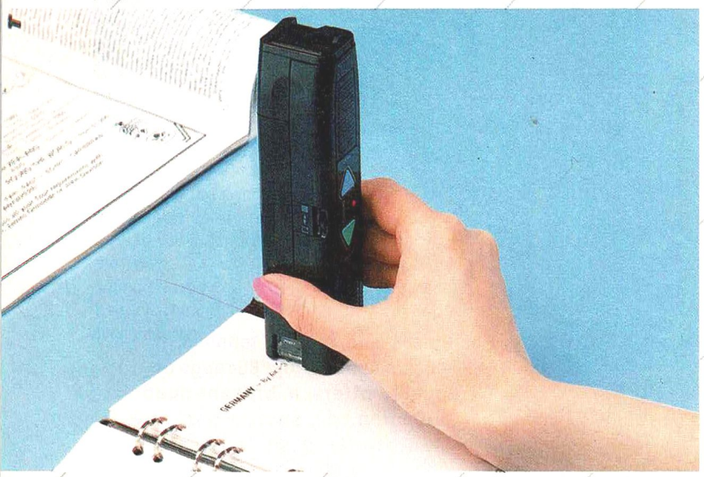
COGNAC, ANYONE?

A fine cognac contributes to any moment of celebration and friendship and makes for that special touch during private or shared pleasures. Six generations of Hine Cognacs have been distinguished by their unique and consistent style and by their outstanding personality, as the connoisseurs say. The Hine range, available at all prestige liquor outlets, is wide enough to harmonise perfectly with every occasion. In sculpted decanter-style bottles, look for Hine VSOP, Antique, Triomphe and Family Reserve Cognacs.

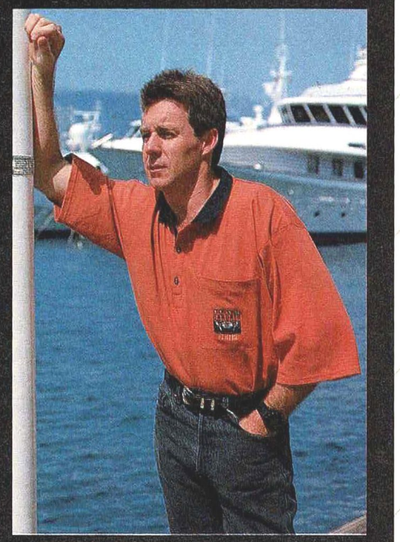
LOOSE ENDS

COPY PEN

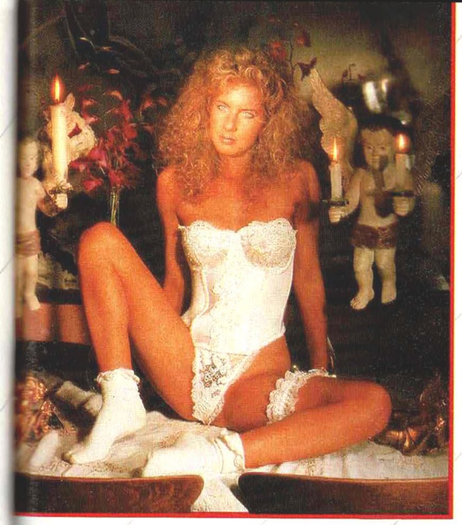
The Casio CP-8 Copy Pen is sheer magic. At one end of this compact, hand-held gizmo is a precision reading mechanism that, when run across printed matter on any surface, will store the image in a memory. Then, by simply turning the Copy Pen over and pressing a "print" switch, you've got yourself a perfect copy on your own note paper or in your address book. Make multiple copies of your address for the back of envelopes; copy business cards into your contact book; throw away highlighter pens and simply copy material direct from texts into your own notebook. Ribbon cassettes for the Copy Pen are available in five colors. Find this handy miracle of microelectronics at Casio stockists.



GARDNER'S GARB



Motorcycle champ Wayne Gardner has gone and put out his own fashion label. Designed around strong, stylish graphics, Wayne Gardner Clothing is by no means just promotional merchandise. It is a head-turning collection of Australian-designed fashion garments that stand on their own merit. The range is the result of Gardner's desire to become involved in a long-term project that would continue beyond his racing days. Designed in conjunction with hot young fashion specialists Kym Griffen and Jessica Bokey, the collection is selling like the proverbial hotcakes in Japan, where Gardner is revered. For stockists of this newly-released Australian range, phone (02) 550 1055.



ONLY THE BEST

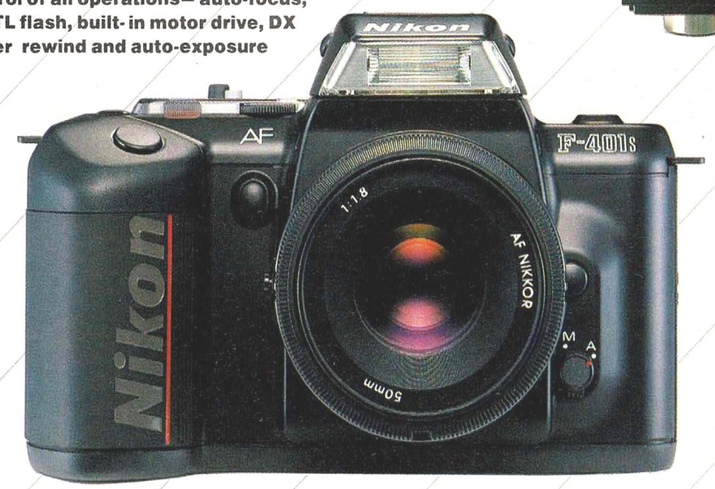
Rod Alexander is this country's ultimate creator of seductive evening wear. This stunning corset represents only a taste of a wide range of sensuously styled and exquisitely finished garments. Quality is the keynote at Rod Alexander, and consequently the prices aren't cheap, but you won't find such designs, quality fabrics and exclusive trims anywhere else. The label was born in 1988, when designer Nina Payne recognised a void in the Australian availability of upmarket, high quality evening wear and lingerie. Into that void she has created a fantasy array of outfits for any woman, for any occasion. For enquiries, phone Rod Alexander on (02) 958 6314, or fax them on (02) 958 0595.

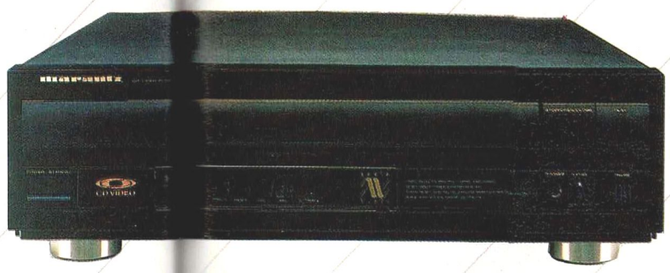
JACK DANIEL'S PRIZES TO WIN

Jack Daniel's household name whiskey is still made the same way as it was over a century ago, fresh from an iron-free spring in a small Tennessee hollow, or so the legend goes . . . The old-fashioned production process and the smallness of the distillery from which it comes have often meant there is not enough to go round. Now, a modest addition to the distillery has meant greater distribution Down Under and Swift and Moore, distributors of numerous firewaters, want to let everyone know there is now more than a drop to share. To get you inspired they've come up with 20 sets of Jack Daniel's shot glasses to give away, all bearing the famous Jack Daniel's logo. To become a proud owner, simply answer this question: what is your name and address? Then all you've got to do is tell us what the sign at the front gate of the Jack Daniel's distillery is — see the advertisement in this issue for clues.

FOOLPROOF PHOTOS

New from Nikon are the automatic focus F-401 cameras. This state-of-the-art snapper has already won the Camera Grand Prix 1989 award, the Japan camera industry's most prestigious trophy. To make SLR photography a simple point and click affair, the F-401s incorporate a unique computer-based camera operation control system. This optoelectronic system integrates camera and lens computers for automatic control of all operations— auto-focus, auto-exposure, built-in auto TTL flash, built-in motor drive, DX film setting, film loading, power rewind and auto-exposure compensation. Push a button, and you can barely go wrong — it can make even beginners look like budding Helmut Newtons. It also features an ultra-fast auto-focus, which focusses even in dim light with the Advanced AM200 auto-focus sensor module. The F-401 also boasts total exposure control for mistake-proof pictures and interchangeable zoom. The Nikon F-401 retails for $999 and is available from all leading camera stores.





CD VIDEO

Compact Disc Video (CDV) — the new international format adding motion video to digital CD sound — has hit the Australian marketplace in the form of this Marantz CV-55 player. Though CD video discs are yet to become widely available here, Marantz has taken the lead in releasing this CDV player which also plays normal CDs. Already selling strongly in Europe and the States, CDV offers full motion video with picture and sound quality vastly superior to those we know on videotape. The gold colored video discs will offer up to 120 minutes audio video that never wears out. With a 33-function remote control, the Marantz CV-55 sells for a recommended $1999.

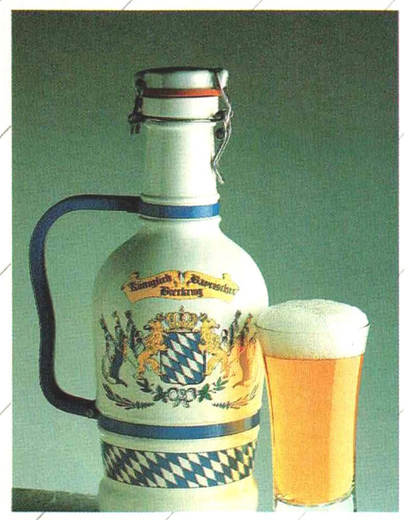
LETHAL WEAPON

They won't get away with the Supersten. This top-of-the-line speargun can turn even the most devious denizens of the deep into a quick dinner. This lethal fish-lyncher is the largest model in the pneumatic speargun series. It only needs to be pumped up about once a year, unlike ordinary models which generally need to be pumped up before every shot. It has an underwater range in excess of 12 metres and is suitable for shooting large fish such as kingfish. Made in Italy by Mares, it retails for $454 and was supplied to *Penthouse* by Pro-Dive, Coogee, on (02) 665 6333.

LOOSE ENDS

DATA MANAGEMENT

The latest in time and data management tools from Casio is a new series of powerful digital diaries, each with a versatile selection of features and functions to keep information at your fingertips everywhere you go. This series of Casio Digital Diaries even lets you exchange data with a personal computer. We've pictured the SF-7500 model, now available for a recommended $399 at all Casio stockists. Have a play with one — you'll be hooked.



DEUTSCHLAND'S FINEST

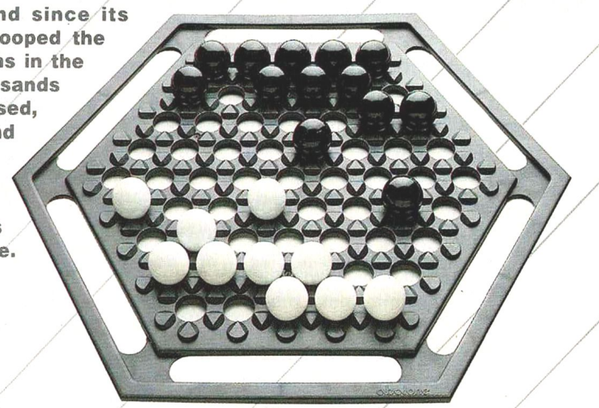
There's a lot of one-upmanship in the boutique beer arena, but this hefty and handsome steiner filled with West German Braunfelser beer one-ups the lot. *And* it makes a damned fine Christmas gift for any connoisseur of quality imported palate-cleansers. Once you've scoffed the Braunfelser, refill the two-litre decorated steiner, cart it along to your next beer fancier's get together, and be prepared to be the centre of attention. They're available from The Imported Beer Company on (02) 6982319 for $79 (including package and handling), and through selected bottle shops. Refer to the advertisement in this issue for more details.

WAVE RIDERS

This new model from Surf Dive 'n' Ski is an ideal way to keep afloat over summer. Body-boarding is already very popular in surfing mecca Hawaii and is tipped to take off Down Under. The beauty of it is it can be mastered by anyone from toddlers to octogenarians. These boards can be used between the flags as, unlike surfboards, they don't concuss when they collide with bobbing craniums. This new model, made by Wave Rebel, is a Pat Calwell signature board which retails for $235 and is available from Surf Dive 'n' Ski outlets nationwide.

ONE ON ONE

The name of the game is Abalone, and since its invention a couple of years ago it has scooped the prize pools at games festivals and expositions in the States and Europe and picked up hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic devotees along the way. It's based, oddly enough, on the strategies of Sumo wrestling, and the aim is to force your opponent's marbles off the hexagonal board with your superior mind power. It's tactical and highly competitive, can be played by all ages and is available for $39.95 at Toyworld, Zig Zag toy stores and major department stores nationwide.

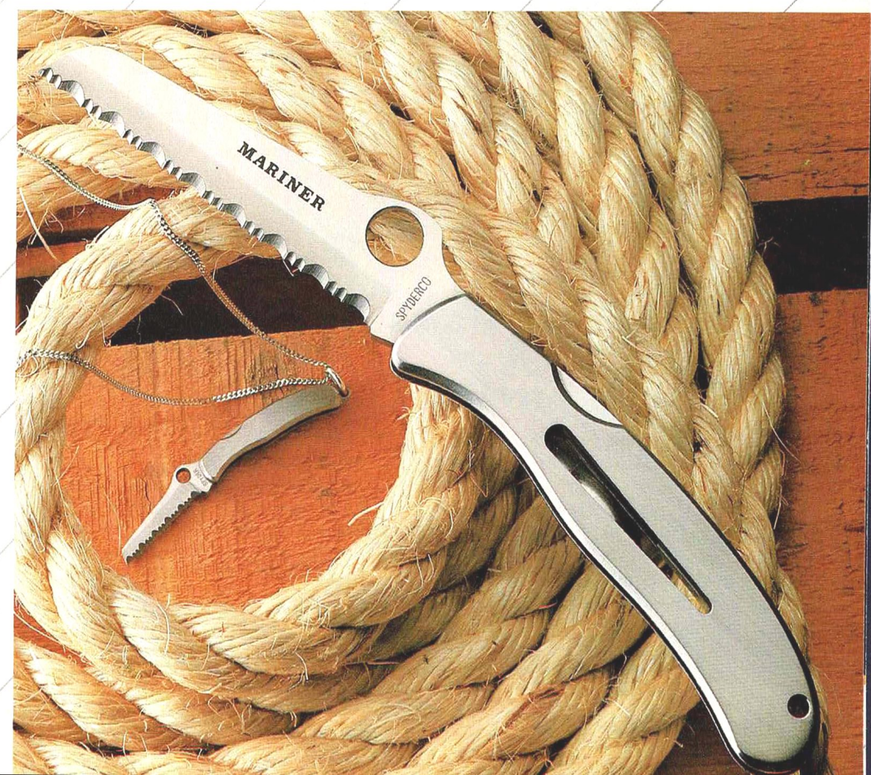


HANDSOME HAIR

Redken has released a new range of hair-grooming products for the man who likes to keep his locks lustrous. The new RK line-up of hair care and styling products has been formulated to respond to the individual's hair and skin care needs. The new range includes the RK Protein shampoo, RK Essential Moisture Shampoo to salvage even the driest dreadlocks, the RK Moisturising Protein Conditioner, RK Styling and Finishing Lotion, RK Hairdressing Gel and the RK Non-Aerosol Hairspray. For the moulting male there is also the RK Thinning Hair Shampoo and the RK Thinning Hair Rinse. All products retail for $9.25 and are available from good hairdressers everywhere.

CUT-THROAT BLADES

The new Clipits foldup knives are all the rage among knife-wielders Stateside and are now available in Australia. They come in two versions, regular and serated, and as the name suggests, they fold up and clip on one side to your pocket. They are available in eight models to suit different tasks as well as a miniature version which comes on a chain to wear as a necklace. The Clipits are a forceful combination of special steels, hi-tech designs, and construction by master craftsmen. Easy to carry, and simple to use, these high performance knives come with a right or left-hand clip, plain edge or Spyder-Edge serrations. They retail from between $80 and $170. For more information phone Zen Imports on (02) 818 1955.



LOOSE ENDS

IN FOCUS

Tasco has introduced a revolutionary new range of binoculars featuring automatic focus, so you don't have to miss any of the action fiddling with dials. If you're a punter they may make the difference between a photo finish and a blur. Two compact binoculars weigh less than eight ounces and feature roof prisms for added clarity and brightness. The 21mm model has a field focus from 11 metres to infinity and has a 114-metre field of view at 1000 metres; the 25mm unit is fixed from 14 metres to infinity and has an 87-metre field of view at 1000 metres. Both models also feature a black rubber finish with soft rubber fold-down eyecups, fully coated optics, a black vinyl pouch with a belt loop, a strap, and a lens cloth. The 21mm retails for $190 and the 25mm for $210. They come complete with a lifetime warranty and Tasco are happy to recommend stockists. Call them on (02) 938 3244.

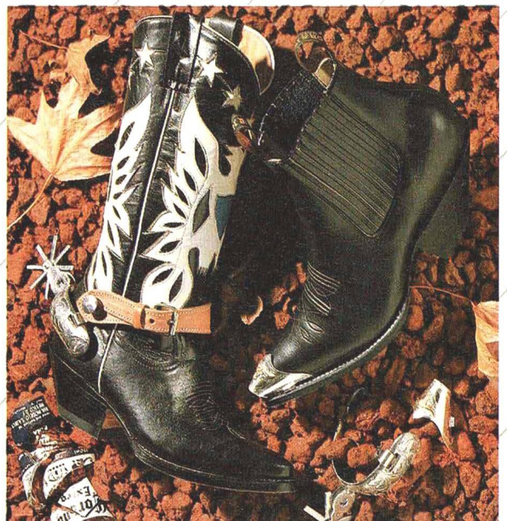
THE LEGENDARY DIMPLE

Superb as a 12-year-old blend of the finest Scotch whiskies from the oldest distillers in the world, the Dimple excels itself as a 15-year-old. Just launched in Australia, the 15-year-old Dimple, matured in oak and bottled in Scotland, is elegantly packaged and ideal as a sophisticated Christmas gift.

Tasting notes define the whisky as: "Well-matured, elegant and a refined blend that will appeal to those who prefer the modern trend of lighter-bodied Scotch, but who still seek definite malt whisky character . . . A well-aged, three-dimensional whisky." Now selling for around $40 at all good liquor outlets.

CLASSY KICKERS

Wheels and Doll Baby, outfitters of the rich and outrageous, have an amazing selection of boots. These classy kickers come in all varieties of skin, including ostrich, python, crocodile, and, of course, good old cowhide. They come in a range of styles that has to be seen to be believed. There is also your basic cowboy boot and a whole range of boot accessories. The boots are made in Mexico and range from $280 to $450. For the more down at heel, there are also secondhand ones available from $180. Wheels and Doll Baby are located at 259 Crown Street, Sydney.

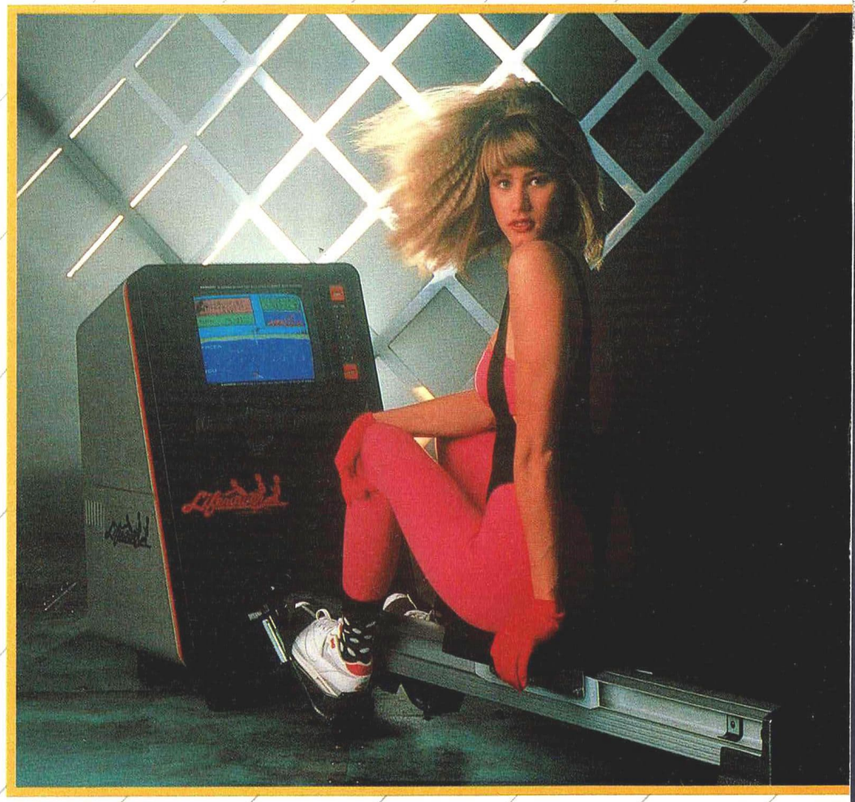


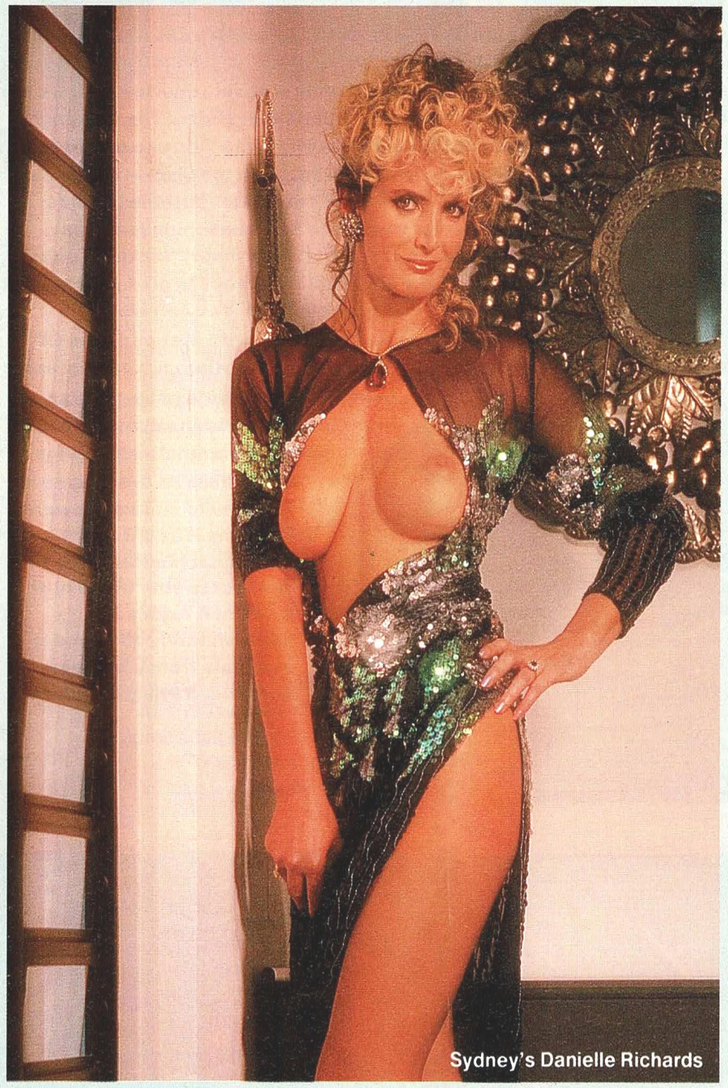
MOBILE MUSIC MACHINE

You need never adulterate your ears with Kylie Minogue and the endless ad breaks of ordinary radio, now the Philips CD Soundmachine offers you a choice of playing CDs, cassettes and radio. This compact, fully portable number reportedly offers the sound quality you'd expect to find in larger component systems. The compact disc player offers a programmable memory while the "introscan" feature plays the first six seconds of each track on the disc — or you can use the "search", "previous" or "next" buttons to select a particular track. The Soundmachine features a digital quartz radio tuner, "locking" on to the optimum frequency to give you the best reception possible. You can also preset your favorite stations. The CD Soundmachine offers a 3-band graphic equaliser to adjust bass, mid-range and treble and the dynamic bass booster automatically brings up the bass as the volume is reduced to maintain a warm, rich tone. The CD Soundmachine will also connect to your home hi-fi system. It retails for approximately $559 and is available from your nearest authorised Philips dealer.

YOU ARE THERE

The Liferower total body conditioner is the world's first fitness video game. American invented and newly available in Australia, the Liferower takes the boredom out of exercise and gees up your competitive nature by placing you in simulated rowing races, depicted on a 13-inch color computer screen. The coach, the pace boat, the cheering crowd, even the sound of your oars slicing the water have been included in the Liferower. You can select from three workout programs, including one where you create your own pace. Graphic messages appear throughout the programs to remind you to keep your back straight, use your legs, etc, and summary statistics appear at the end of each race to tell you how you fared and how many kilojoules you burned. The Liferower sells for $5900 through Imported Exercise Products, phone (02) 906 2211.





Sydney's Danielle Richards

A QUICK PEEK AT JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Forging Ahead — In the past, the successful forger practised his art on banknotes or copies of paintings by old masters. Modern practitioners find it far more profitable to fake designer labels, watches and more. Next month *Australian Penthouse* exposes some of the most sophisticated current counterfeiting rip-offs and reveals the pirating of luxury brand names as one of the world's great growth industries.

Red Alert — The Australian Army's elite 500-strong Parachute Battalion is always ready to fly to a military hot spot. Distinguished by their red berets, the paratroopers have already been placed on alert four times in the past year. It's a special role and these are special troops engaged in one of the world's most dangerous occupations. Take a jump with the Red Berets in January *Australian Penthouse*.

Raw Ginger — Ginger Lynn is a phenomenon, an X-rated movie star who's making the transition to serious cinema. Before she got the urge to go straight, Ginger appeared in more than 60 steamy sex films, becoming one of the pornographic genre's most familiar faces. What was a nice girl like Ginger doing in a scene like that? Find out next month when she takes you inside Los Angeles' X-rated movie industry.

Pet Of The Month — It's class all the way when dazzling Danielle Richards makes her appearance next month. The globetrotting model found time between flights to pose for *Penthouse* cameras in her most adventurous modelling foray yet. Not to be missed.

Kev's back!

Continued from page 70

airplay — I've never heard any of my stuff on the radio — but the whole thing's been accepted very much into the mainstream of popular music, people are generally aware of what I do, so I think it's not out of character now to do a TV ad." So if you've managed to avoid all contact with the little bugger up to now, brace yourself.

The international market is also about to cop the full force of undiluted yobboism, rather than the sanitised Hogan version. When you read this Kev will have finished a three-week tour of England — his first trip outside Australia and New Zealand — including a gig at London's comedy store and a test-run of clubs up through the Midlands. If he's a hit, Kev says he's prepared to do the mail order business all over again through a PO box in London. He hopes there'll be time to squeeze in spots at the comedy stores in New York and Los Angeles. If Hoges can thrill the Yanks by tossing another shrimp on the barbie, what sort of havoc could Kevin Bloody Wilson wreak over there?

But Kev actually evinces little interest in achieving world-wide recognition because he fears the tall poppy syndrome. "I'd hate to be considered Australia's top comedian, because as soon as you get to that level they start pulling you down. It happened to Hoges. He was just a normal bloke who achieved international fame, and now they're all trying to kick the can out from under him. I'm in a position to see what can happen and try to avoid it."

Not surprisingly, Ross "75 Percent" Mitchell doesn't see any point in holding back: "We wanna really hit the Pommie market, have a look at what's going on in the States and see what can be done there, and really kick The Little Bloke off internationally . . . especially in Canada, because their sense of humor is very similar to ours."

Kev still maintains he only wants to make enough money out of entertainment to buy himself a little brothel in Perth so the WA cops will finally leave him alone. Actually, he could already afford a string of them. While he doesn't go in much for sums, KBW thinks he's probably a millionaire now. But he can't rest on his laurels because he has to crank out another album for CBS within a year. So The Little Bloke is casting around for song ideas. "I'm working on a number right now. I've got parts of it written already. It's called 'My Dick's Just Dialled Your Number By Itself.'" Was that a punchline to a joke he once heard? "No mate. It actually *happened to me* a couple of weeks ago."

Kevin Bloody Wilson's dick might be on the dole — "living on handouts again" — but his talent guarantees that the man himself will never be. ○—

SIMPATICO
THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning*

*Packaging warning required by Government Regulation

LBV 3164 PML APB 9523/C

'lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS